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# IN PRAISE OF MUSIC



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## **In Praise of Music**









FROM THE MALLORCAN BIBLE, 1490.

IN  
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OF  
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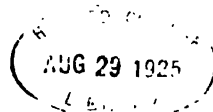
AN ANTHOLOGY

PREPARED BY

CHARLES SAYLE

LONDON  
ELLIOT STOCK, 62 PATERNOSTER ROW  
1897

✓ Mus 78.18



Booth - and

**Hydr: not Musyche**

TO  
ELLEN, EMILY  
AND  
TOM

**NIHIL EST INVENTUM ET PERFECTUM SIMUL**

## PREFACE

*THE* compilation of passages which have been written in praise of music is a task which has been undertaken, by lovers of the art, more than once. In the year 1586 was published a treatise, probably by Dr John Case, bearing a title all but identical with that of the present volume. So far as has been possible, all that was most noteworthy in that book, has here been reproduced.

For the method of this volume, I am directly indebted to the late Mr Alexander Ireland's 'Book-lover's Enchiridion,' a book which shares with Mr Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury' the honour of having familiarised a larger number of general readers with the names of great authors than probably any other book of our times.

It is impossible, of course, ever to make such an anthology as this complete, or indeed wholly satisfactory. Purple patches make but a strange garment, and when the praise becomes serious or exhaustive, it is impossible to reprint a whole volume or an entire poem. In this way, though for merely monetary reasons, it has been impracticable to include what should not have otherwise been excluded, Robert Browning's 'Abt Vogler,' his 'Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha,' his 'Charles Avison.' On the other

hand William Hayley wrote a huge work entitled 'The Triumph of Music,' which, for more reasons than one, it has been unnecessary to include. Some others have been omitted by an oversight.

Non saturatur oculus visu, nec auris auditu impletur. *The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.—There are days, if not weeks and months, when music is a sealed mystery. But the hour strikes at last, and then we are blinded as though by an excess of light.*

Ἑπτα με φωνήεντα θεὸν μέγαν ἀφθίτον αἰνεῖ  
γράμματα τῶν πάντων, ἀτάκτων πατέρα.  
εἰμι δ' ἐγὼ πάντων χελὺς ἀφθίτος ἢ τὰ λυρῶδη  
ἡμασάμεν δι' ἧς οὐρανίου μέλη.

Seven sounding letters sing the praise of me  
Th' immortall God, th' Almighty Deity,  
The Father of all, that cannot weary be.  
I am th' eternall viol of all things  
Whereby the melody so sweetly rings  
Of Heaven's musicke which so sweetly sings.

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## In Praise of Music



### The Bible

AND Saul's servants said unto him, Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our Lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player upon the harp : and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well. And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord is with him. Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse, and said, Send me David thy son, which is with the sheep. And Jesse took an ass laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent them by

I

A

David his son unto Saul. And David came to Saul, and stood before him : and he loved him greatly ; and he became his armour-bearer. And Saul sent to Jesse, saying, let David, I pray thee, stand before me ; for he hath found favour in my sight. And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand ; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him—*1. Samuel* xvi, 15-23.



WHERE wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth ? Declare, if thou hast any understanding. Who hath laid the measure thereof, if thou knowest ? or who hath stretched the line upon it ? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or who laid the corner-stone thereof when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ?—*Job* xxxviii, 4-7.



REJOICE in the Lord O ye righteous, for praise becometh well the just. Praise the Lord with harp, sing unto him with viole and instrument of ten strings. Sing unto him a new song, play skilfully with a loud noise.—*Psalms* xxxiii, 1-3.



PRAISE him in the sound of the trumpet, praise him upon the viole and harp, praise ye him with

timbrell and flute, praise ye him with virginals  
and organs, praise ye him with sounding cymbals,  
praise ye him upon the high sounding cymbals ;  
let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.—  
*Psalms* cl, 3-6.



I GATHERED me also silver and gold, and the  
peculiar treasure of kings out of the provinces : I  
got me men singers and women singers, and the  
delights of the sons of men, and musical instru-  
ments, and that of all sorts.—*Ecclesiastes* ii, 8.



1. LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers  
that begat us.

5. Such as found out musical tunes, and recited  
verses in writing.

7. All these were honoured in their generations,  
and were the glory of their times.—*Ecclesiasticus*  
xliv.



If thou be made the master [of a feast] lift not  
thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest ;  
take diligent care for them, and so sit down.

And when thou hast done all thy office, take  
thy place, that thou mayest be merry with them, and  
receive a crown for thy well ordering of the feast.

Speak, thou that art the elder, for it be-



#### 4      In Praise of Music

cometh thee, but with sound judgment ; and hinder not musick. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. A concert of musick in a banquet of wine is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold. As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of musick, with pleasant wine.—*Ecclesiasticus*, xxxii, 1-7.



WINE and musick rejoice the heart : but the love of wisdom is above them both.—*Ecclesiasticus* xl, 20.



LET the word of God dwell in you plenteously in all kind of wisdom, teaching and admonishing of yourselves, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with a grace in your hearts to the Lord.—*Colossians* iii, 6.



SPEAKING unto yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody to the Lord in your hearts.—*Eph.* v, 19.



IF any be afflicted let him pray, and if any man be merry, let him sing psalms.—*James* v, 13.

I BEHELD, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth ; and he came and took the book out of the right hand of Him that sat upon the throne ; and when he had taken the book, the four beasts and the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.—*Rev. v, 6-8.*



I HEARD a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder ; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.—*Rev. xiv, 2.*



AND I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire : and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.—*Rev xv, 2.*



Confucius, B.C. 550-480

WHEN the Master was in Ts'e he heard the Shaon, and for three months did not know the taste of flesh. 'I did not think,' he said, 'that music could have been so excellent as this.'—*Analects* VII, xiii (*Legge's Edition*).



THE Master said, 'If a Man be without the virtues proper to humanity, what has he to do with the rites of propriety? If a man be without the virtues proper to humanity, what has he to do with music?'—*Ibid.* III, iii.



THE Master said, 'It is by the Odes that the mind is aroused.

'It is by the Rules of propriety that the character is established.

'It is from Music that the finish is received.'—*Ibid.* VIII.



THE Master having come to Woo-shing, heard there the sound of stringed instruments and singing.

Well-pleased and smiling, he said, 'Why use an ox-knife to kill a fowl?'

Tze-yew replied, 'Formerly, Master, I heard

you say, "When the man of high station is well instructed, he loves men; when the man of low station is well instructed, he is easily ruled."'

The Master said, 'My Disciples, Yew's words are right. What I said was only in sport.'\*

The Master said, 'It is according to the rules of propriety, they say—Are gems and silk all that is meant by propriety? 'It is Music,' they say—Are bells and drums all that is meant by Music?—*Ibid.* XVII, xi.



### Musous

*Βροσις ἡδιστὸν δαΐδω.*

Song, mortals' sweetest pleasure.



### Pythagoras, fl. B.C. 540-510

He discovered the numerical relation of sounds on a single string and is said to have cured maniacs by means of music.—*Diog. Laert.*, viii, 11.

---

\* However small the sphere of government, the highest influences of proprieties and music should be employed. Tse-yew was commandant of Woo-shing. We read. . . . Tse-yew had been able, by his course to transform the people and make them change their mail and helmets for stringed instruments and singing. This was what made the Master glad.—*Translator's Note.*

Euripides, B.C. 480-406

Σκαιὸν δὲ λέγων κοῦδέν τι σοφὸν  
τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις,  
οἷτινες ὅμους ἐπὶ μὲν θαλάμῃς  
ἐπὶ τ' εἰλαπίναις καὶ παρὰ δειπνοῖς  
ἤθροστο, βίου τερατὰς ἀκοάς,  
στρυγίους δὲ βροτῶν σὺδεις λύπας  
ἤθροστο μύνησιν καὶ πολυχόρδοις  
ψυδαῖς πάθειν, ἐξ ὧν θάνατοι  
δειναί τε τύχαι σφάλλουσι δόμους.  
καίτοι τάδε μὲν κέρδος ἀκείσθαι  
μολπαῶσι βροτοὺς· ἴνα δ' εὐδαιπνοὶ  
δαΐτες, τί μάρτην τείνουσι βοήν;  
τὸ παρὼν γὰρ ἔχει τέρψιν ἀφ' αὐτοῦ  
δαιτὸς πλήρωμα βροτοῖσιν.

*Medea* 190-203.

Plato, B.C. 429

οὐκ οἶδα, ἔφη ἐγώ, τὰς ἀρμονίας, ἀλλὰ κατὰ  
λεῖπε ἐκείνην τὴν ἀρμονίαν, ἥ ἐν τε πολεμικῇ πράξει  
ὄντος ἀνδρείου καὶ ἐν πάσῃ βιαιῇ ἐργασίᾳ πρεπόντως  
ἂν μιμήσαιο φθόγγους τε καὶ προσφθίας, καὶ ἀπο-  
τυχόντος ἢ εἰς τραύματα ἢ εἰς θανάτους ὢντος ἢ  
εἰς τινα ἄλλην ξυμφορὰν πεισόντος, ἐν πᾶσι τοῖτοις  
παρατεταγμένως καὶ καρτερούντως ἀμυνομένου τὴν  
τύχην· καὶ ἄλλην αὖ ἐν εἰρηνικῇ τε καὶ μὴ βιαιῇ  
ἀλλ' ἐν ἐκουσίᾳ πράξει ὄντος, ἢ τινα τι πείθοντός τε  
καὶ δεομένου, ἢ εὐχὴν θεὸν ἢ διδασχὴν καὶ νοουθετήσας

ἀνθρώπων, ἢ τούτωντιον ἄλλω δεομένῳ ἢ διδάσκοντι  
ἢ μεταπειθόντι ἑαυτὸν ἐπέχοντα, καὶ ἐκ τούτων  
πράξαντα κατὰ νοῦν, καὶ μὴ ὑπερηφάνως ἔχοντα,  
ἀλλὰ σωφρόνως τε καὶ μετρίως ἐν πᾶσι τούτοις  
πράττοντά τε καὶ τὰ ἀποβαίνοντα ἀγαπῶντα.  
ταύτας δύο ἁρμονίας βίαιων, ἐκούσιων, δυστυχοῦντων,  
εὐτυχοῦντων, σωφρόνων, ἀνδρείων αἵτινες φθόγγους  
μιμήσονται κάλλιστα, ταύτας λέειπε. ἀλλ', ἢ δ' ὅς,  
οὐκ ἄλλας αἰτεῖς λείπειν ἢ ἂς νῦν δὴ ἐγὼ ἔλεγον.  
οὐκ ἄρα, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, πολυχорδίας γε οὐδὲ παναρμονίου  
ἡμῶν δεήσει ἐν ταῖς ψδαῖς τε καὶ μέλεσιν. σὸ μοι,  
ἔφη, φαίνεται. τριγώνων ἄρα καὶ πηκτίδων καὶ  
πάντων ὀργάνων ὅσα πολύχορδα καὶ πολυαρμόνια,  
δημιουργοὺς οὐ θρέψομεν. οὐ φαινόμεθα. τί δέ;  
αὐλοποιούς ἢ αὐληγὰς παραδέξει εἰς τὴν πόλιν; ἢ οὐ  
τοῦτο πολυχорδοτάτον, καὶ αὐτὰ τὰ παναρμόνια  
αὐλοῦ τυγχάνει ὄντα μίμημα; δῆλα δὴ, ἢ δ' ὅς.  
λύρα δὴ σοι, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, καὶ κιθάρα λείπεται, καὶ  
κατὰ πόλιν χρήσιμα· καὶ αὖ κατ' ἀγροῦς τοῖς νομεῦσι  
σύριγγ' ἂν τις εἴη. ὥς γοῦν, ἔφη, ὁ λόγος ἡμῶν  
σημαίνει. οὐδέν γε, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, καιρὸν ποιούμεν, ὦ  
φίλε, κρίνωτες τὸν Ἀπόλλω καὶ τὰ τοῦ Ἀπόλλωνος  
ὄργανα πρὸ Μαρσίου τε καὶ τῶν ἐκείνου ὀργάνων.  
μὰ Δία, ἢ δ' ὅς, σὸ μοι φαινόμεθα. καὶ νῆ τὸν κύνα,  
εἶπον, λεληθαμέν γε διακαθαίροντες πόλιν ἦν ἄρτι  
τρυφᾶν ἔφαμεν πόλιν. σωφρονούντες γε ἡμεῖς, ἢ δ'  
ὅς. ἔθι δὴ, ἔφη, καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ καθαίρωμεν. ἐπό-  
μενον γὰρ δὴ ταῖς ἁρμονίαις ἂν ἡμῶν εἴη τὸ περὶ  
ῥυθμούς, μὴ ποικίλους αὐτοὺς διώκειν μηδὲ παντο-  
δαπὰς βάσεις, ἀλλὰ βίου ῥυθμοὺς ἰδεῖν κοσμοῦ τε  
καὶ ἀνδρείου τινες εἰσίν· οὗς ἰδόντα τὸν πόδα τῷ  
τοιούτου λόγῳ ἀναγκάζειν ἔπεσθαι καὶ τὸ μέλος,  
ἀλλὰ μὴ λόγον ποδὶ τε καὶ μέλει. οἷτινες δ' ἂν εἴεν

I

B

οὗτοι οἱ ρυθμοί, σὸν ἔργον, ὥσπερ τὰς ἀρμονίας, φράσαι. ἀλλὰ μὰ Δί', ἐφη, οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν. ὅτι μὲν γὰρ τρί' ἄττα ἐστὶν εἶδη ἐξ ὧν αἱ βάσεις πλέκονται, ὥσπερ ἐν τοῖς φθόγγοις τέτταρα, ὅθεν αἱ πᾶσαι ἀρμονίαι, θεθεαμένος ἂν εἴποιμι· ποῖα δὲ ποίου βίου μμήματα, λέγειν οὐκ ἔχω. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν, ἦρ δ' ἐγώ, καὶ μετὰ Δάμωνος βουλευσόμεθα, τίνες τε ἀνελευθερίας καὶ ὕβρεις ἢ μανίας καὶ ἀλλης κακίας πρέπονσαι βάσεις, καὶ τίνες τοῖς ἐναντίοις λειπτέων ρυθμοῖς. οἶμαι δὲ με ἀκηκοέναι οὐ σαφῶς ἐνόπλιον τέ τινα ὀνομάζοντος αὐτοῦ ξύμθετον καὶ δάκτυλον καὶ ἡρῶν γε, οὐκ οἶδα ὅπως διακοσμοῦντος καὶ ἴσον ἄνω καὶ κάτω τιθέντος, εἰς βραχύ τε καὶ μακρὸν γιγνόμενον, καί, ὡς ἐγὼ οἶμαι, λαμβὼν καὶ τῶν ἄλλων τροχαίων ὀνόμαζε, μήκη δὲ καὶ βραχύτητας προσήπτε. καὶ τούτων τισὶν οἶμαι τὰς ἀγωγὰς τοῦ ποδὸς αὐτὸν οὐχ ἥττον ψέγειν τε καὶ ἐπαινεῖν ἢ τοὺς ρυθμοὺς αὐτούς, ἥτοι ξυγαμφότερόν τι. οὐ γὰρ ἔχω λέγειν. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν, ὥσπερ εἶπον, εἰς Δάμωνα ἀναβεβλήσθω· διελέσθαι γὰρ οὐ σμικροῦ λόγου. ἢ σὺ οἶει; μὰ Δί', οὐκ ἔγωγε. ἀλλὰ τόδε γε, ὅτι τὸ τῆς εὐσχημοσύνης τε καὶ ἀσχημοσύνης τῷ εὐρύθμῳ τε καὶ ἀρρυθμῷ ἀκολουθεῖ, δύνασαι διελέσθαι; πῶς δ' οὐ; ἀλλὰ μὴν τὸ εὐρυθμόν γε καὶ τὸ ἀρρυθμόν τὸ μὲν τῇ καλῇ λέξει ἔπεται ὁμοιούμενον, τὸ δὲ τῇ ἐναντίᾳ, καὶ τὸ εὐάρμοστον καὶ ἀνάρμοστον ὡσαύτως, εἴπερ ρυθμός γε καὶ ἀρμονία λόγῳ, ὥσπερ ἄρτι ἐλέγετο, ἀλλὰ μὴ λόγος τοῖτοισ. ἀλλὰ μὴν, ἢ δ' οὐ, ταῦτά γε λόγῳ ἀκολουθητέον. τί δ' ὁ τρόπος τῆς λέξεως, ἦρ δ' ἐγώ, καὶ ὁ λόγος; οὐ τῷ τῆς ψυχῆς ἥθει ἔπεται; πῶς γὰρ οὐ; τῇ δὲ λέξει τὰ ἄλλα; ναί. εὐλογία ἄρα καὶ εὐαρμοστία καὶ εὐσχημοσύνη καὶ εὐρυθμία εὐηθείᾳ ἀκολουθεῖ, οὐχ

ἢν ἀνοίαν οὖσαν ὑποκοριζόμενοι καλούμεν ὡς εὐθ-  
θειαν, ἀλλὰ τὴν ὡς ἀληθῶς εὐ τε καὶ καλῶς τὸ  
ἦθος κατεσκευασμένην διάνοιαν. παντάπασι μὲν  
οὖν, ἔφη. ἄρ' οὖν οὐ πανταχοῦ ταῦτα διωκτέα τοῖς  
νέοις, εἰ μέλλουσι τὸ αὐτῶν πράττειν; διωκτέα μὲν  
οὖν. ἔστι δέ γέ που πλήρης μὲν γραφικὴ αὐτῶν  
καὶ πᾶσα ἡ τοιαύτη δημιουργία, πλήρης δὲ ὕφαντικὴ  
καὶ ποικιλία καὶ οἰκοδομία καὶ πᾶσα αὖ ἡ τῶν ἄλλων  
σκευῶν ἐργασία, ἔτι δὲ ἡ τῶν σωμάτων φύσις καὶ ἡ  
τῶν ἄλλων φυτῶν· ἐν πᾶσι γὰρ τοῖτοις ἔνεστιν  
εὐσχημοσύνη ἢ ἀσχημοσύνη. καὶ ἡ μὲν ἀσχημοσύνη  
καὶ ἀβρύθμια καὶ ἀναρμοστία κακολογίας καὶ κακοη-  
θείας ἀδελφά, τὰ δ' ἐναντία τοῦ ἐναντίου, σῶφρονός  
τε καὶ ἀγαθοῦ ἦθους, ἀδελφά τε καὶ μιμήματα.  
παντελῶς μὲν οὖν, ἔφη.

ἄρ' οὖν τοῖς ποιηταῖς ἡμῶν μόνον ἐπιστατητέον  
καὶ προσαναγκαστέον τὴν τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ εἰκόνα ἦθους  
ἐμποιεῖν τοῖς ποιήμασιν ἢ μὴ παρ' ἡμῶν ποιεῖν, ἢ καὶ  
τοῖς ἄλλοις δημιουργοῖς ἐπιστατητέον καὶ διακωλυτέον  
τὸ κακῆθες τοῦτο καὶ ἀκόλαστον καὶ ἀνελεύθερον καὶ  
ἀσχημον μήτε ἐν εἰκόσι ζῆων μήτε ἐν οἰκοδομήμασι  
μήτε ἐν ἄλλῳ μηδενὶ δημιουργουμένῳ ἐμποιεῖν, ἢ ὃ  
μὴ οἷός τε ὧν οὐκ ἐατέος παρ' ἡμῶν δημιουργεῖν, ἵνα  
μὴ ἐν κακίας εἰκόσι τρεφόμενοι ἡμῶν οἱ φύλακες  
ὥσπερ ἐν κακῇ βοτάνῃ, πολλὰ ἐκάστης ἡμέρας κατὰ  
σμικρὸν ἀπὸ πολλῶν δρεπόμενοι τε καὶ νεμέμενοι, ἐν  
τι ξυνιστάντες λανθάνωσι κακὸν μέγα ἐν τῇ αὐτῶν  
ψυχῇ, ἀλλ' ἐκείνους ζητητέον τοὺς δημιουργοὺς τοὺς  
εὐφυῶς δυναμένους ἱχνεῦειν τὴν τοῦ καλοῦ τε καὶ  
εὐσχήμονος φύσιν, ἵνα ὥσπερ ἐν ὑγιεινῷ τύπῳ  
οἰκοῦντες οἱ νέοι ἀπὸ παντὸς ὠφελῶνται, ὁπόθεν ἂν  
αὐτοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν ἔργων ἢ πρὸς ὕψιν ἢ πρὸς  
ἀκοήν τι προσβάλῃ, ὥσπερ αἶρα φέρουσα ἀπὸ



χρηστῶν τῶν ὕγιαν, καὶ εὐθὺς ἐκ παίδων λαμβάνη  
 εἰς ὁμοιότητά τε καὶ φιλίαν καὶ ξυμφωνίαν τῷ καλῷ  
 λόγῳ ἄγουσα; πολλὸ γὰρ ἂν, ἔφη, κάλλιστα οὕτως  
 τραφεῖεν. ἄρ' οὖν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὦ Γλαύκων, τοῦτων  
 ἕνεκα κυριωτάτῃ ἐν μουσικῇ τροφῇ, ὅτι μάλιστα  
 καταδύεται εἰς τὸ ἐντὸς τῆς ψυχῆς ὁ τε ῥυθμὸς καὶ  
 ἁρμονία, καὶ ἐρρωμενέστατα ἀπτεται αὐτῆς φέροντα  
 τὴν εὐσχημοσύνην, καὶ ποιεῖ εὐσχήμονα, ἐάν τις  
 ὀρθῶς τραφῇ, εἰ δὲ μή, τοῦναντίον; καὶ ὅτι αὐτῶν  
 παραλειπομένων καὶ μὴ καλῶς δημιουργηθέντων ἢ μὴ  
 καλῶς φύστων ὀξέτατ' ἂν αἰσθάνοιτο ὁ ἐκεί τραπεῖς  
 ὡς ἔδει, καὶ ὀρθῶς δὴ χαίρων καὶ δυσχεραίνων τὰ μὲν  
 καλὰ ἔπαινοί καὶ καταδεχόμενος εἰς τὴν ψυχὴν  
 τρέφοιτ' ἂν ἀπ' αὐτῶν καὶ γίγνοιτο καλὸς τε κἀγαθός,  
 τὰ δ' αἰσχροὶ ψέγοι τ' ἂν ὀρθῶς καὶ μισοῖ ἔτι νέος  
 ὢν, πρὶν λόγῳ δυνατὸς εἶναι λαβεῖν, ἐλθόντος δὲ τοῦ  
 λόγου ἀσπάξαιτ' ἂν αὐτὸν γνωρίζων δι' οἰκειότητα  
 μάλιστα ὁ οὕτως τραπεῖς; ἐμοὶ γοῦν δοκεῖ, ἔφη, τῶν  
 τοιούτων ἕνεκα ἐν μουσικῇ εἶναι ἡ τροφή. ὥσπερ  
 ἄρα, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, γραμμάτων περὶ τότε ἱκανῶς εἶχομεν,  
 ὅτε τὰ στοιχεῖα μὴ λαμβάνοι ἡμᾶς ὀλίγα ὄντα ἐν  
 ἅπασιν ὡς ἐστὶ περιφερδόμενα, καὶ οὐτ' ἐν μικρῷ  
 οὐτ' ἐν μεγάλῳ ἡτιμάζομεν αὐτά, ὡς οὐδέαι αἰσθά-  
 νεσθαι, ἀλλὰ πανταχοῦ προϋθυμώμεθα διαγιγνώσκων,  
 ὡς οὐ πρότερον ἐσόμενοι γραμματικοὶ πρὶν οὕτως  
 εἶχομεν. ἀληθῆ. οὐκοῦν καὶ εἰκόνας γραμμάτων,  
 εἴ που ἦ ἐν ὕδασι ἢ ἐν κατόπτροις ἐμφαίνοντο, οὐ  
 πρότερον γνωσόμεθα, πρὶν ἂν αὐτὰ γνῶμεν, ἀλλ' ὅστι  
 τῆς αὐτῆς τέχνης τε καὶ μελέτης; παντάπασιν μὲν  
 οὖν. ἄρ' οὖν, ὦ λέγω, πρὸς θεῶν, οὕτως οὐδὲ  
 μουσικοὶ πρότερον ἐσόμεθα, ὅτε αὐτοὶ οὕτε οὐδὲ  
 φαμεν ἡμῶν παιδευτέον εἶναι τοὺς φύλακας, πρὶν ἂν  
 τὰ τῆς σωφροσύνης εἴδη καὶ ἀνδρείας καὶ εὐθυμείας

τητος καὶ μεγαλοπρεπειας καὶ ὅσα τούτων ἀδελφὰ  
καὶ τὰ τούτων ἀν ἐναντία παταχοῦ περιφερόμενα  
γνωρίζωμεν καὶ ἐνόντα ἐν οἷς ἔσστιν αἰσθανώμεθα  
καὶ αὐτὰ καὶ εἰκόνας αὐτῶν, καὶ μήτε ἐν σμικροῖς  
μήτε ἐν μεγάλοις ἀτιμάζωμεν, ἀλλὰ τῆς αὐτῆς  
οἰώμεθα τέχνης εἶναι καὶ μελέτης; πολλὴ ἀνάγκη,  
ἔφη. οὐκοῦν, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὅτου ἂν ξυμπέπτη ἐν τε τῇ  
ψυχῇ καλὰ ἦθῃ ἐνόντα καὶ ἐν τῷ εἶδει ὁμολογοῦντα  
ἐκείνοις καὶ ξυμφωνοῦντα, τοῦ αὐτοῦ μετέχοντα  
τόπου, τοῦτ' ἂν εἴη κάλλιστον θέαμα τῷ δυναμένῳ  
θεᾶσθαι; πολὺ γε. καὶ μὴν τό γε κάλλιστον  
ἐρασμώτατον. πῶς δ' οὐ; τῶν δὴ ὁ τι μάλιστα  
τοιούτων ἀνθρώπων ὁ γε μουσικὸς ἐρῆν ἂν· εἰ δὲ  
ἀξόμῳνος εἴη, οὐκ ἂν ἐρῆν. οὐκ ἂν, εἰ γέ τι, ἔφη,  
κατὰ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐλλείποι· εἰ μέντοι τι κατὰ τὸ  
σῶμα, ὑπομείνειν ἂν ὥστε ἐθέλειν ἀσπάζεσθαι.  
μανθάνω, ἦν δ' ἐγώ, ὅτι ἔστι σοι ἡ γέγονε παιδικὰ  
τοιαῦτα, καὶ συγχωρῶ. . . . οὕτως, ἔφη. ἄρ' οὐν,  
ἦν δ' ἐγώ, καὶ σοὶ φαίνεται τέλος ἡμῶν ἔχειν ὃ  
περὶ μουσικῆς λόγος; οἱ γοῦν δεῖ τελευτᾶν, τετελ-  
εῦτηκε· δεῖ δὲ πού τελευτᾶν τὰ μουσικὰ εἰς τὰ τοῦ  
καλοῦ ἐρωτικά. ξόμφημι, ἦ δ' ὤ.—*Rer.*, Bk. iii,  
399-403.



OF the harmonies I know nothing, but I want  
to have one warlike, which will sound the word or  
note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger  
and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing, and  
he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by  
some evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune

with calmness and endurance ; and another to be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action when there is no pressure of necessity, and he is seeking to persuade God by prayer, or man by instruction and advice ; or, on the other hand, which expresses his willingness to listen to persuasion or entreaty or advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately, and wisely, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave ; the strain of necessity, and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate, and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage, and the strain of temperance ; these, I say, leave.

And these, he replied, are the very ones of which I was speaking.

Then, I said, if only the Dorian and Phrygian harmonies are used in our songs and melodies, we shall not want multiplicity of notes on a panharmonic scale ?

I suppose not.

Then we shall not maintain the artificers of lyres with three corners and complex scales, or any other many-stringed, curiously harmonised instruments ?

Certainly not.

But what do you say to flute-makers and flute-players ? Would you admit them when you reflect that in this composite use of harmony the flute is worse than all the stringed instruments put together, for even the panharmonic music is only an imitation of the flute ?

Clearly not.

There remain then only the lyre and the harp for use in the city, and you may have a pipe in the country.

Yes, certainly ; thus far the argument is clear.

That we should prefer Apollo and his instruments to Marsyas and his instruments is not at all strange, I said.

Not at all, he replied.

And so, by the dog of Egypt, we have been unconsciously purging the State, which not long ago we termed luxurious.

We have done wisely, he replied.

And now let us finish the purgation, I said. Next in order to harmonies, rhythms will naturally follow, and they should be subject to the same rules, for we ought not to have complex or manifold systems of metre, but rather to discover what rhythms are the expression of a courageous and harmonious life ; and the words should come first, and the rhythms should be adapted to them, not the rhythms first and the words afterwards. To say what rhythms they are will be your business, as you have already taught me the harmonies.

But, indeed, he replied, I cannot tell you. I only know that there are some three principles of rhythm ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{3}{4}$ ) out of which metrical systems are framed, just as in sounds there are four elements into which the harmonies are resolved ; that is an observation which I have made. But what is the character of these metres I am unable to say.

Then, I said, we shall have to take Damon into

our counsels ; and he will tell us what rhythms are expressive of meanness, or insolence, or fury, or other unworthiness, and what there are remaining for the expression of opposite feelings. And I think that I have an indistinct recollection of his mentioning a complex cretic rhythm ; also a dactylic and heroic, which he arranged, I know not how, so that the rise and fall of the foot were equal (*e.g.* as in dactylic and anapaestic rhythms) and unequally so as to become short and long (as in iambic or trochaic rhythms, where there is a proportion) ; and, unless I am mistaken, he spoke of an iambic as well as of a trochaic rhythm, and assigned to them short and long quantities. . . . But you have no difficulty in discerning that grace or the absence of grace is the effect of good or bad rhythm accompanying good or bad style : and the same is true of good or bad harmony ; for our principle is that rhythm and harmony are regulated by the words, and not the words by them.

Certainly, he said, they should follow the words.

And the words and the character of the style will depend on the temper of the soul ?

Yes.

And everything else on the style ?

Yes.

Then good language and harmony and grace and rhythm depend on simplicity,—I mean the simplicity of a truly and noble ordered mind, not that other simplicity which is only a euphemism for folly ?

Very true, he replied.

And if our youth are to do their work in life,

must they not make these graces and harmonies their perpetual aim?

They must.

And all life is full of them, as well as every creative and constructive art—painting, weaving, embroidery, the art of building, and the manufacture of vessels, as well as the frames of animals and of plants; in all of them there is grace or the absence of grace. And absence of grace and inharmonious movement and discord are nearly allied to ill words and ill-nature, as grace and harmony are the sisters of goodness and virtue and bear their likeness.

That is quite true, he said.

But shall our superintendence go no further, and are the poets only to be required by us to express the image of the good in their works as the condition of producing in our State? Or is the same control to be exercised over other artists, and are they also to be prohibited from exhibiting the opposite forms of vice and intemperance and meanness and indecency in sculpture and building and the other creative arts; and is he who does not conform to this rule of ours to be prevented from practising his art in our State, lest the taste of our citizens be corrupted by him? We would not have our guardians grow up amid images of moral deformity, as in some noxious pasture, and there browse and feed upon many a baneful herb and flower day by day, little by little, until they silently gather a festering mass of corruption in their own soul. Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of beauty and grace; then

I

C

will our youth dwell in the land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will visit the eye and ear, like a healthful breeze from a purer region, and insensibly draw the soul even in childhood into harmony with the beauty of reason.

There can be no nobler training than that, he replied.

And therefore, I said, Glaucon, musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated, or ungraceful of him who is ill educated; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognise and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

Yes, he said, I quite agree with you in thinking that on these grounds education should be in music.

Just as in learning to read, I said, we want to know the various letters in all their recurring sizes and combinations; not alighting them as unimportant whether they be large or small, but every-

where eager to make them out ; and not thinking ourselves perfect in the art until we recognise them wherever they are found.

True.

Or, as we recognise the reflection of letters in the water, or in a mirror, only when we know the letters themselves ; the same art giving us the knowledge of both.

Exactly.

Even so, as I maintain, neither we nor our guardians, whom we have to educate, can ever become musical until we and they know the essential forms of temperance, courage, liberality, magnificence, and their kindred, as well as the contrary forms, in all their combinations, and can recognise them and their images wherever they are found, not slighting them either in small things or great, but believing them all to be within the sphere of one art and study.

Most assuredly.

And when a beautiful soul harmonises with a beautiful form, and the two are cast in one mould, that will be the fairest of sights to him who has an eye to contemplate the vision ?

The fairest indeed.

And the fairest is also the loveliest ?

That may be assumed.

And the man who has the spirit of harmony will be most in love with the loveliest ; but he will not love him who is of an inharmonious soul ?

That is true, he replied, if the deficiency be in his soul ; but any mere personal defect he will not mind, and will love him all the same.



I perceive, I said, that you have or have had experiences of that sort, and I agree. . . .

Thus much of music, which makes a fair ending, for what should be the end of music if not the love of beauty?—*Republic*, iii 399-403 (*Trans. Jowett*).



ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΞΕΝΟΣ. Μὴ τοῖον ἀπείπωμεν λέγοντες τὸ περὶ τὴν μουσικὴν ἢ χαλεπὸν. ἐπαδὴ γὰρ ὑμνεῖται τὸ περὶ αὐτῆς διαφερόντως ἢ τὰς ἄλλας εἰκόνας, εὐλαβείας δὴ δεῖται πλεστονὴ πασῶν εἰκόνων. ἀμαρτῶν τε γὰρ τις μέγιστ' ἂν βλέπτοιο, ἥθ'η κακὰ φιλοφρονούμενοι, χαλεπώτατόν τε αἰσθέσθαι διὰ τὸ τοὺς ποιητὰς φαυλοτέρους εἶναι ποιητὰς αὐτῶν τῶν Μουσῶν. (Νόμοι 669 B, 0)

ATHENIAN STRANGER. Then let us not faint in discussing the peculiar difficulty of music. Music is more celebrated than any other kind of imitation, and therefore requires the greatest care of them all. For if a man makes a mistake here, he may do himself the greatest injury by welcoming evil dispositions, and the mistake may be very difficult to discern, because the poets are artists very inferior in character to the Muses themselves.—*The Laws* (*Ibid.*)

ΑΘ. Καὶ τὰ μὲν δὴ τῆς χορείας ἡμίσεα διαπεράνθω τὰ δ' ἡμίσεα, ὅπως ἂν ἐτι δοκῇ, περαινοῦμεν ἢ καὶ ἐάσομεν.

ΚΑ. Ποῦα δὴ λέγεις, καὶ πῶς ἐκότερα διαιρῶν ;

ΔΘ. Ὅλη μὲν σου χορεία δὴ παιδεύεις ἢ ἡμῖν  
τούτου δ' αὖ τὸ μὲν ρυθμοὶ τε καὶ ἁρμονία,  
τὸ κατὰ τὴν φωνήν.

ΚΑ. Ναι. (*Ibid.* 672)

ΑΘ. Then half the subject may now be considered to have been discussed; shall we proceed to the consideration of the other half?

ΚΛ. What is the other half, and how do you divide the subject?

ΑΘ. The whole choral art is also in our view the whole of education; and of this art, rhythms and harmonies, having to do with the voice, form a part.

ΚΛ. Yes.—(*Ibid.*)



#### Xenocrates, B.C. 396-314

LIKE Pythagoras, he is said to have cured madmen by music.



#### Aristotle, B.C. 384-322

Υ. Περὶ δὲ μουσικῆς ἔνια μὲν διηπορήκαμεν τῇ λόγῳ καὶ πρότερον, καλῶς δ' ἔχει καὶ νῦν ἀναλαμβάνοντας αὐτὰ προαγαγεῖν, ἵνα ὥσπερ ἐνδόξιμον γένηται τοῖς λόγοις, οὓς ἂν τις εἴποι ἀποφανόμενος περὶ αὐτῆς. οὔτε γὰρ τίνα ἔχει δύναμιν, ῥῥιδιον περὶ αὐτῆς διαλεῖν, οὔτε τίως δὲ χάριν μετέχειν αὐτῆς, πότερον παιδίδας

ἐνεκα καὶ ἀναπαύσεως, καθάπερ ὕπνου καὶ μέθης· ταῦτα γὰρ καθ' αὐτὰ μὲν οὐδὲ τῶν σπουδαίων, ἀλλ' ἡδὲ καὶ ἅμα παύει μέμνηται, ὅς φησιν Ἡρόκλιδης· διὰ καὶ τάττουσιν αὐτὴν καὶ χρῶνται πᾶσι τοῖσι ὁμοίως οὖν καὶ μέθῃ καὶ μουσικῇ· τίθεσι δὲ καὶ τὴν ὀρχήσιν ἐν τοῖσι. ἡ μᾶλλον οὐκ αἰσθάνεται πρὸς ἀρετὴν τι τέλει τὴν μουσικὴν, ὡς δυναμένην, καθάπερ ἡ γυμναστικὴ τὸ σῶμα ποιεῖν τι παρασκευάζει, καὶ τὴν μουσικὴν τὸ ἦθος ποιεῖν τι ποιεῖν, ἐθίζουσιν δύνασθαι χαίρειν ὀρθῶς· ἡ πρὸς διαγωγὴν τι συμβάλλεται καὶ πρὸς φρόνησιν; καὶ γὰρ τοῦτο τρίτον θετέον τῶν εἰρημένων. ὅτι μὲν οὖν δεῖ τοὺς νέους μὴ παιδεῖν ἐνεκα παιδεύειν, οὐκ ἄδηλον· οὐ γὰρ παίζουσι μαθητόντες· μετὰ λύπης γὰρ ἡ μάθησις· ἀλλὰ μὴν οὐδὲ διαγωγὴν τε παισὶν ἀρμόττει καὶ ταῖς ἡλικίαις ἀποδιδόναι ταῖς τοιαύταις· οὐθενὶ γὰρ ἀτελεῖ προσήκει τέλει. ἀλλ' ἴσως ἂν δέξαιεν ἡ τῶν παίδων σπουδὴ παιδεῖν εἶναι χάριν ἀνδράσι γενομένοις καὶ τελειωθείσιν. ἀλλ' εἰ τοῦτ' ἐστὶ τοιοῦτον, τίνοις ἂν ἐνεκα δέοι μαθάνειν αὐτοῖς, ἀλλὰ μὴ, καθάπερ οἱ τῶν Περσῶν καὶ Μήδων βασιλεῖς, δι' ἄλλων αὐτὸ ποιούντων μεταλαμβάνειν τῆς ἡδονῆς καὶ τῆς μαθήσεως; καὶ γὰρ ἀναγκαῖον βέλτιον ἀπεργάζεσθαι τοὺς αὐτὸ τοῦτο πεποιημένους ἔργον καὶ τέχνην τῶν τοσούτων χρόνον ἐπιμελουμένων, ὅσον πρὸς μάθησιν μόνον. εἰ δὲ δεῖ τὰ τοιαῦτα διαπονεῖν αὐτοῖς, καὶ περὶ τὴν τῶν ὕψων πραγματείαν αὐτοῖς ἂν δέοι παρασκευάζειν· ἀλλ' ἄτοπον. τὴν δ' αὐτὴν ἀπορίαν ἔχει καὶ εἰ δύναται τὰ ἥθη βελτίω ποιεῖν· ταῦτα γὰρ τί δεῖ μαθάνειν αὐτοῖς, ἀλλ' οὐχ ἑτέρων ἀκούοντας ὀρθῶς τε χαίρειν καὶ δύνασθαι κρίνειν; ὥσπερ οἱ Ἀδάκωνες· ἐκὼν γὰρ οὐ μαθητόντες ὅμως δύνανται κρίνειν ὀρθῶς, ὅς φασι, τὰ χρηστὰ καὶ τὰ μὴ χρηστὰ

τῶν μελῶν. ὁ δ' αὐτὸς λόγος, εἴη εἰ πρὸς εὐημερίαν καὶ διαγωγὴν ἐλευθέριον χρηστέον αὐτῇ· τί γὰρ δεῖ μαρτυρεῖν αὐτοῦς, ἀλλ' οὐχ ἑτέρων χρωμένων ἀπολαύειν; σκοπεῖν δ' ἔξεστι τὴν ὑπόληψιν ἣν ἔχομεν περὶ τῶν θεῶν· οὐ [δὲ] γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς αὐτοὺς αἰδεῖται καὶ καθαρίζει τοῖς ποικηταῖς· ἀλλὰ καὶ βαναύστους καλοῦμεν τοὺς τοιοῦτους, καὶ τὸ πράττειν οὐκ ἀνδρὸς μὴ μεθόοντος ἢ παῖδός τοις. ἀλλ' ἴσως περὶ μὲν τούτων ὕστερον ἐπισκεπτέον. ἡ δὲ πρώτη ζήτησις ἐστὶ, πότερον οὐ θετέον εἰς παιδείαν τὴν μουσικὴν ἢ θετέον, καὶ τί δύναται τῶν διαπορηθέντων τριῶν, πότερον παιδείαν ἢ παιδίαν ἢ διαγωγὴν; εὐλόγως δ' εἰς πάντα τάττεται, καὶ φαίνεται μετέχειν. ἡ τε γὰρ παιδιὰ χάριν ἀναπαύσεως ἐστὶ· τὴν δ' ἀνάπαυσιν ἀναγκαῖον ἡδεῖαν εἶναι· τῆς γὰρ διὰ τῶν πόρων λύπης ἰατρειὰ τίς ἐστὶ, καὶ τὴν διαγωγὴν ὁμολογουμένως δεῖ μὴ μόνον ἔχειν τὸ καλόν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὴν ἡδονήν· τὸ γὰρ εὐδαιμονεῖν ἐξ ἀμφοτέρων τούτων ἐστὶ· τὴν δὲ μουσικὴν πάντες εἶναι φάμεν τῶν ἡδιστῶν καὶ ψυχὴν οὖσαν καὶ μετὰ μελωδίας. φησὶ γοῦν καὶ Μουσαῖος εἶναι

βροτοῖς ἡδιστον αἰδεῖν·

διὸ καὶ εἰς τὰς συνουσίας καὶ διαγωγὰς εὐλόγως παραλαμβάνουσιν αὐτὴν, ὡς δυναμένην εὐφραίνειν, ὥστε καὶ ἐντεῦθεν ἂν τις ὑπολάβῃ παιδεύεσθαι δεῖν αὐτὴν τοὺς νεωτέρους. ὅσα γὰρ ἀβλαβῆ τῶν ἡδέων, οὐ μόνον ἀρμόττει πρὸς τὸ τέλος, ἀλλὰ καὶ πρὸς τὴν ἀνάπαυσιν. ἐπεὶ δὲ ἐν μὲν τῷ τέλει συμβαίνει τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ὀλιγάκις γίνεσθαι, πολλάκις δὲ ἀναπαύσονται καὶ χρώνται ταῖς παιδιαῖς, οὐχ ὅσον ἐπὶ πλείον ἀλλὰ καὶ διὰ τὴν ἡδονὴν χρήσιμον ἂν εἴη διαναπαύειν ἐν ταῖς ἀπὸ ταύτης ἡδοναῖς. συμβέβηκε δὲ τοῖς ἀνθρώποις ποιεῖσθαι τὰς παιδιὰς τέλος· ἔχει γὰρ ἴσως ἡδονήν τινα καὶ τὸ τέλος, ἀλλ' οὐ τὴν τυχοῦσαν·

ζητοῦντες δὲ ταύτην λαμβάνουσιν ὡς ταύτην ἐκείνην, διὰ τὸ τῷ τέλει τῶν πράξεων ἔχειν ὁμοιωμὰ τι. τὸ τε γὰρ τέλος οὐδενὸς τῶν ἐσομένων χάριν αἰρετόν, καὶ αἱ τοιαῦται τῶν ἡδονῶν οὐδενὸς εἰσι τῶν ἐσομένων ἕνεκεν, ἀλλὰ τῶν γεγνημένων, οἷον πόρων καὶ λύτης. δι' ἣν μὲν οὐκ αἰτίαν ζητοῦσι τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν γίνεσθαι διὰ τούτων τῶν ἡδονῶν, ταύτην ἂν τις εἰκότως ὑπολάβοι τὴν αἰτίαν. περὶ δὲ τοῦ κοινωνεῖν τῆς μουσικῆς οὐ διὰ ταύτην μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ διὰ τὸ χρήσιμον εἶναι πρὸς τὰς ἀναπαύσεις, ὡς ἔοικεν, οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ ζητητέον, μή ποτε τοῦτο μὲν συμβέβηκε, τιμωτέρᾳ δ' αὐτῆς ἡ φύσις ἐστὶν ἢ κατὰ τὴν εἰρημένην χρεῖαν, καὶ δεῖ μὴ μόνον τῆς κοινῆς ἡδονῆς μετέχειν ἀπ' αὐτῆς, ἥτις ἔχουσι πάντες αἰσθησιν (ἔχει γὰρ ἡ μουσικὴ τὴν ἡδονὴν φυσικῇ· διὸ πάσαις ἡλικίαις καὶ πᾶσιν ἡθεσιν ἡ χρήσις αὐτῆς ἐστὶ προσφιλής·) ἀλλ' ὅρῳ, εἴ πῃ καὶ πρὸς τὸ ἥθος συντελεῖ καὶ πρὸς τὴν ψυχὴν. τοῦτο δ' ἂν εἴη δηλόν, εἰ ποιοῖ τινας τὰ ἥθη γινόμεθα δι' αὐτῆς. ἀλλὰ μὴν ὅτι γινόμεθα ποιοῖ τινας, δηλόν διὰ πολλῶν μὲν καὶ ὀλίγων, οὐχ ἥκιστα δὲ καὶ διὰ τῶν Ὀλύμπου μελῶν. ταῦτα γὰρ ὁμολογουμένως ποιεῖ τὰς ψυχὰς ἐνθουσιαστικὰς· ὃ δ' ἐνθουσιασμός τοῦ περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἥθους πάθος ἐστίν. ἔτι δὲ ἀκροώμενοι τῶν μμήσεων γίνονται πάντες συμπαθεῖς καὶ χωρὶς τῶν ῥυθμῶν καὶ τῶν μελῶν αὐτῶν. ἐπεὶ δὲ συμβέβηκεν εἶναι τὴν μουσικὴν τῶν ἡδέων, τὴν δ' ἀρετὴν περὶ τὸ χαίρειν ὀρθῶς καὶ φιλεῖν καὶ μισεῖν, δεῖ δηλονότι μαυθάνειν καὶ συνεθίζεσθαι μηδὲν οὕτως, ὡς τὸ κρίνειν ὀρθῶς καὶ τὸ χαίρειν τοῖς ἐπιεικέσιν ἡθεσι καὶ ταῖς καλαῖς πράξεσιν. ἔστι δὲ ὁμοιώματα μάλιστα παρὰ τὰς ἀληθινὰς φύσεις ἐν τοῖς ῥυθμοῖς καὶ τοῖς μέλεσιν ὀργῆς καὶ πραότητος, ἔτι δ' ἀνδρίας καὶ σωφροσύνης καὶ πάντων τῶν ἐναντίων τούτοις καὶ τῶν

ἄλλων ἡθικῶν. δῆλον δὲ ἐκ τῶν ἔργων· μεταβάλλομεν γὰρ τὴν ψυχὴν ἀκροώμενοι τοιούτων. ὁ δ' ἐν τοῖς ὁμοίοις ἐθισμὸς τοῦ λυπεῖσθαι καὶ χαίρειν ἐγγὺς ἐστὶ τῷ πρὸς τὴν ἀλήθειαν τὸν αὐτὸν ἔχειν τρόπον· ὅσον εἰ τις χαίρει τὴν εἰκόνα τινὸς θεώμενος μὴ δι' ἄλλην αἰτίαν, ἀλλὰ διὰ τὴν μορφήν αὐτήν, ἀναγκαῖον τοῦτω καὶ αὐτὴν ἐκείνῃ τὴν θεωρίαν, ὃ τὴν εἰκόνα θεωρεῖ, ἡθεΐαν εἶναι. συμβέβηκε δὲ τῶν αἰσθητῶν ἐν μὲν τοῖς ἄλλοις μηθὲν ὑπάρχειν ὁμοίωμα τοῖς ἡθεσιν, ὅσον ἐν τοῖς ἀπτοῖς καὶ τοῖς γευστοῖς, ἀλλ' ἐν τοῖς ὁρατοῖς ἡρέμα· σχήματα γὰρ ἐστὶ τοιαῦτα, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μικρῶν, καὶ πάντες τῆς τοιαύτης αἰσθήσεως κοινωνοῦσιν. ἔτι δὲ οὐκ ἐστὶ ταῦτα ὁμοιώματα τῶν ἡθῶν, ἀλλὰ σημεῖα μᾶλλον τὰ γινόμενα σχήματα καὶ χρώματα τῶν ἡθῶν· καὶ ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐπὶ τοῦ σώματος ἐν τοῖς πάθεσιν. οὐ μὲν ἀλλ' ὅσον διαφέρει καὶ περὶ τὴν τούτων θεωρίαν, δεῖ μὴ τὰ Παύσωνος θεωρεῖν τοὺς νέους, ἀλλὰ τὰ Πολυγνώτου καὶ εἰ τις ἄλλος τῶν γραφέων ἢ τῶν ἀγαλματοποιῶν ἐστω ἡθικός. ἐν δὲ τοῖς μέλεσιν αὐτοῖς ἐστὶ μιμήματα τῶν ἡθῶν, καὶ τοῦτ' ἐστὶ φανερόν· εὐθὺς γὰρ ἢ τῶν ἀρμονιῶν διέστηκε φύσις, ὥστε ἀκούοντας ἄλλως διατίθεσθαι καὶ μὴ τὸν αὐτὸν ἔχειν τρόπον πρὸς ἐκάστην αὐτῶν, ἀλλὰ πρὸς μὲν ἐνίας ὀδυρτικωτέρως καὶ συνεσθηκώτως μᾶλλον, ὅσον πρὸς τὴν μίξολυδιστὶ καλουμένην· πρὸς δὲ τὰς μαλακωτέρως τὴν διάνοιαν, ὅσον πρὸς τὰς ἀνειμένους· μέσως δὲ καὶ καθεστηκώτως μάλιστα πρὸς ἐτέραν, ὅσον δοκεῖ ποιεῖν ἢ Δαρυστὶ μύσῃ τῶν ἀρμονιῶν· ἐνθουσιαστικοὺς δ' ἢ Φρυγιστὶ. ταῦτα γὰρ καλῶς λέγουσιν οἱ περὶ τὴν παιδείαν ταύτην πεφίλοσοφηκότες· λαμβάνουσι γὰρ τὰ μαρτύρια τῶν λόγων ἐξ αὐτῶν τῶν ἔργων. τὸν αὐτὸν γὰρ τρόπον ἔχει καὶ τὰ περὶ τοὺς ῥυθμούς· οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἥθος ἔχουσι

στασιμώτερον, οἱ δὲ κυνηκτοὶ· καὶ τούτων οἱ μὲν φορτικωτέρας ἔχουσι τὰς κινήσεις, οἱ δὲ εὐαθεριωτέρας. ἐκ μὲν οὖν τούτων φανερόν ἐστι δύναται ποιεῖν τι τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς ἥθος ἡ μουσικὴ παρασκευάζειν. οἱ δὲ τούτο δύναται ποιεῖν, δηλοῦν, ἐστὶ προσακτίειν καὶ παιδεύειν ἐν αὐτῇ τοὺς νέους. ἔχει δὲ ἀρμοζέμεναι πρὸς τὴν φύσιν τὴν τηλικαύτην ἢ διδασκαλία τῆς μουσικῆς· οἱ μὲν γὰρ νέοι διὰ τὴν ἡλικίαν ἀνήδυντον οὐδὲν ὑπομένουσιν ἐκόντες· ἡ δὲ μουσικὴ φύσει τῶν ἡδυσμένων ἐστὶ, καὶ τις ἔσκει συγγένεια ταῖς ἀρμονίαις καὶ τοῖς ῥυθμοῖς εἶναι· διὸ πολλοὶ φασὶ τῶν σοφῶν οἱ μὲν ἀρμονίαν εἶναι τὴν ψυχῆν, οἱ δ' ἔχειν ἀρμονίαν.

VI. πότερον δὲ δεῖ μαθάνειν αὐτοὺς ξεινωτάς τε καὶ χειρουργούοντας ἢ μὴ, καθάπερ ἠπορήθη πρότερον, εἴναι λεκτέον. οὐκ ἀδελφον δέ, ἐστὶ πολλὴν ἔχει διαφορὰν πρὸς τὸ γίνεσθαι ποιούς τινας, ἐάν τις αὐτὸς κοινωνῇ τῶν ἔργων· ἐν γὰρ τι τῶν ἀδυνάτων ἢ χαλεπῶν ἐστὶ τοὺς μὴ κοινωνήσαντας τῶν ἔργων κρεῖττα γενέσθαι καὶ σπουδαίους. ἅμα δὲ καὶ δεῖ τοὺς παῖδας ἔχειν τινὰ διατριβήν· καὶ τὴν Ἀρχύτου πλαταγὴν οἴεσθαι γενέσθαι καλῶς, ἢν διδάσκει τοῖς παιδίοις, ὅπως χρόμενοι ταύτῃ μηδὲν καταγνώσι τῶν κατὰ τὴν οἰκίαν· οὐ γὰρ δύναται τὸ νέον ἡσυχάζειν. αὐτὴ μὲν οὖν ἐστὶ τοῖς νηπίοις ἀρμότουσα τῶν παιδιῶν, ἡ δὲ παιδεία πλαταγὴ τοῖς μείζουσι τῶν νέων, ἐστὶ μὲν οὖν παιδεύειν τὴν μουσικὴν οὕτως, ὥστε καὶ κοινωνεῖν τῶν ἔργων, φανερόν ἐκ τῶν τοιούτων. τὸ δὲ πρέπον καὶ τὸ μὴ πρέπον ταῖς ἡλικίαις οὐ χαλεπὸν διορίσαι, καὶ λύσαι πρὸς τοὺς φάσκοντας βέλανυσσον εἶναι τὴν ἐπιμέλειαν. πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ, ἐπεὶ τοῦ κρίνειν χάριν μετέχειν δεῖ τῶν ἔργων, διὰ τοῦτο χρὴ νέους μὲν ὅσας χρῆσθαι

τοῖς ἔργοις, προσβυτέρους δὲ γινόμενους τῶν μὲν  
 ἔργων ἀφείσθαι, δύνασθαι δὲ τὰ καλὰ κρῖναι, καὶ  
 χαίρειν ὁρᾶν διὰ τὴν μάθησιν τὴν γινόμενην ἐν τῇ  
 νεότητι. περὶ δὲ τῆς ἐπιτιμῆσεως, ἣ τινα ἐπιτι-  
 μῶσι, ὡς ποιούσης τῆς μουσικῆς βαναύσου, οὐ  
 χαλεπὸν λίσσαι, σκεψαμένους, μέχρι τε πᾶσι τῶν  
 ἔργων κοινωνητέον τοῖς πρὸς ἀρετὴν παιδευμένοις  
 πολιτικῇ, καὶ ποίῳ μελῶν καὶ ποίῳ ῥυθμῶν  
 κοινωνητέον, ἔτι δὲ ἐν τοίοις ὀργάνοις τὴν μάθησιν  
 ποιητέον· καὶ γὰρ τοῦτο διαφέρει εἰκόσι· ἐν τοῖσι  
 γὰρ ἡ λύσις ἐστὶ τῆς ἐπιτιμῆσεως. οὐδὲν γὰρ κωλύει  
 τρέφειν τινὰς τῆς μουσικῆς ἀπεργάζεσθαι τὸ λαχόν.  
 φανερόν τινος, ὅτι δεῖ τὴν μάθησιν αὐτῆς μήτε  
 ἐμποδίζειν πρὸς τὰς ὑστερον πράξεις, μήτε τὸ σῶμα  
 ποιεῖν βαναύσου καὶ ἀχρηστοῦ πρὸς τὰς πολεμικὰς  
 καὶ πολιτικὰς ἀσκήσεις· πρὸς μὲν τὰς χρήσεις ἤδη,  
 πρὸς δὲ τὰς μαθήσεις ὑστερον. συμβαίνει δ' ἂν  
 περὶ τὴν μάθησιν, εἰ μήτε τὰ πρὸς τοὺς ἀγῶνας τοῦ  
 τεχνικοῦ συνετείνοντα διαπονέων, μήτε τὰ θαυμάσια  
 καὶ περὶ τῶν ἔργων, ἃ νῦν ἐλήλυθεν εἰς τοὺς  
 ἀγῶνας, ἐκ δὲ τῶν ἀγῶνων εἰς τὴν παιδείαν. ἀλλὰ  
 καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα μέχρι περ ἂν δύνωνται χαίρειν τοῖς  
 καλοῖς μελεσι καὶ ῥυθμοῖς, καὶ μὴ μόνον τῷ κοινῷ  
 τῆς μουσικῆς, ὥσπερ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἐνια ζῆσιν, ἔτι  
 δὲ καὶ πλήθος ἀνδραπέδων καὶ παιδίων. δῆλον δὲ  
 ἐκ τούτων καὶ τοίοις ὀργάνοις χρηστέον· οὔτε γὰρ  
 αὐτοὶ εἰς παιδείαν ἀκτέον οὐτ' ἄλλο τεχνικὸν ἔργον  
 οἷον κιθάραν κἄν εἰ τι τοιοῦτον ἕτερον ἔστω,  
 ἀλλὰ ὅσα ποιήσει αὐτῶν ἀκροατὰς ἀγαθοῦς ἢ τῆς μου-  
 σικῆς παιδείας ἢ καὶ τῆς ἀλλῆς. ἔτι δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν ὁ  
 αὐτὸς ἡθικόν, ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον ὀργαστικόν· ὥστε πρὸ-  
 τοῦ τοιοῦτου αὐτῷ καιροῦ χρηστέον, ἐν οἷς ἡ θει-  
 ρία κάθαρσιν μᾶλλον δύναται ἢ μάθησιν. προσθῶμεν



δέ, ὅτι συμβέβηκεν ἐναντίον αὐτῷ πρὸς παιδείαν καὶ τὸ καλῶς τῷ λόγῳ χρῆσθαι τὴν ἀθλήσιν· διὸ καλῶς ἀπεδοκιμάσαν αὐτοῦ οἱ πρότερον τὴν χρῆσιν ἐκ τῶν νέων καὶ τῶν ἐλευθέρων, καί περ χρησάμενοι τὸ πρῶτον αὐτῷ. σχολαστικώτεροι γὰρ γινόμενοι διὰ τὰς εὐπορίας καὶ μεγαλοψυχότεροι πρὸς ἀρετὴν, ἔτι τε πρότερον καὶ μετὰ τὰ Μηδικὰ φρονηματισθέντες ἐκ τῶν ἔργων πάσης ἤπταντο μαθήσεως, οὐδὲν διακρίνοντας, ἀλλ' ἐπιζητοῦντες· διὸ καὶ τὴν αὐλητικὴν ἡγαγον πρὸς τὰς μαθήσεις. καὶ γὰρ ἐν Λακεδαιμονίᾳ τις χορηγὸς αὐτὸς ἠδύνησε τῷ χορῷ, καὶ περὶ Ἀθήνας οὕτως ἐπεχωρίασεν, ὥστε σχεδὸν οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἐλευθέρων μετεῖχον αὐτῆς. θῆλον δὲ ἐκ τοῦ πίνακος, ὃν ἀνέθηκε Θράσιππος Ἐκφαντίδῃ χορηγήσας. ὅτε-  
 ρον δ' ἀπεδοκιμάσθη διὰ τῆς πείρας αὐτῆς βέλτιον δυναμένων κρίνειν τὸ πρὸς ἀρετὴν καὶ τὸ μὴ πρὸς ἀρετὴν συντεῖναι. ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ πολλὰ τῶν ὀργάνων τῶν ἀρχαίων ὡς πηκτίδες καὶ βάρβιτοι καὶ τὰ πρὸς ἡδονῇ συντείνοντα τοῖς ἀκούουσι τῶν χρωμένων, ἐπτάγωνα καὶ τρίγωνα καὶ σαμβύκαι καὶ πάντα τὰ δεόμενα χειρουργικῆς ἐπιστήμης. εὐλόγως δ' ἔχει καὶ τὸ περὶ τῶν αὐλῶν ὑπὸ τῶν ἀρχαίων μεμυθολογημένων· φασὶ γὰρ δὴ τὴν Ἀθηνᾶν εὐροῦσαν ἀποβαλεῖν τοὺς αὐλοῦς. οὐ κακῶς μὲν οὖν ἔχει φάναι καὶ διὰ τὴν ἀσχημοσύνην τοῦ προσώπου τοῦτο ποιῆσαι δυσχεράνασαν τὴν θεόν· οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον εἰκόσ, ὅτι πρὸς τὴν διάνοιαν οὐδὲν ἔστιν ἡ παιδεία τῆς αὐλήσεως· τῇ δὲ Ἀθηνᾶ τὴν ἐπιστήμην περιτίθεμεν καὶ τὴν τέχνην.

VII. ἐπεὶ δὲ τῶν τε ὀργάνων καὶ τῆς ἐργασίας ἀποδοκιμάζομεν τὴν τεχνικὴν παιδείαν (τεχνικὴν δὲ τίθεμεν τὴν πρὸς τοὺς ἀγῶνας· ἐν ταύτῃ γὰρ ὁ πρῶτων οὐ τῆς αὐτοῦ μεταχειρίζεται χάριν ἀρετῆς, ἀλλὰ

τῆς τῶν ἀκούοντων ἡδονῆς, καὶ ταύτης φορτικῆς· διό-  
περ οὐ τῶν ἐλευθέρων κρίνομεν εἶναι τὴν ἐργασίαν,  
ἀλλὰ θητικωτέραν· καὶ βαναύσους δὲ συμβαίνει  
γίνεσθαι· πονηρός γὰρ ὁ σκοπός, πρὸς δὲ ποιοῦνται  
τὸ τέλος· ὁ γὰρ θεατὴς φορτικὸς ὢν, μεταβάλλει  
εἰσθε τὴν μουσικὴν· ὥστε καὶ τοὺς τεχνίτας τοὺς πρὸς  
αὐτῶν μελετῶντας αὐτοὺς τε ποιοὺς τινας ποιεῖ καὶ τὰ  
σώματα διὰ τὰς κινήσεις·) σκεπτέον δ' ἐτι περὶ τε τὰς  
ἁρμονίας καὶ τοὺς ρυθμούς, καὶ πρὸς παιδείαν πότε-  
ρον πάσαις χρηστέον ταῖς ἁρμονίαις καὶ πᾶσι τοῖς  
ρυθμοῖς, ἢ διαιρετέον; ἔπειτα τοῖς πρὸς παιδείαν  
διαπονοῦσι πότερον τὸν αὐτὸν διορισμὸν θήσομεν, ἢ  
τρίτον δεῖ τινα ἕτερον; ἐπειδὴ τὴν μὲν μουσικὴν  
ὁρῶμεν διὰ μελοποιίας καὶ ρυθμῶν ὄνσαν· τούτων δὲ  
ἐκάτερον οὐ δεῖ λεληθέναι, τίνα ἔχει δύναμιν πρὸς  
παιδείαν· καὶ πότερον προαιρετέον τὴν εὐμελῆ  
μουσικὴν ἢ τὴν εὐρυθμὸν; νομίσαντες οὐκ πολλὰ  
καλῶς λέγειν περὶ τούτων τῶν τε νῦν μουσικῶν ἐνίων  
καὶ τῶν ἐκ φιλοσοφίας ὄντων τυγχάνουσιν ἐμπείρους  
ἔχοντες τῆς περὶ τὴν μουσικὴν παιδείας, τὴν μὲν  
καθ' ἕκαστον ἀκριβολογίαν ἀποδώσομεν ζητεῖν τοῖς  
βουλομένοις παρ' ἐκείνων, νῦν δὲ νομικῶς διελεγμεν,  
τοὺς τύπους μόνον εἰπόντες περὶ αὐτῶν. ἐπεὶ δὲ τὴν  
διαίρεσιν ἀποδεχόμεθα τῶν μελῶν, ὡς διαιρούσι τινες  
τῶν ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ, τὰ μὲν ἠθικὰ τὰ δὲ πρακτικὰ τὰ  
δ' ἐνθουσιαστικὰ τιθέντες, καὶ τῶν ἁρμονικῶν τὴν  
φύσιν πρὸς ἕκαστα τούτων οἰκείαν, ἄλλην πρὸς ἄλλο  
μέρος τιθέασιν· φαμέν δ' οὐ μᾶς ἕνεκεν ὠφελείας τῇ  
μουσικῇ χρῆσθαι δεῖν, ἀλλὰ καὶ πλεόνων χάριν· καὶ  
γὰρ παιδείας ἕνεκεν καὶ καθάρσεως· (τί δὲ λέγομεν  
κάθαρσιν, νῦν μὲν ἀπλῶς, πάλιν δὲ ἐν τοῖς περὶ  
ποιητικῆς ἐροῦμεν σαφέστερον·) τρίτον δὲ πρὸς  
διαγωγὴν, πρὸς ἀνείν τε καὶ πρὸς τὴν τῆς συντομίας

ἀνάπαισιν· φανερόν ἐστι χρηστέον μὲν πάσαις ταῖς ἀρμονίαις, οὐ τὸν αὐτὸν δὲ τρόπον πάσαις χρηστέον· ἀλλὰ πρὸς μὲν τὴν παιδείαν ταῖς ἠθικωτάταις, πρὸς δὲ ἀκρόασιν ἑτέρας χειρουργουμένων καὶ ταῖς πρακτικαῖς καὶ ταῖς ἐνθουσιαστικαῖς. ὁ γὰρ περὶ ἐνίας συμβαίνει πάθος ψυχᾷς ἰσχυρῶς, τοῦτο ἐν πάσαις ὑπάρχει, τῷ δὲ ἥττον διαφέρει καὶ τῷ μέλλων, ὅσον θλῆσι καὶ φόβος, ἔτι δ' ἐνθουσιασμός. καὶ γὰρ ἐπὶ ταύτης τῆς κινήσεως κατακλῆχμοί τινές εἰσιν· ἐκ δὲ τῶν ἱερῶν μελῶν ὀρώμεν τούτους, ὅταν χρῆσινται τοῖς ἐξαργύζουσιν τὴν ψυχὴν μέλεσι, καθισταμένοις, ὥσπερ ἱατρίας τυχόντας καὶ καθάρσεως. ταῦτόν ἐστι τοῦτο ἀναγκάζον πάσχειν καὶ τοὺς ἐλεήμονας καὶ τοὺς φοβητικοὺς καὶ τοὺς ὀλως παθητικοὺς· τοὺς δ' ἄλλους, καθ' ὅσον ἐπιβάλλει τῶν τοιούτων ἐκάστῳ· καὶ πᾶσι γίνεσθαι τινα κάθαρσιν, καὶ κομφίζεσθαι μεθ' ἡδονῆς. ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ τὰ μέλη τὰ καθαρικὰ παρέχει χαρὰν ἀβλαβῆ τοῖς ἀνθρώποις· διὸ ταῖς μὲν τοιαύταις ἀρμονίαις καὶ τοῖς τοιούτοις μέλεσι θεατέον τοὺς τὴν θεατρικὴν μουσικὴν μεταχειριζομένους ἀγωνιστάς. ἐπεὶ δ' ὁ θεατὴς διττός, ὁ μὲν ἐλεύθερος καὶ πεπαιδευμένος, ὁ δὲ φορτικός ἐκ βαναύσων καὶ θητῶν καὶ ἄλλων τοιούτων συγκείμενος, ἀποδοτέον ἀγῶνας καὶ θεωρίας καὶ τοῖς τοιούτοις πρὸς ἀνάπαισιν. εἰσὶ δ' ὥσπερ αὐτῶν αἱ ψυχαὶ παρεστραμμέναι τῆς κατὰ φύσιν ἕξεως, οὕτω καὶ τῶν ἀρμονιῶν παρεκβάσεις εἰσὶ, καὶ τῶν μελῶν τὰ σύντονα καὶ παρακεχρισμένα. ποιεῖ δὲ τὴν ἡδονὴν ἐκάστους τὸ κατὰ φύσιν οἰκεῖον· διόπερ ἀποδοτέον ἐξουσίαν τοῖς ἀγωνιζομένοις πρὸς τὸν θεατὴν τὸν τοιοῦτον τοιοῦτον τιπὶ χρῆσθαι τῷ γένει τῆς μουσικῆς. πρὸς δὲ παιδείαν, ὥσπερ ἐρηται, τοῖς ἠθικοῖς τῶν μελῶν χρηστέον καὶ ταῖς ἀρμονίαις ταῖς τοιαύταις. τοιαύτη δ' ἡ Δωριεστὶ,

καθάπερ ἀπομνημονεύοντες· δεχέσθαι δὲ δεῖ καὶ τινὰ ἄλλην ἡμῶν δοκιμάζουσιν οἱ κοινωνοὶ τῆς ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ διατριβῆς καὶ τῆς περὶ τὴν μουσικὴν παιδείας. ὁ δ' ἐν τῇ πολιτείᾳ Σωκράτης οὐ καλῶς τὴν Φρυγιστὶ μῶσιν καταλείπει μετὰ τῆς Δωριεῖς, καὶ ταῦτα ἀποδοκιμάσας τῶν ὀργάνων τὸν αὐλόν· ἔχει γὰρ τὴν αὐτὴν δύναμιν ἡ Φρυγιστὶ τῶν ἁρμονιῶν, ὥστε αὐλὸς ἐν τοῖς ὀργάνοις· ἀμφὺ γὰρ ὀργαστικά καὶ παθητικά. δηλοῖ δ' ἡ ποιήσις· πᾶσα γὰρ βακχεῖα καὶ πᾶσα ἡ τοιαύτη κίνησις μάλιστα τῶν ὀργάνων ἐστὶν ἐν τοῖς αὐλοῖς· τῶν δ' ἁρμονιῶν ἐν τοῖς Φρυγιστὶ μέλεσι λαμβάνει ταῦτα τὸ πρῶτον· ὡς οἱ διθύραμβος ὁμολογουμένως εἶναι δοκεῖ Φρύγιον. καὶ τοῦτου πολλὰ παραδείγματα λέγουσιν οἱ περὶ τὴν σύνεσιν ταύτην ἄλλοι τε καὶ διότι Φιλόξετος ἐγγειρήσας ἐν τῇ Δωριεῖς ποιῆσαι διθύραμβον, τοὺς μύθους, οὐχ ὁὖς τ' ἦν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τῆς φύσεως αὐτῆς ἐξέπεσαν εἰς τὴν Φρυγιστὶ τὴν προσήκουσαν ἁρμονίαν πάλιν. περὶ δὲ τῆς Δωριεῖς πάντες ὁμολογοῦσιν ὡς στασιμωτάτης οὐσης καὶ μάλιστα ἥθους ἐχούσης ἀνδρείων· ἐτι δέ, ἐπεὶ τὸ μέσον μὲν τῶν ὑπερβολῶν ἐπαινοῦμεν, καὶ χρῆναι διώκειν φαμέν, ἡ δὲ Δωριεῖς ταύτην ἔχει τὴν φύσιν πρὸς τὰς ἄλλας ἁρμονίας, φανερόν ἐστι τὰ Δωρία μέλη πρέπειν παιδεύεσθαι μᾶλλον τοῖς νεωτέροις. εἰσὶ δὲ δύο σκοποί, τὸ τε δυνατόν καὶ τὸ πρῶτον· καὶ γὰρ τὰ δυνατόν δεῖ μεταχειρίζεσθαι μᾶλλον καὶ τὰ πρῶτον ἐκαστοῦ· ἐστὶ δὲ καὶ ταῦτα ὠρισμένα ταῖς ἡλικίαις· ὡς τοῖς ἀπειρηκόσι διὰ χρόνον, οὐ βέβαιον εἶδεν τὰς συντάξεις ἁρμονίας, ἀλλὰ τὰς ἀνειμένους ἢ φύσει ὑποβάλλει τοῖς τηλικούτοις. διὸ καλῶς ἐπιτιμῶσι καὶ τοῦτο Σωκράτης τῶν περὶ τὴν μουσικὴν τινες, ἐτι τὰς ἀνειμένους ἁρμονίας ἀποδοκιμάσειεν εἰς τὴν παιδείαν, ὡς μεθυσιτικὰ λαμβάνων αὐτάς, οὐ κατὰ

τὴν τῆς μέθης δύναμιν, (βακχευτικὸν γὰρ ἢ γε μέθη ποιεῖ μᾶλλον,) ἀλλ' ἀπειρηκυίας. ὥστε καὶ πρὸς τὴν ἐσομένην ἡλικίαν τὴν τῶν πρεσβυτέρων δεῖ καὶ τῶν τοιοῦτων ἀρμονιῶν ἀπτεσθαι καὶ τῶν μελῶν τῶν τοιοῦτων· ἐτι δ', εἰ τις ἐστὶ τοιαύτη τῶν ἀρμονιῶν, ἢ πρέπει τῇ τῶν παιδων ἡλικίᾳ, διὰ τὸ δύνασθαι κόσμον τ' ἔχειν ἅμα καὶ παιδεῖαν, οἷον ἡ Λυδιστὶ φαίνεται πεπονθέναι μάλιστα τῶν ἀρμονιῶν· ἢ δῆλον ὅτι τούτους ὅρους τρεῖς ποιητέον εἰς τὴν παιδεῖαν, τὸ τε μέσον καὶ τὸ δυνατόν καὶ τὸ πρότερον.

*Pol., V. v-vii.*



Coming to the subject of Music, although we have already in the course of our treatise entered into a discussion of some of the points in dispute concerning it, it is right to resume and continue the discussion now, in order that it may serve as a sort of keynote to the theory which may be put forward by a systematic writer on the subject. It is not easy to define the faculty of Music or the object for which it should be studied. Should the object of mine be amusement and relaxation as it is of sleep or conviviality, which are not in themselves virtuous but pleasant and, as Euripides says, are at the same time 'dull care's lullaby'? It is in this view that Music is ranked *with sleep and conviviality*, all the three are treated alike, and dancing is included in the same category. It is on the other hand to be considered that Music has a certain moral tendency because, as Gym-

nastic produces a certain condition of the body, so it is within the power of Music to produce a certain condition of the character by training the young in the faculty of enjoying themselves in a right manner? Or again does Music contribute more or less to rational enjoyment and intellectual culture? for this must be regarded as a third supposition.

That mere amusement should not be our object in the education of the young is plain enough; for learning does not mean amusing ourselves, as it necessarily involves a painful effort. Nor again is rational enjoyment a proper occupation for children or persons of a youthful age, as *rational enjoyment is the end or perfect state of human existence, and perfection is not suited to one who is imperfect like a child*. It may perhaps, however, be supposed that the serious pursuits of children are intended as means of amusement for them when they have grown to the perfect state of manhood. But on this hypothesis we may ask why they should themselves be taught Music instead of following the example of the Persian and Median kings and enjoying the pleasure it affords by means of the performances of others, *i.e. of professional musicians*, without receiving instruction in it themselves. For the execution of persons who have adopted Music as their special occupation or art will necessarily be superior to theirs who have studied it only so far as to acquire an ordinary musical education. We may add that, on the principle that they are personally to undertake the labour of musical performances,

they ought also to be educated in cookery ; which is absurd. The same difficulty is involved in the supposition that Music is capable of improving the moral character. Why—*it may be asked*—should our young citizens be personally taught musical performances instead of enjoying themselves in a right manner and acquiring a correct musical judgment by listening to the performances of others, as is the case with the Lacedaemonians who are not taught Music and yet are able, as they say, to form correct judgments of good or bad pieces? The same remark may be made, if *we assume that* Music is to be used as a means to happiness and the rational enjoyment of a liberal life. Why should the young be personally taught it instead of enjoying it in the performances of others? We may consider *in this connection* our conception of the Gods. Zeus is never represented by the poets as himself singing or playing upon the cithern. On the contrary we regard professional musicians as on a level with mere mechanics and musical execution as unworthy of a man, unless in some moment of conviviality or amusement.

These, however, are perhaps matters for future investigation. The first question which meets us now is whether Music is or is not to be made a branch of education, and, *if it is*, which of the three disputed effects it may produce, viz. moral discipline, amusement or rational enjoyment. It may reasonably be ranked under all three heads and be regarded as capable of all these different effects. For the object of amusement is relaxation

and relaxation is necessarily pleasant, being as it were a process of healing the pain of labour. Again, it is admitted that there should be an element of pleasure as well as of nobleness in rational enjoyment; for happiness, *which is attained only in rational enjoyment*, consists of both. It is a truism however to say that nothing is pleasanter than Music whether instrumental or accompanied by the voice.

'Song, mortals' sweetest pleasure'

says Musaeus himself, and accordingly Music in virtue of its power to make glad the heart of man is naturally introduced into social gatherings and festivities. From this fact alone we might infer the propriety of giving the younger citizens an education in Music, as all pleasures of a harmless kind are suitable, not only to the end or *perfect state of human life*, but also as means of relaxation. And as it is seldom the fortune of men to find themselves in the perfect state, whereas they frequently take relaxation and indulge in amusements not merely for the profit they afford, but for the pleasure as well, it will be useful to them to find relaxation from time to time in the pleasures of Music. The world has come, however, to treat its amusements as the end or perfect state. The reason is probably that there is a certain pleasure in the end as well as in amusement, although it is not a pleasure of a commonplace kind, and that in the endeavour after this *true pleasure* men mistake for it the commonplace one, because there is in this last a certain resemblance to that



which is the end of all human actions. For it is the characteristic of the end that it is not desirable for the sake of any future object ; and similarly the pleasures of amusement have their cause not in the future but in the past, *i.e.* in the labour or pain *we have undergone*. This then may reasonably be supposed to be the reason why men seek to obtain happiness by the pleasures of amusement. But they take up Music not on this account only but also because it is conceived to be useful for purposes of recreation. At the same time it is a question worthy of consideration whether, if we grant this to be an incidental quality of Music, it is not in its nature more honourable than merely to supply the need of recreation, whether it is not the right principle not merely to enjoy the universal pleasure it affords, of which all the world is sensible,—for the pleasure of Music is a natural one, and hence the use of it is attractive to persons of all ages and characters—but to consider whether it has also any tendency to form the moral character and influence the soul. Nor will there be any room for doubt about the matter, if *it can be shown that* Music produces in us certain conditions of character. But this effect of Music is proved by various instances and especially by the musical compositions of Olympus ; for it is admitted that they make our souls enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is an emotional condition of the character of the soul. And further, when we listen to imitations, we all acquire a sympathy *with the feelings imitated*, even apart from the actual rhythms and melodies.

And as Music is in fact a pleasant thing, and virtue consists in enjoying right pleasures and entertaining right feelings of liking or dislike, it is evident that there is nothing in which it is so important that men should be instructed and trained as in forming right judgments and feeling pleasure in honourable characters and noble actions. But it is in rhythms and melodies that we have the most realistic imitations of anger and mildness as well as of courage, temperance and all their opposites and of moral qualities generally. This we see from actual experience, as it is in listening to such imitations that we suffer a change within our soul. But to acquire the habit of feeling pain or pleasure upon the occurrence of resemblances is closely allied to having the same feelings in presence of the real originals. For instance, if a person feels pleasure in the contemplation of somebody's picture for no reason except the beauty of the form itself, it necessarily follows that the contemplation of the man himself whose picture he contemplates will be pleasant to him ; and this is a sensation enjoyed by all alike. The fact is however that there is no imitation of moral qualities in the objects of sense generally, *e.g.* in the objects of touch and taste, except indeed in the objects of sight and here only in a slight degree. For figures possess this imitative power, although only to a small extent ; and indeed they are not actual imitations of moral qualities, but the figures and colours which are produced are rather symbols of moral qualities, and their influence works through the body upon the emotions.

Nevertheless as there is a considerable importance attaching to the contemplation of pictures, it is proper that the young should contemplate not the works of Pauson but those of Polygnotus or any other painter or sculptor who has an ethical character. Melodies on the other hand contain in themselves representations of moral qualities. This is a fact beyond dispute, as there is an initial distinction between the natures of different harmonies, so that we are variously affected by the sound of them and do not experience the same mood when we listen to all, but in listening to some, *e.g.* the mixed Lydian as it is called, experience a mood of comparative melancholy and restraint; in listening to others, *e.g.* the lax harmonies, a more tender mental mood; and again an intermediate and sedate mood in listening especially to a third—for such is, as it seems, the effect of the Dorian harmony alone—while we are excited to enthusiasm by the Phrygian. This is well set forth by writers who have treated this branch of education from a philosophical point of view; for they appeal to the evidence of experience in support of their theories. And the same is true of rhythms: some have a more sedate, others again an exciting character, and among these last the means of excitement are in some cases more vulgar and in others more refined. In fact there seems to be a sort of relationship between *the soul on the one hand and harmonies and rhythms on the other*; and hence there are many philosophers who hold

either that the soul is itself a harmony or else that it contains a harmony.

It is evident then from these considerations that Music possesses the power of affecting in a certain way the character of the soul ; and, if so, it is clear that we ought to make use of it and educate the younger generation in it. For instruction in Music is appropriate to the natural disposition of the young, as from their tender years they do not willingly put up with anything that is not sweetened, and there is a natural sweetness in Music.

We have now to discuss the question, which has been already raised, whether their instruction should or should not take the form of personally singing and performing upon musical instruments. Nor can it be doubted that personal acquaintance with the practice of anything is far the best way of acquiring certain qualifications ; for it is in fact difficult, if not impossible, to become a good critic without any such practical experience. And besides this children require some occupation. We cannot but approve as a capital invention the *so-called* rattle of Archytas, which is given to children to keep them employed and to prevent their breaking furniture, as young people are unable to keep quiet. As this rattle then is suitable to babes, so the education they receive serves as a rattle or *amusement* to children of a more advanced age.

Such considerations as have been adduced shew clearly the propriety of educating the young in Music to the point of actual acquaintance with

the practice. It is not difficult however to determine what is or is not becoming to different periods of life and to meet the objection of those who maintain that the practice of Music is worthy only of mechanics. In the first place, as the acquisition of a right judgment is the sole object with which they are to take part in musical performances, it follows that they should perform only during their youth and, when they have grown older, should be released from all performance and yet be enabled by the instruction they have received in youth to form a judgment of noble pieces of music and enjoy pleasures of a right kind. Nor is it difficult to meet the objection sometimes brought against Music as reducing its students to the level of mere mechanics, if we consider what are the limits to be set to actual performances in the case of persons whose education is directed to political virtue, what kind of melodies and rhythms they should practise, and thirdly—for this too is probably a point of some importance—what is the nature of the instruments to be used in their instruction. It is here that the answer to the objection lies, as it is quite possible that some species of Music may produce the ill effects above described.

It is evident then that their musical education ought not to prove an impediment to their subsequent actions or render their body mechanical and unfit for the exercise of war and politics, *i.e.* for instruction in them at the present time and for its practical application in the future. And *the result we desire* will be attained in their education,

if they do not spend their time and labour upon performances which are suitable only with a view to the contests of professional musicians or upon performances of an extraordinary and exceptional kind, such as have lately been introduced into these contests and from them into the educational curriculum, and if they carry their musical studies only so far as to acquire a capacity for enjoying noble melodies and rhythms and not merely that general effect of Music which is enjoyed by some of the lower animals, as well as by a number of slaves and children, no less than by men.

We see from this too the sort of instruments to be used. It is not proper to introduce into education the flute or any other instrument which requires professional skill, like a cithern or other instrument of the kind, but only such as will make them apt recipients either of musical education or of education generally. And further the flute is an instrument of a strongly exciting rather than of an ethical character and should consequently be employed only upon occasions when the object of the audience is the purging of the emotions rather than the improvement of the mind. We may add as an incidental objection to the use of the flute in education, that flute-playing prevents the use of the voice. It was with justice then that our forefathers banished the flute from the education of the young and of persons of free birth, although they had originally employed it. For as the increase of wealth afforded them better opportunities of leisure and quickened the moral aspirations of their souls,

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the result was, even before the Persian wars and still more after them in the full flush of their achievements, that they essayed every kind of education, drawing no line anywhere but making experiments in all directions. Thus the use of the flute among other things was introduced into the educational curriculum. For there was a master of a chorus at Lacedæmon who himself accompanied his chorus upon the flute, and at Athens the use of the flute became so popular that the majority of free persons may be said to have had some knowledge of it, as we see from the tablet set up by Thrasippus on the occasion when he acted as master of the chorus for Ecphantides. At a later date however the flute was rejected upon actual trial, when it was possible to form a better opinion of what was or was not conducive to the practice of virtue. The same was the case with not a few antique instruments, *e.g.* dulcimers, psalteries and others which serve merely to tickle the ears of the audience, septangles, triangles, sackbuts and all such as require manual dexterity. The old legend about the flute has much truth in it. It is said that Athene discovered the flute and afterwards flung it away. It is not a bad idea that the goddess did so in consequence of the disgust she felt at the disfigurement of her countenance *by flute-playing*; but at the same time the reason is more likely to have been that education in flute-playing has no intellectual value, as it is to Athene that we ascribe science and art.

Professional education then, whether in respect

of the instruments or of the execution, we reject, meaning by 'professional' such as is suitable to public contests. For in it the object of the performer is not the promotion of his own virtue but the pleasure of his audience, and this a vulgar sort of pleasure. Accordingly we regard such execution as unworthy of free men and as being rather a species of hired labour. It is a fact too that *the professionals* sink to the level of mechanics, as the object which they have in view in the choice of their end is a debased one. For the low character of the audience usually necessitates a *corresponding* variety in the Music; and hence a *deteriorating* effect is produced not only upon the character of the musicians, whose study is directed solely to the pleasure of the audience, but upon their bodies too by the *ungraceful* movements which they make *in playing*.

There still remains the question of harmonies and rhythms. We have to consider *firstly* whether it is proper to make use of all the different harmonies and rhythms indiscriminately or to draw a distinction between them, *secondly* whether we are to adopt the same distinction or some other in the case of persons who are serious students of Music for educational purposes, and *thirdly*, as Music consists of melody and rhythms and we ought not to be ignorant of the educational value of either, whether the preference should be given to melodious or to rhythmical Music. Believing then that the subject is fully and excellently treated by some musicians and on the philosophical side by such philosophers as



have a practical acquaintance with musical education, we will leave anyone who chooses to refer to these authorities for a detailed discussion of particular points and will at present determine them from a legislative point of view, contenting ourselves with a mere outline of the subject:

We accept the classification of melodies adopted by some philosophical writers, who distinguish them as ethical, practical and enthusiastic, and hold that different harmonies are in their nature appropriate to the several different melodies. Further we maintain that Music should not be employed for a single benefit only but for several, *i.e.* as a means of education, as a purgative of the emotions—what we mean when we speak of purging the emotions, although here stated only in general terms, will be explained more clearly hereafter in our treatise on Poetry—and thirdly for the relaxation or recreation of the tense condition *of the soul*. It is evident then that, although it is right to make use of all the different harmonies, they ought not all to be used in the same manner, but the harmonies of the most strictly ethical character for educational purposes, and the practical and enthusiastic harmonies when we listen to the performances of others. It is to be observed that an emotion, which is strongly incident to one soul, is existent in all, although they differ in their degree of it, whether it be compassion or fear or even enthusiasm; for there are some people who are exceedingly liable to the emotion of enthusiasm. And in the case of the sacred melodies we observe that such persons, after

listening to melodies which raise the soul to ecstasy, relapse into their normal condition, as if they had experienced a medical or purgative treatment. The same is of course the case with compassionate and fearful persons and emotional persons generally, and with others in proportion as each participates in such emotions : they all experience a sort of purging and a pleasurable feeling of relief. Similarly melodies of a practical sort produce in men a feeling of innocent joy. Hence it is with harmonies and melodies of this sort that persons who practise music professionally should be set to contend. But as there are two sorts of audience, one free and cultivated, the other vulgar, consisting of mechanics, hired labourers and the like, the second class no less than the first requires appropriate musical contests and exhibitions for its relaxation. And as their souls are distorted from their natural condition, so are there *correspondingly* corrupt forms of harmony and melodies of a strained and artificially coloured character. A feeling of pleasure is excited in every class of persons by whatever has an affinity to their own nature, and accordingly performers, who compete for the prize before a vulgar audience, must be allowed to employ this species of Music. As a means of education, on the other hand, the ethical melodies and the corresponding harmonies should be employed. The Dorian harmony, as we remarked before, has an ethical character ; nor may we refuse to accept any other that is recommended to us by those who are versed in philosophical studies and in musical

education. But Socrates in the *Republic* is wrong in making an exception in favour of the Phrygian harmony, which he allows as well as the Dorian, especially when he has rejected the flute as an instrument. For the Phrygian harmony corresponds in its effects to the flute among instruments, both being of a strongly exciting and emotional nature. We may find an evidence of this fact in poetry. For all revelry and such excitement is expressed by the flute better than by any other instrument; while, if we look to harmonies, it receives its appropriate expression in the Phrygian melodies. Thus it is generally allowed that the dithyramb is a composition which requires a Phrygian melody; and of this there are various proofs adduced by those who are competent authorities upon the subject, especially the circumstance that Philoxenus failed in the attempt to set his dithyrambic poem 'The Mysians' to a Dorian harmony and was driven by the nature of the case to fall back upon the appropriate Phrygian. The Dorian harmony on the contrary is recognised on all hands as pre-eminently staid and characterised by a spirit of valour. And further as it is the mean between two extremes that we always admire and regard as the proper object of our pursuit, and as the Dorian harmony stands midway between the others, it is evident that Dorian melodies are particularly suited to the education of the young. There are always two objects to be kept in view, viz. possibility and propriety; for it is such things *and such only* as are within his capacity and ap-

propriate to his character that each individual should choose to undertake. But the conditions of possibility and propriety are determined by the ages of the persons in question. For instance, people who are old and feeble cannot easily sing the strained harmonies ; it is rather the lax ones that Nature suggests at this time of life. Accordingly there is justice in the reproach brought against Socrates by some musical authorities that he rejected the lax harmonies in his educational system, regarding them as intoxicating, not in reference to the effects of intoxication *at the time*—for it rather produces a disposition to revelry—but of intoxication when the actual fit has passed away. Hence it is in view of their later or more advanced years that they should essay harmonies and melodies of this kind. And further if there is any harmony appropriate to the age of childhood in virtue of its capacity for combining propriety with culture, as seems to be particularly the property of the Lydian harmony . . . . It is evident that these are the three canons to be laid down *respecting the use of Music* in education, viz., that it should be of an intermediate character, that it should be within the capacity of the learner, and that it should be appropriate to his age.

*Ibid.* (Trans. Weldon).



Mencius, B.C. 371, 288

CHWANG PAON having gone to see Mencius said to him 'I had an audience of the King.

His Majesty told me about his loving music, and I was not prepared with anything to reply to him. 'What do you pronounce concerning *that* love of music?' Mencius said, 'If the King's love of music were very great, the kingdom of Ts'e would be near to *being well governed*.'

Another day, Mencius had an audience of the King, and said, 'Your Majesty, *I have heard*, told the officer Chwang about your love of music; —was it so?' The King changed colour, and said, 'I am unable to love the music of the ancient kings; I only love the music that suits the manners of the *present* age.'

Mencius said, 'If your Majesty's love of music were very great, Ts'e, I apprehend, would be near to *being well governed*. The music of the present day is just like the music of antiquity *for effecting that*.'

The King said, '*May I hear the proof of what you say?*' 'Which is the more pleasant,' was the reply, 'to enjoy music by yourself alone, or to enjoy it along with others?' 'To enjoy it along with others,' said the King. 'And which is the more pleasant?' pursued Mencius, 'to enjoy music along with a few, or to enjoy it along with many?' '*To enjoy it along with many*,' replied the King.

Mencius went on, 'Will you allow your servant to speak to your Majesty about music?'

Your Majesty is having music here. The people hear the sound of your bells and drums, and the notes of your reeds and flutes, and they all, with aching heads, knit their brows, and say

to one another, "That's how our king loves music! But why does he reduce us to this extremity of distress? Fathers and sons do not see one another; elder brothers and younger brothers, wives and children are separated and scattered abroad." . . .

'Your Majesty is having music here. The people hear the sound of your bells and drums, and the notes of your reeds and flutes, and they all, delighted and with joyful looks, say to one another, "That sounds as if our king were free from all sickness! What fine music he is able to have!" . . . This is from no other reason but that you cause the people to have pleasure as well as yourself.

'If your Majesty now will make pleasure a thing common to the people and yourself, the Royal sway awaits you.'—*Works*, I. ii, 1. (*Legge's Trans.*).



DUKE KING . . . calling the grand music master, said to him, 'Make for me music to suit a prince and his minister well pleased with each other.' It was then that the Che Saon and Kē'oh Shaon was made, in the poetry to which it is said,

'What fault is it one's ruler to restrain?' He who restrains his ruler loves him.—*Works*, I, ii, 5.



MENCIUS said, 'The richest fruit of benevolence  
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is this—the service of one's parents. The richest fruit of righteousness is this—the service of one's elder brother.

'The richest fruit of wisdom is this—the knowing those two things and not departing from them. The richest fruit of propriety is this, the ordering and adorning those two things. The richest fruit of music is this—the joying in those two things. When joyed in, they grow. Growing, how can they be repressed? When they come to this state that they cannot be repressed, then unconsciously the feet begin to dance and the hands to move.'—*Ibid.*, iv, i, 27.



KAON-TSZE, 'The music of Yu was better than that of King Wan.'

Mencius asked, 'On what grounds do you say so?' and the other replied, 'Because the knob of Yu's bells is nearly worn through.'

Mencius rejoined, 'How can that be sufficient proof? Have the ruts at a city-gate been made merely by the two-horsed carriage?'—*Ibid.*, vii, ii, 22.



### **Lucretius B.C. 95-55**

At liquidas avium voces imitauer ore  
Ante fuit multo, quam lævia carmina cantu  
Concelebrare homines possent, aurisque juvare.  
Et zephyri cava per calamorum sibila primum

Agrestis docuere cava inflare cicutas,  
Inde minutatim dulcis didicere querelas,  
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentum.

L, v. *Ibid.*, 1379-1385.

(Through all the woods they heard the charming  
noise

Of chirping birds, and try'd to frame their voice  
And imitate. Thus birds instructed man,  
And taught them songs before their art began;  
And whilst soft evening gales blew o'er the plains  
And shook the sounding reeds, they taught the  
swains,

And thus the pipe was framed and tuneful reed.

*Cresch*).



Horace B.C. 65 - 8

MOVIT Amphion lapides canendo.

*Od.* III, xi, 2.

Dictus et Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis  
Saxa movere sono testudinis.

*A. P.* 394.



Justin Martyr, c. A.D. 103 - c. 167

Q. If verses and songs were invented by them  
which detested religion, purposely to deceive, and  
were commended to them which lived under the  
law for their weakenesse only, and because they  
were to be trained up as children: why should they



which have received perfect giftes of grace, and different from those meanes which we have spoken of, use singing in their churches, to the imitation of those which were under the law as children and infants? R. To sing doth not at all become children, but to sing with dumbe instruments, and with dancing and cimbals. Therefore the use of such instruments and others which are fit for children, is thrust out, and expelled the church, and singing only is retained: for it inflameth the heart with a fervent desire of that which in singing delighteth us, it subdueth the motions of the flesh, it driveth away those wicked cogitations which our invisible enemies put into our mindes, it watereth the mind, and causeth it to bring forth fruite of heavenly things, it armeth and strengtheneth the reverencers of religion with patience in adversitie, it ministreth a remedie unto the godlie, against those molestations which spring of worldly affections. This Saint Paul calleth the sworde of the spirite, wherewith he furnisheth Christian soldiers against their spiritual enemies: for the Word of God is that which being meditated uppon, sung, and sounded out, chaseth away and puteth to flight the divels themselves. It is of force to adorn the mind with Christian vertues, which spring up in them that reverence religion with ecclesiastical songs.—*Quæstt a Gent. Christian. propositarum*, 107 (Praise of Musicke, 117).



Censorinus, fl. A. D. 238

Nec vero incredibile est ad nostros natales musicam pertinere. Haec enim, sive in voce tantummodo est, ut Socrates ait; sive, ut Aristoxenus, in voce et corporis motu, sive in his, et praeterea in animi motu, ut putat Theophrastus: certe multum obtinet divinitatis, et animis permovendis plurimum valet. Nam nisi grata esset immortalibus diis, qui constant ex anima divina: profecto ludi scenici placandorum deorum causa instituti non essent; nec tibicen omnibus supplicationibus in sacris aedibus adhiberetur: non cum tibiae triumphus ageretur; non Apollini cithara, non musis tibiae, ceteraque id genus essent attributa. Non tibiae, per quos numina placentur, esset permissum, aut ludos publice facere, ac vesci in Capitolio, aut Quinquatribus minusculis, id est, Idibus Junii, Urbem vestitu quo vellent, personatis temulentisque pervagari. Hominum quoque mentes, et ipsae (quamvis, Epicuro reclamante) divinae, suam naturam per cantus agnoscunt. Denique, quo facilius sufferant laborem, vel in navis metu a vectore symphonia adhibetur. Legionibus quoque in acie dimicantibus, etiam metus mortis classico debellitur. Quamobrem Pythagoras, ut animum sua semper divinitate imbueret, priusquam se somno daret, et cum esset expurgitus, cithara, ut ferunt, cantare consueverat. Et Asclepiades medicus phreneticorum mentes, morbo turbatas, saepe per symphoniam suae naturae reddidit. Erophilus autem, artis ejusdem professor, venarum

pulsus rhythmis musicis ait moveri. Itaque si et in corporis et animi motu est harmonia : proculdubio a natalibus nostris musica non est aliena. —*De die Natali*, c. xii.



### St Basil, 329-379

WHEREAS the Holy Spirit saw that mankind was to virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the least accounted of, by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth ; it pleased the wisdom of the same spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were, by stealth, the treasure of good things into man's mind. To this purpose were those harmonious tones of Psalms devised for us, that they which are either in years but young or, touching perfection of virtue, as yet not grown to ripeness, might, when they think they sing, learn. O the wise conceit of that heavenly Teacher, which hath by his skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight, we may also learn that whereby we profit.—*In Psalmos*. (Trans. by Dr. T. Bisse, in his Serm., Sept. 7, 1720).



## St Ambrose, 340-397

QUIS sensum hominis gerens, non erubescat sine psalmorum celebritate diem claudere, cum etiam aves minutissimæ solenni devotione et dulci carmine ortus dierum ac noctium persequantur. *Hexameron Lib. v., c. 12.*

Who is he bearing the sense of a man which is not ashamed to end the day without the singing of Psalms, seeing even the little birdes with solemne devotion and sweet notes do both begin and end the daie? (*Praise of Musicks*, 130).



## St Jerome, 345-420

CANERE et psallere, et laudare Dominum, magis animo quam voce debemus. Hoc est quippe quod dicitur: Cantantes et psallentes in cordibus vestris Domino. Audiant hæc adolescentuli; audiant hi quibus psallendi in ecclesia officium est, Deo non voce sed corde cantandum; nec in tragædorum modum guttur et fauces dulci medicamine colliniendas, ut in ecclesia theatrales moduli audiantur et cantica, sed in timore, in opere, in scientia scripturarum.—*Comm. L. III, in Epist. ad Eph., c. v.*

We ought . . . to sing, to make melody, and to praise the Lord, rather in mind than in voice. And this is it that is said: 'singing and making melody to the Lord in your hearts.' Let young

men hear these things, yea, let them hear whose office it is to sing in the church, that they must sing to God, not in the voice but in the heart, neither must their throat and chaws be anointed after the manner of game players with sweet ointments, that in the church singing more fit for game places should be heard, but in fear, in work, in knowledge of the scriptures ought they to sing to the Lord.'—(Trans. by T. Becon, in *The Pathway unto Prayer*.)

Matutinis vespertinisque hymnis ecclesiæ delectatur Deus per animam fidelem, quæ relicto inanum superstitionum ritu, eum devote laudaverit.

(God is delighted with the morning and evening hymns of the church, in a faithful soul, which rejecting the ceremonies of vaine superstition, praiseth him devoutly).—*In Psalm lxiv.*



#### St John Chrysostom, 347-407

MUSICA mentem terra abducit.

*In Psalm 148, ad init.*

Musicke doth withdraw our mindes from earthly cogitations, lifteth up our spirits into heaven, maketh them light and celestial.—(*Praise of Musicke*, 122).



#### St Augustine, 354-430

QUANTUM fleui in hymnis et canticis tuis, suave sonantis ecclesiæ tuæ vocibus commotus acriter!

Voces illæ infuebant auribus meis et eliquabatur veritas tua in cor meum, et exaestuabat inde affectus pietatis; et currebant lacrimæ, et bene mihi erat cum eis.—*Confessions Lib.*, ix, c. 6.

Cum reminiscar lachrymas meas, quas fudi ad cantus ecclesiæ tuæ, in primordiis recuperatæ fidei meae, magnam instituti hujus utilitatem agnosco. —Per oblectamenta aurium infirmior animus in pietati saffectum assurgat.—*Ibid.*, x, 33.

BECAUSE that the Holy Ghost did see that man's mind by nature did forsake the way of vertue and incline to the delightes of this life and that it might be incited and stirred up to tread the pathes of vertue by sweete harmony, he mingled the efficacy of singing with his doctrine: that whiles the eares are delighted with the sweetnesse of the verse, the profit of the Worde of God might by little and little distill into their mindes: much like unto a skilfull physition: who when he wil minister anie sharp or bitter *potio* to his patient useth to annoint the mouth of the cup with hony: least the diseased or sicke person shold refuse the profit for the bitternes thereof.—*Praef. in Psalmos* (Praise of Musicke, 120).



Illis novas harmonias  
Vox meloda cantitat;  
Et in jubilum prolata  
Mulcent aures organa,

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Dum Sancti, per quem triumphant,  
Regi dant præconia.

*Lib. Meditationum, c. 26.*

In Musick-accent each sweet voice  
Warbles new harmony ;  
And organs tune their fuller noise  
Up into jubilee :  
The Victors all hands to their King,  
Who made them Victors, sing.

*St Augustine's Confessions* [App.] (Trans.). 1679.



**Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus ab. 468-558**

MUSICA ergo disciplina per omnes actus vitæ nostræ hac ratione diffunditur. Primum, si Creatoris mandata faciamus, et puris mentibus statutis ab eo regulis serviamus. Quidquid enim loquimur, vel intrinsecus venarum pulsibus commovemur, per musicos rhythmos harmoniæ virtutibus probatur esse sociatum. Musica quippe est scientia bene modulandi : quodsi nos bona conversatione tractemus, tali disciplinæ probamur semper esse sociati ; quando vero iniquitates gerimus Musicam non habemus. Cælum quoque et terra, vel omnia, quæ in eis superna dispensatione peraguntur, non sunt sine musica disciplina ; cum Pythagoras hunc mundum per musicam conditum, et gubernari posse testetur.

In ipsa quoque religione valde permixta est ; ut decalogi decachordus, tinnitus citharæ, tympana, organi melodia, cymbalorum sonus : ipsum

quoque Psalterium adinstar instrumenti musici nominatum esse non dubium est ; eo quod in ipso contineatur cælestium virtutum suavis nimis et grata modulatio.

*De artibus et disciplinis liberalium literarum, c. 5.*



A. M. S. Boetius, c. 470-524

NIHIL est enim tam proprium humanitati, quam remitti dulcibus modis astringique contrariis. Idque non modo sese in singulis vel studiis vel ætatibus tenet, verum per cuncta diffunditur studia, et infantes ac juvenes, necnon etiam senes, ita naturaliter affectu quodam spontaneo modis musicis adjunguntur, ut nulla omnino sit ætas quæ a cantilenæ dulcis delectatione sejuncta sit. . . . Humanam vero musicam, quisquis in sese ipsum descendit, intelligit.—*De Musica, Lib. 1.*



St Isidorus ab. 570-636

*Quid Possit Musica.*

ITAQUE sine Musica nulla disciplina potest esse perfecta ; nihil enim est sine illa. Nam et ipse mundus quadam harmonia sonorum fertur esse compositus, et cælum ipsum sub harmoniæ modulatione revolvitur. Musica movet affectus, provocat in diversum habitum sensus. In praeliis



quoque tubæ concentus pugnantes accendit, et quanto vehementior fuerit clangor, tanto fit ad certamen animus fortior. Siquidem et remiges cantus hortatur ad tolerandos quoque labores. Musica animum mulcet, et singulorum operum fatigationem modulatio vocis consolatur. Excitatos quoque animos musica sedat, sicut de David legitur, qui a spiritu immundo Saulem arte modulationis eripuit. Ipsas quoque bestias, necnon et serpentes, volucres atque—delphinos ad auditum suæ modulationis Musica provocat.

*Sententiae de Musica, c. iii.*



### Aurelianus Reomensis, Saec. ix

#### *De Laude Musicae Disciplina.*

MUSICAM disciplinam non esse contemnendam, multa et antiquorum, gentiliū videlicet et sanctorum, librorum affirmat autoritas. Innumera siquidem inveniuntur et apud gentiles et apud nostros per eam acta proficua. Ut enim fabulosa taceam, quomodo scilicet Orpheus coniugem ab inferis lyrae modulamine pellentis, qui apud inferos erant, ad superos revocaverit; et qualiter bestias, tygres ac delphines, marina scilicet animalia, nec non serpentes quidam cantilena mites reddiderunt; certe Asclepiadem asserunt certissime hominem mente captum per musicam dulcedinem sanitati propriæ restituisse. Ut vero ad nostros veniam, quid præclarius agi in talibus potuit, quam quod

legimus, per hanc artem David egisse, ut scilicet Saulem cantu citharæ a dæmone liberaret, quem medicorum ars victa desperabat? Certe et beatum Elisæum, cum sibi spiritus prophetiæ deesset, per cantilenæ modulam legimus mentem suam dulcorasse, et sic veniente spiritu sancto, quæ ante ignobat, ab eo didicisse. Quid plura? etiam apud supernos cives legimus huius artis insignia celebrari, ut in Apocalypsi; *habentes citharas Dei*; et alibi: sicut *citharædorum citharisantium in citharis suis*. Hinc ergo colligendum est, quam gratum sit Deo officium cantandi, si intenta mente peragatur; quando in hoc angelorum choros imitamur, quos sine intermissione Domini laudes concinere traditur. Nempe mundi istius compago, convenientiaque naturalis harmonicam quodammodo continet congruentiam. Si enim rimeris, qualiter sole altius procedente cætera congaudeant; qualiter scilicet aer purior fiat, terræ facies floribus venustatem pubescat; mare a suo fervore requiescat: deprehendis, quod omnis creatura, mira harmonia sociata, sibi conveniat. Homo etiam ipse quanta congruentia huic aptetur disciplinæ, non dubitabit, qui scierit, omnia se habere, quæ solent huic arti tribuere. Habet enim cantandi fistulam in gutture; quamdam citharam in pectore pulmonis fibris quasi quibusdam distinctam chordis; elevationes atque gravationes in venarum pulsumque refluxa mutatione.—*Musica Disciplina*, c. i.



Constantinus Africanus otherwise Rheginus.  
Fl. ab. 1072

DICUNT alii, quod Orpheus dixerit: Imperatores ad convivia me invitant, ut ex me se delectent, ego tamen condelector ex ipsis, cum, quo velim, animos eorum flectere possim, de ira ad mansuetudinem, de tristitia ad lætitiā, de avaritia ad largitatem, de timore ad audaciam.

*Viaticum peregrinantis*, P. I. c. De amore.



John Cotton, Sæc. xii

*Quæ utilitas sit scire musicam et quid distet inter musicum et cantorem.*

VIDETUR autem nunc congruum, ut quid utilitatis conferat musicæ notitia brevi attingamus ratione; quanto namque in musica quisque se reddit studiosiorem, tanto et ipsam artem novit esse utiliorem. Musica una est ex septem artibus, quas liberales appellant, naturalis quidem quemadmodum et aliæ; unde et ioculatores et histriones, qui prorsus sunt illiterati, dulcisonas aliquando videmus contexere cantilenas. Sed sicut grammatica, dialectica et cæteræ artes, si non essent conscriptæ, ac per præcepta elucidatæ, incerte haberentur et confusæ; ita et hæc. Sciendum autem, quia ars ista haud infima inter artes est reputanda, præsertim cum clericis maxime sit

necessaria, et quibuslibet eam exercentibus utilis et iocunda. Quisquis namque incessanter ei operam adhibuerit, ac sine intermissione indefessus institerit, talem inde consequi poterit fructum, ut de cantus qualitate an sit urbanus, an sit vulgaris, verus an falsus, indicare sciat, et falsum corrigere, et novum componere. Non est vel igitur parva laus, non modica utilitas, non vilipendendus labor musicæ scientia, quæ sui cognitorem compositi cantus efficit iudicem, falsi emendatorem, et novi inventorem. Nec prætereundum videtur, quod musicus ac cantor non parum a se invicem discrepant; nam cum musicus semper per artem recte incedat, cantor rectam aliquotiens viam solummodo per usum tenet. Cui ergo cantorem melius comparaverim quam ebrio, qui domum quidem repetit, sed quo calle revertatur, penitus ignorat; sed et molaris rota discretum aliquando reddit stridorem, ipsa tamen quid agat nesciens, quippe quia res est inanimata. Unde Guido pulchre in micrologo suo sic ait—

Musicorum et cantorum magna est distantia,  
Ille dicunt, isti sciunt quæ componit musica;  
Nam qui facit quod non sapit, diffinitur bestia.  
*De Musica c. ii.*



**Anglicus Bartholomæus, fl. 1230-1250**

*De Musica.*

As arte of nombres and mesures seruyth to Divinite, so doth the arte of Melody, for Musyk by

the whiche accorde and melody is knower in sowne and in songe is nedeful to know mystyk meanyng of holy wrytte. For it is sayd that ye worlde is compownyd and made in a certaine proportion of harmonie, as Isi saith, 3. And it is said, that heaven goeth about, with consonance and accord of melodie: for musicke moveth affections, and exciteth the wits of divers dispositions. Also in battaile the noyse of the trumpet comforteth warriours: and the more strong and couragious that the sounding is, the more strong and bold men be to fight, and comforteth shipmen to suffer all the diseases and trauayles. And comfort of voyce pleseth and comforteth the heart and inwits in all diseases and trauaile of works and wearinesse, and musicke abateth masterie of evill spirites in mankinde, as we read of David that delivered Saule of an uncleane spirite by crafte of melody. And musicke exciteth and comforteth beasts and serpents, foules and Dolphins to take heade thereto: and to veynes and sinews of the body and pulse thereof, and all the lines of the body be socied together, by vertue of Harmony as Isi saith. . . . To conclude, let all be done, to the edifieng one of another, and both in the Lorde, and as for those that cannot awaye with Musicke in the best part, I leave them to the atonement maker, which is blessed for ever.—*De proprietatibus rerum* (Trans. Trevisa).



## Johannes Ægidius, Zamorensis, fl. 1250

ATTAMEN musicæ melodicæ præconia mirabilia compendio recapitulantes dicimus admirantes, quod ipsa est cordis lætificativa, amoris excitativa et inflammativa, passionum animæ expressiva, virtutis organorum spiritualium præstativa, puritatis et bonæ dispositionis eorundem ostensive, ætatis et sexus discretiva, præconii et laudis adquesitiva, affectiones audientium mutativa: sicut de Orpheo dicitur in fabulis . . . Ex quibus omnibus jam patet, quam utilis sit iocunda vox atque dulcis.—*Ars Musica*, in fin.



## Marchetus de Padua, fl. 1274-1309

*De pulchritudine Musica.*

PULCHRIOR in artibus est musica, de qua Remigius: magnitudo musices capit omne quod vivit, et quod non vivit: hanc concentus Angelorum, Archangelorum, Sanctorumque omnium ante conspectum Dei *Sanctus sanctus sanctus* dicentes sine fine decantant. De hac Boetius in Prologo suo, nihil enim tam proprium humanitati, quam remitti dulcibus modis, astringi contrariis. Idque non modo in singulis vel studiis vel ætatibus tenet, verum per cuncta diffunditur studia, et infantes ac iuvenes, necnon et senes ita naturaliter modis musicis affectu quidem spontaneo adjunguntur, ut

nulla sit omnino ætas, quæ a delectatione dulcis cantilenæ disjuncta sit.

Inter cæteras arbores admirabilis musica est cuius rami sunt pulcre proportionati per numeros; flores eius sunt species consonantiarum: fructus eius sunt harmoniæ dulces per ipsas consonantias ad affectum productæ. De ipso Bernardus: Una est musica universalis cuius magnitudo nutu divino caput movet omnia, quæ in coelo mota sunt, et quæ in terra et mari, et in voce hominum et animalium, et per incrementum corporum, et annos, et dies, et tempora consistunt,—*Lucidarium*, c. ii.



Joannes de Muris, fl. ab. 1323

ARTIS præsentis frugem si noscere quaeris,  
Flaccum dicentem verbis cognoscito veris:  
Utile qui miscet cum dulci, laude fruetur.  
Ars præsens tenet hoc, laudari iure tenetur,  
Aures demulcet, menti blanditur, et eius  
Utilis est usus, removetque suo bene pejus.

Musica quid valeat et quantum, qui bene scire  
Vult, per synodochen quesita potest reperire.  
Ægrotum sanat, confortans musica sanum,  
Exhilarat parvum, juvenemque, brevem quoque  
canum.

Musica confortat tristem, solatur euntem,  
Oblitumque viæ facit hunc ascendere montem.

Fures exanimat, latrones cogit abire;  
Curas depellit, facit et quandoque perire, etc.  
Summa musice, c. ii.



Luther (Martin), 1483-1546.

*Frau Musica.*

FÜR allen Freuden auf Erden  
Kann niemand kein feiner werden,  
Denn die ich geb' mit meim Singen  
Und mit manchem süssen Klingen.

Hie kann nicht sein ein böser Muth,  
Wo da singen Gesellen gut ;  
Hie bleibt kein Zorn, Zank, Hass noch Neid,  
Weichen muss alles Herzeleid ;  
Geiz, Sorg, und was sonst hart anleit  
Führt hin mit aller Traurigkeit.

Auch ist ein jeder des wohl frei,  
Dass solche Freud kein' Sünde sei,  
Sondern auch Gott viel bass gefällt,  
Denn alle Freud der ganzen Welt.  
Dem Teufel sie sein Werk zerstört  
Und verhindert viel böser Mörd.

Das zeigt David, des Königs, That,  
Der dem Saul oft gewehret hat  
Mit gutem süssem Harfenspiel,  
Dass er in grossen Mord nicht fiel.

Zum göttlichen Wort und Wahrheit  
Macht sie das Herz still und bereit ;



Solchs hat Eliseus bekannt,  
Da er den Geist durchs Harfen fand.

Die beste Zeit im Jahr ist mein,  
Da singen alle Vögelein ;  
Himmel und Erden ist der voll,  
Viel gut Gesang da lautet wohl ;  
Voran die liebe Nachtigall  
Macht alles fröhlich überall  
Mit ihrem lieblichen Gesang ;  
Dess muss sie haben immer Dank.

Viel mehr der liebe Herre Gott,  
Der sie also geschaffen hat,  
Zu sein die rechte Sängerin,  
Der Musicen ein' Meisterin.  
Dem singt und springt sie Tag und Nacht,  
Seins Lobes sie nichts müde macht.  
Den ehrt und lobt auch mein Gesang,  
Und sagt ihm ein ewigen Dank.

Music is one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which the Evil one is a bitter enemy. By music, many tribulations and evil thoughts are driven away. It is one of the best arts ; the notes give life to the text. It expelleth melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind. By means of music the heart is comforted, and settles again to peace. It is said in Virgil,

*'Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.'*  
Play thou the notes, and I will sing the words.

Music is one half of discipline, and a school-mistress that makes men more gentle and meek,—

more modest and intelligent. Music is a gift of God, and nearly allied to theology. I would not for a great deal be destitute of the small skill in music I have.—*Colloquia Mensalia* (1569).

*Scimus musicam Dæmonibus etiam invisam et intolerabilem esse.* 'No devil can stand before such musick. Nay, saith he, *Plano judico nec pudet asserere, post Theologiam esse nullam artem quæ possit musica æquari.* 'I am fully satisfied in my judgment, nor am I ashamed to own it, that, divinity excepted, there is no science which can match musick.'—Quoted by Sethus Calvisius in *Ad Sensitum musicam*: Bp. Wetenhall's Trans.



Adam de Dula, fl. 1490

HANC non immerito dignam laude censeo, cum artium antiquissima sit, ante deluvium adinventâ, quæ etiam magno quondam honore apud Græcos habebatur: nec creditum est, quemquam satis eruditum fuisse, nisi musica præsertim imbutus foret.—*Musica Pars. 1.*



Sir T. Elyot, c. 1490-1546

*In what wise musike may be to a noble man necessarie, and what modestie ought to be therein.*

THE discretion of a tutor consisteth in temperance: that is to saye, that he suffre nat the childe

to be fatigate with continuall studie or lernyng, wherwith the delicate and tender witte may be dulled or oppressed : but that there may be therewith entrelased and mixte some pleasaunt lernyng and exercise, as playenge on instruments of musike, whiche moderately used and without diminution of honour, that is to say, without wanton countenance and dissolute gesture, is nat to be contemned. For the noble kynge and prophet David, King of Israell (whom Almighty God said that he had chosen as a man according to his harte or desire), duringe his lyfe, delited in musicke : and with the swete harmony that he made on his harpe, he constrained the iuell spirite that vexed Kynge Saul to forsake hym, continuynge the tyme that he harped.

The mooste noble and valiant princis of Grece often tymes, to recreate their spirites, and in augmenting their courage, embraced instrumentes musicall. So dyd the valiaunt Achilles, (as Homere saith), who after the sharpe and vehement contention, betwene him and Agamemnon, for the taking away of his concubine : wherby he, being set in a fury, hadde slayne Agamemnon, emperour of the Grekes armye, had nat Pallas, the goddesse, withdrawn his hande; in which rage he, all inflamed, departed with his people to his own shippes that lay at rode, intendinge to have retourned in to his countray ; but after that he had taken to hym his harpe (whereon he had lerned to playe of Chiron the Centaure, which also had taught hym feates of armes, with phisicke, and surgery), and playeng thereon, and songen the gestes and actes

martial of the auncient princis of Grece, as Hercules, Perseus, Perithous, and his cosin Jason, and of diuers other of semblable value and prowesse, he was there with asswaged of his furie, and reduced in to his firste estate of reason : in such wyse, that in redoubyng his rage, and that thereby shulde nat remayne to him any note of reproche, he retaynyng his fiers and stourdie countenance, so tempered hym selfe in the entertaynment, and answeringe the messagers that came to him from the residue of the Grekes, that they reputing all that his fiers demeanure to be, (as it were), a diuine maiestie, never embayrded hym with any inordinate wrathe or furie. And therfore the great Kynge Alexander, whan he had vainquissahed Ilion, where some tyme was set the moeste noble citie of Troy, beinge demaunded of one if he wold se the harpe of Paris, Alexander, who ravished Helene, he thereat gentilly smilyng, answered that it was nat the thyng that he moche desired, but that he had rather se the harpe of Achilles, whereto he sange, nat the illecebrous dilectation of Venus, but the valiant actes and noble affaires of excellent princis.

But in this commendation of musike I wold nat be thought to allure noble men to have so moche delectation therin, that in playinge and singynge only, they shulde put their holle studie and felicitie ; as dyd the Emperour Nero, whiche all a longe somer's day wolde sit in the Theatre (an open place where al the people of Rome behelde solemne actis and playes), and in the presence of all the noble men and senatours, wolde playe on

his harpe and synge without cessynge. And if any man hapned, by longe sittynge, to slepe, or by any other countenance, to shewe him selfe to be weary, he was sodaynly bobbed on the face by the servantes of Nero, for that purpose attendyng: or if any persone were perceived to be absent, or were sene to laughe at the folye of the emperour, he was forthe with accused, as it were, of miss-prision; whereby the emperour found occasion to committe him to prison, or to put hym to tortures. O, what misery was it to be subiecte to suche a minstrell, in whose musike was no melodye, but anguisshe and dolour.

It were therefore better that no musike were taughte to a nobleman, than by the exacte knowledge therof, he shuld have therin inordinate delite, and by that be illected to wantonnesse, abandonyng gravitie, and the necessary cure and office, in the publike weale, to him committed. Kynge Philip, when he harde that his sonne Alexander dyd singe swetely and properly, he rebuked him gentilly, saynge 'But, Alexander, be ye nat ashamed that ye can singe so wele and connyngly,' wherby he mente that the open profession of that crafte was but of a base estimation. And that it sufficed a noble man, havynge therin knowlege, either to use it secretely, for the refreshynge of his witte, when he hath tyme of solace: or els, only hearynge the contention of noble musicians, to gyve iugement in the excellencie of their counnynges. These be the causes where unto havinge regarde, musike is nat onely tollerable, but also commendable. For, as Aristotle saith, musik

in the old time was nombred amonge sciences, for as moche as nature seketh nat onely howe to be in business well occupied, but also howe in quietnes to be commendably disposed.

And if the childe be of a perfecte inclination and towardnes to vertue, and very aptly disposed to this science, and ripely dothe understande the reason and concordance of tunes, the tutor's office shall be to perswade hym to have principally in remembrance his astate, whiche maketh hym exempt from the libertie of usinge this science in every tyme and place: that is to say, that it onely serueth for recreation after tedious or laborious affaires, and to shewe him that a gentelman, plaine or singing in a commune audience, appaireth his estimation: the people forgettinge reverence, when they beholde him in the similitude of a common seruant or minstrell. Yet, notwithstanding, he shall commend the perfecte understandinge of musike, declaring how necessary it is for the better attaynyng the knowlege of a publike weale: whiche, as I before have saide, is made of an ordre of astates and degrees, and, by reason therof, containeth in it a perfect harmony: whiche he shall afterwarde more perfectly understande, whan he shall happen to rede the bokes of Plato, and Aristotle, of publike weales: wherin be written divers examples of musike and geometrye. In this fourme may a wise and circumspecte tutor adapte the pleasant science of musike to a necessary and laudable purpose.—*The Booke named The Governour*, chapter vii. (1531).

## Hieronymus Philetus, c. 1500

Musica turbatas animas egrumque dolorem  
Sola lenat, merito divumque hominumque voluptas.

Qua sine nil iucundum animis, nec amabile  
quidquam,

Ad cuius numeros superi vertuntur et orbis.

Et cœlo radiant ignea, quibus emicat ingens

Signifer, et leges præscriptaque tempora seruant.

Hac Phoebus Phœbique soror duce, et aurea cœlo

Astra suos agitant constanti fœdere motus.

—*De Laudibus musices.*



## T. Becon, c. 1511-1570

Ps. CXV. *The second verse*: 'I said, being as it were in a trance, Every man is a liar.' . . . Surely methink that David wanteth hear the chief point of a minstrel and of a singing man, which is to lie and flatter, or at least, to fashion his song according unto the audience, and with his singing to please so many as hear him. Is David now become a man of so little experience, that he thinketh the holy Pharisees, the wise scribes, the learned bishops, the devout priests, the godly rulers of the temple, etc., could be contented to be called liars, which would be noted throughout all the world to be the principal teachers of all

verity and truth, and alone to have the key of knowledge? Undoubtedly David kept sheep too long for to be a minstrel to such delicate and soft religious persons.—*David's Harp*.

PHILEMON. Consider the air above, the earth beneath, with the deep waters in the secret and inferior parts of the world, and mark diligently, if in them any thing be contained that may bring to us true and perfect joy. They may delight our fancies, and move our affects for a certain space unto delectation, while we behold, hear, feel or taste them; but how soon doth this carnal delectation and worldly joy vanish away! yea, how soon are we weary of them, if measure be exceeded! Musical instruments feed the ear with very sweet and pleasant harmony, and for a time greatly exhilarate, cheer and comfort our wearied spirits; but in how short space do we loathe them, if they be continually played upon or exercised out of time! and though we delight never so greatly in them, doth not the sound straightway perish, and we receive none other commodity than loss of time?

THEOPHILE. The wise man saith: 'Like as the carbuncle stone shineth that is set in gold, so is the sweetness of music by the mirth of wine.' (*Eccles. xxxii*). Again: 'Wine and minstrels rejoice the heart.' (*Ibid. xl*).

PHIL. Yea, but what followeth? The best is behind, as they say, 'But the love of wisdom is above them both.' This sentence of the wise man doth not condemn music nor wine, so that the use of them be moderate and exceedeth not measure: notwithstanding, it preferreth the love of wisdom,



that is to say, a fervent desire to know the will of God, and advanceth that above both wine and music.

CHRISTOPHER. I wish that all men, but chiefly such as be of nobility, did know and would practise this aforesaid sentence. For many delight in music, but few in the love of wisdom : many covet to excel in singing, playing, and dancing, but in the knowledge of God's word very few. Many can abide to spend whole days and whole nights in musical exercises, but in hearing or reading the the holy scriptures, they think one holy day in a week a great matter; when the one moveth unto virtue, the other unto vice; the one getteth the favour of God, the other provoketh his wrath, indignation, and vengeance; the one lifteth up unto heaven, the other detrudeth and thrusteth down into hell-fire.

PHIL. To say the truth, music is a more vain and trifling science than it becometh a man, born and appointed to matters of gravity, to spend much time about it. And although I have learned of histories, that divers have exercised minstrelsy, both kings and philosophers, which I think used it as a remedy against the tediousness of their painful labours, and to make them the more apt to return unto matters of great importance; yet I remember well that it was counted a reproach in many. King Philip, when he heard his son Alexander, that triumphant conqueror, sing and play very pleasantly, checkingly rebuked him saying : ' Art thou not ashamed that thou canst play and sing so cunningly ? ' Mean-

ing that other arts and sciences are more worthy a king. An heathen prince thought that a great fault in his son, which Christian rulers count worthy of high commendation and singular praise. Sextus Nero the emperor, lying on his death bed, greatly lamented that he was so excellent in the science of music, wishing that he had spent that time in good letters and virtuous exercises, whereby he might have been made the more able justly and truly to govern his realm.

EUSEBIUS. Would God that his repentance might be a warning to all noble men! There have been (would God there were not now!), which have not spared to spend much riches in nourishing many idle singing-men to bleat in their chapels, thinking so to do God an high sacrifice, and to pipe down their meat and their drink, and to whistle them asleep; but they have not spent any part of their substance to find a learned man in their houses to preach the word of God, to haste them to virtue, and to dissuade them from vice. Therefore swarmed their houses with pride, ambition, vain-glory, covetousness, whoredom, swearing, stealing, polling, picking, envy, malice, fighting, flattery, superstition, hypocrisy, papistry, idolatry, and all kinds of abomination, as it must needs come to pass where the word of God is banished, though there be never so much massing and masking, according to the saying of Solomon, 'When the preaching of God's word faileth, the people perish and come to nought.' (*Prov. xxix*).

THEO. It becometh kings, princes, and rulers

rather to hear the preacher of God's word, and to give ear unto the lamentable voices and humble supplications of their poor afflict and oppressed subjects, than to hearken to the sound of vain instruments, and to delight in hearing the filthy and trifling songs of drunken musicians, which rather provoke unto fleshly fantasies than unto virtuous exercises. A Christian man's melody, after St Paul's mind, consisteth in heart while we recite psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, and sing to the Lord in our hearts, 'giving thanks always for all things unto God the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.'—(*Eph.* v.). All other outward melody is vain and transitory, and passeth away and cometh to nought.

PHIL. Vain and transitory is it indeed: notwithstanding, music may be used, so it be not abused. If it be soberly exercised and reputed as an handmaid unto virtue, it is tolerable; otherwise it is execrable, and to be abhorred of all good men. So that ye perceive that music is not so excellent a thing, that a Christian man ought earnestly to rejoice in it.

CHRIS. It is evident enough; seeing that it endureth not, but passeth away like other things subject to vanity.—*The Jewel of Joy.*



**Zanchius, 1516-1571**

*Multiplex et magnus est usus hujus Musicae, etc.*  
 Manifold and great is the use of this musick.  
 First, that the glory of God may thereby be made  
 more illustrious and august. Secondly, the mind  
 of man is after a marvellous sort affected there-  
 with. Thirdly, our heart being by the musick  
 made more cheerful, the grace of God dwelling in  
 us, is stirred up.—(*In. Eph.*, v. 19: Bp. Wetenhall's  
 Trans.).



**Orlando di Lasso, 1520-1594**

MUSICA Dei donum optimi  
 Trahit homines, trahit Deos.  
 Musica truces mollit animos  
 Tristesque mentes erigit,  
 Musica vel ipsas arbores  
 Et horridas movet feras.

*Sacrae Cantiones sex vocum, 1574.*



**Richard Edwards, 1523-1566**

Where griping grefes the hart wounde,  
 And dolefull dumps the mynde oppresse,  
 There music with her silver sound

With spede is wont to send redresse.  
Of troubled mynde, in every sore  
Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

In joy, it makes our mirth abound ;  
In woe, it cheers our heavy sprights ;  
Bestraughted heads relief hath found,  
By Music's pleasant, sweet delights :  
Our senses all, what shall I say more ?  
Are subject unto Music's lore.

The gods by Music have their praise ;  
The life, the soul, therein doth joy :—  
For as the Romayn poet says :  
In seas, whom pirates would destroy,  
A dolphin saved from death most sharp,—  
Arion playing on his harp.

O heavenly gift ! that rules the mind,  
Ev'n as the stern doth rule the ship !  
O Music ! whom the gods assigned  
To comfort man, whom cares would nip !  
Since thou both man and beast doth move, .  
What beast is he, will thee disprove ?  
Percy, *Reliques*, Bk. ii, p. 199.



**Michael Eyguem de Montaigne, 1533-1592**

THESE are strange examples, but yet they will  
not appear so strange, if we consider what we  
have ordinary experience of, how much custom

stupifies our senses . . . and of what philosophers believe of the musick of the spheres, that the bodies of those circles being solid and smooth, and coming to touch, and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful harmony, the changes and cadences of which, cause the revolutions and dances of the stars : but that the hearing sense of all creatures here below, being universally, like that of the Ægyptians, deaf'd, and stupified with the continual noise, cannot how great soever perceive it.—*Of Custom*, Trans. by C. Cotton.



Richard Barnfield, 1547-1627

IF music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
As, passing all conceit needs no defence,  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music makes ;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd—  
When as himself to singing he betakes,  
One god is god of both, as poets feign ;  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.



I

L

John Case, 1549-1600

TESTATUR enim Marcus Varro, in Lydia se vidisse insulas, quæ ad cantum tiliarum a continenti in stagnum prositientes, ad gyrum veluti motæ saltant, at cassante musica ad littora revertuntur. Sed mirabiliora iam istis narro, et tamen nota, in Attico littore ipsum mare cytharam et harmoniam sonat: Megaris saxum quoddam ad singulas ictus dulcissimum concentum edit. Quid? An ficta, an commentitia hæc esse ais?—*Apologia Musices*, 3-4.



NON dicam Augustinum eadem similitudine laudabilem usum musices nobis in ecclesia commendasse non dicam illum ut in libro confessionum scribit suavitate cantantium in ecclesia ad lachrymas sæpe, spirituque tandem per cantum in illius animum illapso, ex Manichæo ad christianæ fidei professionem fuisse impulsus. O diurnam vim musices, quæ sic contemplantium animos et præcordia tangis. Dicitur hic autem argumentum a necessario, quia sine musicâ (ut aiunt) affectuum turbines sedari non possunt, tot enim sunt contemplantium phantasmata, tot dæmonum ludibria, tot vitæ solitariæ pericula, quæ si alia arte quam musicâ fugare contendas, id solum agis ut nimia ratione insanias. . . .

Si conclusionem quæras, sic arguo. Est musica divinissima scientia mentis: ergo aptissima ad monendam mentem, ergo ad contemplationem necessaria. Quin id probes? Hoc modo, quoniam mens est sedes contemplationis, contemplatio virtus et perfectio mentis, sed musica scientia est virtus

mentis: potentius ergo multo ipsam mentem movet. Sed quid ago? In Oceano huius causæ nimis fluit oratio.—*Apologia Musices*, 34-5



### The Praise of Musicke, 1586

I KNOW a blemish is soonest perceiued in a comely body, and the greater the man is that doth offend, the greater seemeth his offence. Because one smale wart is a stain to a beautifull face, and some litle fault committed, that might otherwise seem tollerable in a man of mean estate, is inexcuseable in a greater personage. So fareth it with musick, which because it is excellēt, and for that naturally subject to the enuie and malice of many, is therefore ill spoken of, because it falleth out, that shee is oftentimes blemished with the faults of them that professe to have some knowledge in hir. Hence it commeth to passe that the faults of the persons are attributed to the art, and that whatsoever is amisse in this or that lewd musician, is said to proceed from hir, which ought by better reason to obscure and overshadowe the foulest blotches which are incident to men, than she by them should be disgraced. Because the Pierides in pride of their skill prouoked the Muses, or Marsyas and Pan in opinion of their own excellency, Apollo: this generall collection is made, that musicke causeth pride and ambition. If there bee any such foolish musiciens as Arcabius was, hauing that fault whereof Horace speaketh—



*Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare, rogati,  
Iniussi nunquam desistant ;*

That being praid to sing and shew their skill,  
Cannot induced be, say what thou list ;  
But unrequested keepe a chaunting stil,  
And from their folly never will desist.

straightwaie musicke is wayward and troublesome, cunning men are either dangerous or phantasticall, as if to be skilful were a fault, or to be cunning, worthy reprehension.

Great occasion and advantage of inveighing against this art, is taken of that saying which King Philip of Macedon used to his sonne Alexander when he rebuked him, for that he could sing so well and cunningly : as if we did allow the importunitie of Nero, which is said, all a long sōmers day, to have sitten in the Theatre, playing on his Harp : or did not rather thinke, that musicke is so to be used of Noble and Gentlemen, as Achilles did in Homer, who after that bitter contention between him and Agamemnon, taking to him his harp, (whereon hee had learned to play of Chiron the Centaure, who also taught him feates of armes, with physicke and Surgerie<sup>1</sup>), and playing thereon, sang the martial acts of the Princes of Grece, as Hercules, Perseus, Peritheus, Theseus, and his cosen Iason, and was therewith asswaged of his fury and reduced into his first estate of reason. . . .

If thou be skilful and learned, I know thou wilt not condemne me at a blush : if unskilful and ignorant, think that I will not so mildely answer thee as Stratonicus answered King Ptolemy,

<sup>1</sup> Elliot lib. i cap. 7.

ἕτερον ἐστὶ τὸ σκῆπτρον, καὶ τὸ πλῆκτρον, ὁ βασιλεὺς. A scepter, O king is one thing, and an instrument another: but rather that which is more agreeable to thy person, which the same man also is said to have answered a smith, which maliciously reviled him: 'Sir, I pray you deale not aboue your hammer.'—(*Preface.*)

If thou be remisse or mery use for thy recreatiō some kind of melodie. Albeit indeed wt musick no times are amisse. For we know that life is as it were put into the deadst sorows by inflexion and modulation of voice. And they whose heartes even yearne for very greefe sometimes fall on singing not to seeke comfort therein (for the best seeming comfort in such cases is to be comfortles) but rather to set the more on fote that pensiveness wherewith they are perplexed. *Similitudo parit amicitiam* saith Boetius, and sorowe findes somewhat in Musick worthie his acquaintance. If not, how chance they have specified three originals or causes of Musick? the first pleasure of which there is no question, the next grief, and the last *Enthusiasmū* some divine and hevily inspiratiō. Surely affectiōs dance after pipes and being thēselves but motions do by a naturall kind of propension apply thēselves to Musick, whose efficacy stāds wholly upon motiōs. But I returne to my purpose. The chiefe end of Musicke is to delight, howsoever sorow useth it somtimes for an advātage as knowing how forcible and effectual it is to help forward al purposes. Therefore in time of vacācy and remissō whē

<sup>1</sup> Cael. Rhod.

there is a mutiny of wars, and a calm of other the like troublesom affaires, the place being not molested, the people being not disquieted thē hath musick evermore had the best audience. (pp. 34-5).

Although both the authors of this most divine science, and antiquitie therof, and estimation which it hath had in times past, may sufficiently credit the same: yet I doe not desire any mā hardly affectioned in this point, to be moved by this treatise, unlesse both the sweetnesse and necessity, and operation of it, be declared to be such, as neither ought carelesly, or cā worthily be neglected. For as in those things which are both pleasant and profitable, that which is profitable ought most earnestly to be followed: so the pleasure which is ioyned with the commodity, is not to be contemned. Wherefore, seeing that poetrie, which is but a part of Musicke, as *Plutarck* doth testifie, hath this commendation of *Horace*—

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectari Poetas  
Aut simul et incunda, et idonea dicere vita,*

Poets of pleasure, or of profit great,  
Or else of both most decently intreate.

we may safely pronounce of the whole, that it hath both delectation to allure, and profit to perswade men to those thinges, wherewith man's life is beautified and adorned. I will first therefore speak of the sweetenes and delectation of Musick: and afterwards of the use and necessity thereof. Concerning the pleasure and delight, I will first shew it by that affinity and congruity which Musicke hath with the nature of living creatures.

Secondly by the effectes and operation which it worketh in the hearers. Touching the first, as the testimony of Musæus in Aristotle: *Res suavis cantus est mortalibus, singing is a most pleasant thing to men*<sup>1</sup>: and daily experience doeth prove unto us that not only men, but all other living creatures, are delighted with the sweet harmony and concent of Musicke. So if there were no other thing els, yet that proper fiction of the *Grāmarians*, might fully satisfie any mā in this point.<sup>2</sup> *Sonus*, say they, the king of Harmony, had two sonnes. The one of them was called *Concentus*, the other *Accentus*: of *Grammatica* he begat *Accentus*, but *Concentus* was borne unto him of the nymphe *Musica*. Whom when their father perceived to be both equal in the gifts of the minde, and that neither was inferior to other in any kind of knowledge, and himself now well stricken in years, to waxe every day neerer and neerer to his death; hee fell into a serious cogitation with himself, whether of them two, hee should leave his successour in his kingdome; and therefore hee began more narrowly to mark the maners and behaviours of them both. Nowe *Accentus* was the elder of the two; and he was grave and eloquent, but austere, and therefore lesse beloved of the people. But *Concentus* was verie merrie, pleasaunt, amiable, lovelie, curteous, acceptable unto all menne, and cleane contrarie to the disposition of his brother, thinking it more glorious to bee beloved than feared. Whereby hee

<sup>1</sup> Arist. 8, Pol.

<sup>2</sup> Onito Paroh in princ. lib. 3. sum musicon.

did not only get the love and liking of all his subiectes, but also putte his Father into a greater doubt which of them hee shoulde institute inheritor of his Scepter. Therefore appointing a solemne meeting, hee asked the Counsell of the Nobles and Princes of his Lande, as *Musicians, Poettes, Oratours, Philosophers* and *Divines*; and in conclusion their consultation had this issue, that neyther shoulde be preferred before other, but both should equally inherite their father's Scepter and Dominions. Whereof I gather (omitting all other circumstaunces), that as *Accentus* which is Grammar ought not to be disinherited, because of the necessitie therof in speech: so *Concentus* which is Musicke, coulde not but bee esteemed as woorthie of preheminance, for his pleasure and delectation. And for as much as that was the iudgemēt and determinatiō both of *Musicians, Poets, Orators, Philosophers*, both *Moral* and *Natural*, and *Divines*: so much the more is to be ascribed to the sweetnesse of Musicke, as these Professours are of better judgement than other men. But I will not ground the commendation of that on fictions and conceipts: which neither in itself needeth the colour and shadowes of imaginations, being above all conceiptes: nor in the pleasure thereof any externall ornament: being sweeter than canne be counterfeited by fictions, or expressed by fantasies. Wherefore leaving these, I will, as neerely as I can, declare the reason of that delight which Musicke yeeldeth. And this first is evident, that Musicke, whether it be in the voyce only as *Socrates* thought, or both in the

voyce and motion of the body as *Aristoxenus* supposed: or as *Theophrastus* was of opinion, not only in the voyce and motion of the body, but also in the agitation of the minde: hath a certaine divine influence into the soules of men, whereby our cogitations and thoughts (say *Epicurus* what he will) are brought into a celestiall acknowledging of their natures. For as the *Platonicks* and *Pythagoriās* think, al soules of mā, are al the recordatiō of that celestial Musicke, whereof they were partakers in heaven, before they entred into their bodies so wōderfully delighted, that no mā cā be found so harde harted which is not exceedingly alured with the sweetnes therof. And therefore some of the antiēt *Philosophers* attribute this to an hiddē divine vertue, which they suppose naturally to be ingenerated in our minds, and for this cause some other of thē as *Herophilus* and *Aristoxenus*, which was also a Musician, thought that the soule was nothing else but a *Musical motio*, caused of the nature and figure of the whole body, gathering thereof this necessary conclusion, that wheras things that are of like natures, have mutual and easy action and passiō betweene thēselves, it must needs be, that *Musical cōcens* being like that *Harmonical* motion which he calleth the soule, doth most wonderfullie allure, and as it were ravish our senses and cogitatiōs. But this which I have said may seem peradventure to be too profoundly handled. I will therefore confirme it by naturall experience and examples. And first generally (as I said before) there is neither man, nor any other living creature ex-

empt from the participation of the pleasure of Musicke.

As for man, let us begin with him even from his cradell, and so take a view of his whole life : and we shall see, that even everie particular actiō of his, is seasoned with this delight : first in his infancy, while he is yet wholly destitute of the use of reason, wee see that the child is stilled, and allured to sleepe, with the sweete songes and lullabyes of his Nurse : although the grieffe of his tender limmes be such as is able to breede impatience in a strong body. And for this cause is it that children are so delighted and allured with rattels and bells, and such like toies as make a sound. Now as strength and judgement increase in man, so Musicke pleaseth and delighteth him more and more : so that whether he be noble or ignoble, yet the same delight of mind groweth to perfection together with the body. And therefore *Aristotle* in his *Politiques* [viii. 3], cōselleth that childrē be instructed in musick, especially if they be of noble parētage : not so much for the profit and cōmodity therof, as because it is agreable to nature being in it selfe both liberal and honest : for in al matters to propose profit as the only end, is neither a part of a liberal nature nor of a gētle-mālike dispositiō. Again in base and in ignoble persons, the very senses and spirits are wōderfully inflamed, w<sup>t</sup> the rural songes of *Phyllis* and *Amaryllis* : insomuch that even the ploughmā and cartar, are by the instinct of their harmonickall soules cōpelled to frame their breath into a whistle, thereby not only pleasing thēselves, but also

diminishing the tediousness of their labors. And therefore most naturall is that which *Virgil* useth in describing of a good housewife.

*Longum cantu solata laborem  
Arguto coniux percurrit pectine telas.* (Georg. I).

The huswifes spinning makes her labour long  
Seeme light with singing of some merrie song.

As also that other spokē of ye pruner of trees :

*Alta sub rupe canit frondator ad auras.* (Ecl. I).

The lopper singing from the craggy rooke  
The bower and leaves beats down with many a knocke.

and that of the sheepeheards :

*Cur non Mopse (boni quonia convenimus ambo  
Tu calamos inflare lreos, ego dicere versus)  
Hic corillis inter mixtas consedimus ulmos ?* (Ecl. V).

Mopse my friend, seeing our skill is great  
Thine for the tune, mine for the pleasant rime,  
In th' hasell bower why take we not our seats,  
In mirth and singing there to spend the time ?

And hence it is that wayfaring men, solace themselves with songs, and ease the wearisomnes of their iourney, cōsidering that Musick as a *pleasant cōpanion, is unto thē in steed of a wagō on the way.* And hence it is, that manual labourers, and mechanicall artificers of all sorts, keepe such a chaunting and singing in their shoppes, the tailor on his bulk, the shomaker at his last, the mason at his wal, the shipboy at his oare, the tinker at his pan, and the tylor on the housetop. And therefore well saith *Quintilian*, that every troublesom and laborious occupation, useth Musick for a solace and recreatiō: wherof that perhaps may be the cause, which *Cyraldus* noteth. The symphony



and concent of Musicke (saith he) agreeth with the interior parts and affections of the soule. (Fp. 36-44.)

Neither do I here so attribute this delectation unto man, as denying it to other creatures, for I am verily persuaded, that the plowman and cartar of whō I spake before do not so much please themselves wt their whistling, as they are delightsom to their oxē and horses. Again the warhorse is so inflamed wt the sōūd of the trūpet, that he cannot keepe his stāding, but maketh an open way to his rider, through the midat of his thickest enimies. And here may it please the reader for his recreatiō, to call to mind one speciall history of the *Sibarits*: whose horses were not only delighted with Musick, but also taught to dāce to the instrument: insomuch that one of their musitiōes at a certaine time, having some discourtesy and iniury offered him, took occasiō to forsake his cōutry, and fled to the *Crotoniats* which were enimies to the *Sibarits*, forasmuch as not long before that time the *Sibarits* had givē thē the overthrow in battle. This tibicē, or plaier on the shalm, comming amōg the *Crotoniats*, made his speech unto thē to this purpose and effect, that if they could afford him credit, he wold work such a device, as they shold easily obtain the conquest of the *Sibarits* horamē. Credit was givē unto his tale, and he ordained captain of the war, instructed all the fluters and shalmers of the *Crotoniats*, what note they shold play, and how they should addresse themselves against their enimies. Now the *Sibarites* on the other side being insolent, and having taken hart

and grace and courage unto them by reason of their former victory, prepare themselves to meete their enimies in the field. Wherefore the shalmers of whom I spake before, having received a watchworde of the captaine, on a suddaine sounded their flutes and shalmes. The horses of the *Sibarits* hearing their country Musick, wherunto they had been accustomed, reared themselves on their hinder feete, cast their riders, and as they were wont to daunce at home, so now they did it in the skirmish, and by this policy, the *Crotoniats* wan the victory of the *Sibarits*. Whereby may be gathered not onely how pernicious clandestine treason is to a cōmonwealth, but also what strange and incredible delight musick impresseth even in these dumbe and unreasonable creatures. So mules are wōderfully alured with the sound of bells; and sheepe follow their sheepeheards whistle. And it is recorded also, that the hart and other wilde beastes are by sweete and pleasant notes drawn into the toiles and gins of the huntesman. *Ælianus* in his *varia historia* testifieth, that *Pythacoris*, a musition playing upon his cornet, mitigated the fierce and ravenous nature of wolves, and that the mares of *Libia*, and Oliphantes of *India* woulde followe the sound of organes and divers other instruments. Now as these terrestriall beastes have their peculiar and proper delightes, so aquaticall creatures also living in another element, offer themselves voluntarily to the sounde of Musicke [Plutarch in convivio, 7 cap.]: so, as Martianus recordeth, certaine fishes in the poole of *Alexandria* are with

the noice of instruments inticed to the bankes side, offering themselves to mens handes, so long as the melody endureth. Wonderfull are those things, which in good authors are related of the dolphin: but for our purpose, none so fit, as that of *Arion*: whose excellent skill in Musicke, giveth testimony as well against the savage and barbarous cruelty of those unnaturall shipmen, which sought to take away his life: as to the gentle and kinde nature of the dolphin, which is both a lover of men, and an earnest follower of musicke. *Arion* seeing no way to escape the furie of his cruel enemies, tooke his *Citterne* in his hand, and to his instrument sang his last song, where-with not only the dolphins flocked in multitudes about the ship readie to receive him on their backs, but even the sea that rude and barbarous element, being before roughe and tempestuous, seemed to allay his choler, waxing calme on a sodaine, as if it had beene to give *Arion* quiet passage through the waves. [Herodotus in Clio. Cic. Tusc. i. Ovid, 2. Fast.] (Pp. 46-48.)

*Homer* witnesseth of *Achilles* that of all the spoiles of *Etion* he only tooke for him selfe a *Lute*: wherewith hee might assuage his wrath in his extremitie. (P. 60.)

Musicke aswageth and easeth the inordinate perturbations and evill affections of the mind. For *Pithagoras* with the changing of the sound of his instrument, caused a young man overcome with the impatience of love to change his affection also, wholly taking away the extremitie of the passion. So *Empedocles* w<sup>th</sup> his skilful playing on

the *Citherns* hindered a madde man, ready to alea himselfe: yea *Zenocrates* also and *Asclepiades*, are saide by this only medicine, to have restored a lunatike person, into his perfect senses. If it bee so that musicke can helpe the outrages of the mind, it will not seeme incredible that it should cure the diseases of the body. By the help of musicke *Ismenias* a *Theban* musician, restored men sicke of the ague, to their former health, and *Asclepiades* by the sound of a trumpet caused a deafe man to hear. *Theophrastus* also testifieth of the *Ischiarys*, that their sicknesses are cured, if a man play the *Phrygian* note unto them. . . . Lastly wee read also of musicke that it hath delivered both men and cities, from the noysome infection of the pestilence. As *Gyraldus* in the place above incited, recordeth. *Terpander* and *Arion*, saith he, with their musicke delivered the *Lesbians* and *Iones*, from most contagious infections. And *Thales* a musitian of Creet, with the sweetnes of his harmonie, banished the plague from his citie. I durst in no wise affirme the last effect and operation of this worthie arte, were it not that *Plato* with his credite and authoritie did embolden me: *Mutati musicae moduli* (saith hee) *status publici mutationem afferunt*. (Pp., 61-3).

Skarlet is no color to him that sees it not, an Emeraul not precious to him that knowes it not. But Musicke, God bee thanked, is no nightbird, she hath flown through the whole world in the opë face and sight of al mē. And ye sun hath not had a larger theater wherein to display his beams, thē musick to lay opë her sweetnes.

Look into al ages, she hath grown up with thē. Look into al places, she hath enfranchised her self with them; look into al estates, shee hath no sooner come, but welcome unto them. Antiquitie which nowe a dayes everie greene head will needes set to schoole, and make subject to the overlashing pregnancy of his yong wit, derives her even from *Saturnes* time, when the worlde was skant sheld. (Pp. 72-3.)

Surely, in the praising of God, whome should the Church militant follow, rather than the Church triumphant? And whome shoulde the Sainctes on earth imitate rather than the Sainctes in heaven? *who behould the Lord face to face, and knows even as they are known.* 1 Cor., xiii, 12. (P. 135.)

But the holy Ghost, the author of the Psalmes, appointed and commanded them by the prophet *David*, to be song, and to be song most cunningly, and to be song with diverse artificiall instruments of Musick, and to bee song with sundry, severall, and most excellent notes and tunes. Therefore, in our English church, the psalmes may be song, and song most cūningly and with diverse artificiall instruments of Musick, and song with sundry, severall, and most excellent notes. (P. 137.)

Verily I do in no wise allowe that mē al the reading of the chapters shold walke in the bodie of the church, and when the Orgaun play, give attentive heede thereunto: as if the whole and better part of service did consist in Musick. For this is a wōderful abuse. But if they would

learne to lay the fault where the fault is, they might easily learne to satisfie themselves herein : for it is not the fault of musicke if thou bee too much therewith allured, but thine own. And Saint *Augustine* in that place [Confess, Lib. x, c. 13] doth not condemne Musick for the sweet sound thereof, but his owne fraile and weake nature, which tooke occasion of offence at that, which in it selfe was good. (P., 142.)

As the gold, incense, and mirre, which the three wisemen offered unto Christ, the precious box of spiknard, wherewith *Maria Magdalen* annointed His blessed feete, the costly oders, wherewt *Nicodemus* did embalm His glorious body, the bower of trees and garments, which the people brake down, and spred in the way, as he went to *Hierusalem*, and infinite other more, which were done without any warrant of Holy Scripture. Wherefore as in the building of the temple the service of them, which brought lime and mortar and other base thinges, and as in the beautifieing of Christes bodie, these thinges of small price and value were acceptable unto the Lord : so no doubt the songes of the faithful may be as a sweete odor of incense unto Him, and most grateful in His sight. (P. 146-7.)



R. Hooker, 1553-1600

TOUCHING musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds, a due proportionable disposition, such

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notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and becometh all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which Music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject. . . . The harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is their trouble, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is to eager, and able both to move and to moderate all affections.



Thomas Watson, c. 1560

*A gratification unto Master John Case, for his learned booke, lately made in the praise of Musicke.*

LET others prayse what seems them best,  
 I lyke his lines above the rest,  
 Whose pen hath painted Musickes prayse.  
 He soundly blames the senceles foole,  
 And barbarous Scithyan of our days.

He writes of Angells Armony  
Above the Harp of Mercury.  
He wrytes of sweetly turning sphæres,  
How byrds and beasts and wormes reioice,—  
How Dolphyns lov'd Arions voice,  
He makes a frame for Midas eares.  
Here may the solemne Stoycks finde  
And that rude Marsia wanteth skill  
Against Apollos sweete concent,  
The Nurse of good, the scourge of ill.  
Let Envy barke against the starres,  
Let Folly sayle which way she please,  
With him I wish my dayes to spend  
Whose guile hath stooode fayre Musickes frend,  
Chief friend to peace, chief port of ease.



Francis, Lord Bacon, 1561-1629

BUT to the purpose: this variable composition  
of man's body hath made it as an Instrument easy  
to distemper; and therefore the Poets did well to  
conjoin *Music* and *Medicine* in *Apollo*: because the  
Office of Medicine is but to tune this curious harp  
of man's body and to reduce it to Harmony.—  
*Advancement of Learning.*





William Shakspeare, 1564-1616

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

LOR. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this  
bank !

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter MUSICIANS*

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn :  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear  
And draw her home with music.      [*Music*]

JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet  
music.

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing  
loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and  
floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils :  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Act V, i.



# TWELFTH NIGHT

*Enter MUSICIANS*

DUKE. If music be the food of love, play on :  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour ! Enough ; no more.

Act I, i.

DUKE. How dost thou like this tune ?

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned. *Ibid.*, II, iv.

## ROMEO AND JULIET

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

Act, II, Sc. i.



## KING RICHARD THE SECOND

The setting-sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

Act II, Sc. i.



## HENRY THE EIGHTH

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing :  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung : as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Act III, Sc. i



MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy :  
 Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not  
 gladly,  
 Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing :  
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
 one,  
 Sings this to thee : 'Thou single wilt prove  
 none.'  
Sonnet, viii.



Sir John Davies of Hereford, 1570-1626

IN the most iust praise of *Musicks*, this praise-  
 worthy *Worke*, and my deare, vertu-  
 ous, and right expert friend,  
 the most iudicious  
*Author*  
 [T. Ravenscroft]

THE ten-fold *Orbes* of *Heaven* are said to move  
 By *Musicks* ; for they make *harmonious din* :  
 And all the *Powres subordinate* above

104      In Praise of Music

Spend *Time*, nay, spend *Eternity* therein.  
 If *Musicks* then, move all that *All* doth move ;  
 That's not compriz'd in *ALL* that spights her  
     state :  
 If not in *ALL*, it's nought ; which who doth love  
     Is worse than nought, to love what Heaven doth  
     hate :  
 For, *NOUGHT* is nothing ; sith it was not made  
     By that great *WORD* without which made was  
     nought :  
 Then, if that nought but *NOUGHT* doe her invade,  
     Like *God*, her goodnesse is surmounting  
     *THOUGHT* !  
 But no man is so ill that hath no good ;  
     So, no man in the *Abstract* can be nought :  
 Then 'tis no man that hates sweete *Musicks* moode,  
     But something worse then all that can be  
     thought.  
 A *Beast* ? O no : A *Monster* ? neither. Then  
     Is it a *Devill* ? Nothing lesse : for, these  
 Have *Beings* with an *Angell*, or a *Man* ;  
     But that exists not, that sweete *Notes* displease.  
*FORMES*, *essence* give to *Man*, *Beast*, *Fish* and *Fowle* ;  
     Then *Men* WERE not, had they no *Soule* (their  
     *Forme*)  
 But *Musicks* haters have no *Forme*, nor *Soule* :  
     So, they (*like Sinne*) exist but to enorne,  
 For, had they *Soules* produc'd in Harmony,  
     Or rather *Are it selfe* (some *Wise* avouch)  
 They would be ravish'd with her *Suavity*,  
     And turn'd *Celestiall* with her Heavenly *Touch* !  
 But, let them goe as more than mortall *Sinne*,  
     'Gainst *Wisdomes* Spirit, not to be forgiven :

While thou dost wooe the Soules, which thou dost winne

With thy sweet *Notes* (deere Friend) to mind  
but Heav'n.

Thy *Nature*, *Manners*, and thy *Notes* doe make  
A Three-fold Cord, to drawe all hearts it gaine :

Thy *Musickes Cordes* hold Ears and Eyes awake  
(Yet lullaby in pleasure) with their Straines.

So, then this latter *Musicks* (though alone)

'Twixt *Fame* and *Thee* doth make an *Unison*,  
Through which consent, though *Death's* clouds  
thee o'er-run

Thy glory still shall shine, and cloud the Sun.

*Commendatory verses in  
Ravenscroft's Brief Discourse.*



Bp. Joseph Hall, 1574-1656

*On Hearing of Music by Night.*

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead  
season ! In the day-time, it would not, it could  
not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds  
are advanced by a silent darkness.

Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation.  
The Gospel never sounds so sweet, as in the night  
of persecution or of our own private affliction. It  
is ever the same : the difference is, in our disposi-  
tion to receive it.

O God, whose praise it is to *give Songs in the  
night*, make my prosperity conscionable, and my  
crosses cheerful.

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*On hearing of a Lute well played on*

THERE may be, for ought we know, infinite inventions of art, the possibility whereof we should hardly ever believe, if they were fore-reported to us. Had we lived in some rude and remote part of the world ; and should have been told, that it is possible, only by a hollow piece of wood, and the guts of beasts stirred by the fingers of men, to make so sweet and melodious a noise ; we should have thought it utterly incredible : yet now, that we see and hear it ordinarily done, we make it no wonder.

It is no marvel, if we cannot fore-imagine what kind and means of harmony God will have used by His saints and angels in Heaven ; when these poor matters seem so strange to our conceits, which yet our very senses are convinced of.

O God, Thou knowest infinite ways to glorify Thyself by Thy creatures, which do far transcend our weak and finite capacities. Let me wonder at Thy wisdom and power ; and be more awful in my adorations, than curious in my inquiries.

*Occasional Meditations.*



**Robert Burton, 1576-1640**

*Music a Remedy*

MANY and sundry are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent

cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend ; but in my judgment none so present, none so powerful, none so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music, and merry company. *Eccles.*, 40, 20. *Wine and Musicke reioice the heart. Rhasis cont.* 9 *Tract.* 15. *Altomarus cap.* 7. *Blasianus Montaltus c.* 26 *Ficinus. Bened. Victor. Faurentinus*, are almost immoderate in the commendation of it, a most forcible medicine *Jacchinus* calls it. *Iason Pratensis*, a most admirable thing, and worthy of consideration, that can so mollifie the minde, and stay those tempestuous affections of it. *Musica est mentis medicina mastra*, a roaring-meg against Melancholy, to reare and revive the languishing Soule, affecting not only the eares, but the very arteries, the vitall and animall spirits, it erects the minde, and makes it nimble, *Lemnius instit. Cap.* 44. This it will affect in the most dull, severe, and sorrowfull soules expell griefe with mirth, and if there be any cloudes, dust, or draggs of cares yet lurking in our thoughts, most powerfully it wipes them all away, *Saksbur : polit. l.* 1, *cap.* 6, and that which is more, it will performe all this in an instant. *Cheare up the countenance, expell austerity bring in hilarity (Girald. Camb. cap.* 12. *Topog. Hiber.) informe our manners, mitigate anger, Atharnus (Dignosophist lib.* 14, *cap.* 10) calleth it an infinite treasure to such as are indowed with it: *Dulcisonum reficit tristia corda melos, Eobanus Hessius.* Many other properties *Cassiodorus epist.* 4, reckons up of this our divine Musicke, not only to expell the greatest griefes, but it doth extenuate feares and furies, appeaseth



*crudely, abateth heavinesse, and to such as are watchfull it causeth quiet rest, it takes away spleene and hatred, be it instrumentall, vocall, with strings, winde, Quae a spiritu, sine manuum dexteritate gubernetur, etc., it cures all irkesomenesse and heavinesse of the Soule. Labouring men that sing to their worke, can tell as much, and so can souldiers when they goe to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright, as the sound of trumpet, drum, fife, and such like musicke animates. It makes a child quiet, the nurses song, and many times the sound of a trumpet on a sudden, belles ringing, a carre-man's whistle, a boy singing some ballat tune early in the street, alters, revives, recreates a restlesse patient that cannot sleepe in the night, etc. In a word it is so powerfull a thing, that it ravisheth the soule, regina sensuum, the Queene of the senses, by sweet pleasure (which is an happy cure) and corporall tunes pacifie our incorporeall soule, sine ore loquens, dominatum in animam exercet, and carries it beyond itselfe, helpes, elevates, extends it. Scaliger exercit. 302, gives a reason of these effects, because the spirits about the heart, take in that trembling and dancing aire into the body, are moved together, and stirred up with it, or else the minde as some suppose, harmonically composed, is roused up at the tunes of musicke. And 'tis not only men that are so affected, but almost all other creatures. You know the tale of Hercules Gallus, Orpheus and Amphion, fulices animas Ovid calls them, that could saxa movere sono testudinis, etc., make stocks and stones, as well as beasts, and other animals dance*

after their pipes: the dog and hare, wolfe and lambe, *vicinum lupo praebuit agna latus*, *clamosus graculus*, *stridula cornix*, and *Iovis aquila*, as *Philostratus* describes it in his Images, stood all gaping up on *Orpheus*, and trees pulled up by the roots came to heare him. *Et Comitum quercum pinus amica trahit*. Arion made Fishes follow him, which as common experience evinceth, are much effected with musicke. All singing-birds are much pleased with it, especially Nightingales, if we may beleieve *Calcegrinus* and bees amongst the rest, though they be flying away, when they heare any tinkling sound, will tarry behinde. *Harts, Hindes, Horses, Dogges, Beares*, are exceedingly delighted with it. *Scal. exerc. 302*. Elephants, *Agrippa* adds, lib. 2, cap. 24 and in *Lydia* in the midst of a lake there be certaine floating Islands (if you will beleieve it) that after good Musicke will dance.

But to leave all declamatory speeches in praise of divine Musicke; I will confine my selfe to my proper subiect: besides that excellent power it hath to expell many other diseases, it is a soveraigne against Despaire and Melancholy, and will drive away the divell himselfe. *Canus* a *Rhodian* Fidler in *Philostratus*, when *Apollonius* was inquisitive to know what hee could doe with his pipe, told him, that he could make a melancholy man merry, and him that was merry much merrier then before, a lover more inamoured, a religious man more devout. *Ismenias* the *Theban*, *Chyron*, the *Centaur* is said to have cured this and many other diseases by musicke alone: as now they doe those, saith *Bodinus*, that are troubled with

*St Vitus* bedlome dance. *Timotheus* the Musitian compelled *Alexander* to skip up and down, and leave his dinner (like the tale of the Frier and the Boy) whom *Austine de civ. Dei*, lib. 17 cap. 14, so much commends for it. Who hath not heard how *Dauids* harmony drove away the evill spirits from King Saul, 1 *Sam.* 16, and *Elisha* when he was troubled by importunate Kings, called for a Minstrell, and when he played the hand of the Lord came upon him. 2 *Kings*, 3. *Iason Pratensis c. de Manid* hath many examples, how *Chirias* and *Empedocles* cured some desperatly melancholy, and some mad, by this our Musicke. Which because it hath such excellent vertues, belike *Homer* brings in *Phemius* playing, and the *Muses* singing at the banquet of the Gods. *Aristotle polit. lib.* 8 cap. 5., *Plato*, 2, *de legibus*, highly approve of it, and so doe all Polititians. The *Greekes*, *Romans*, have graced Musicke, and made it one of the liberall sciences, though it be now become mercenary. All civill commonwealths allow it: *Cnecius Manlius* (as *Livius* relates) *Ab urb. cond.* 567, brought first out of *Asia* to *Rome* singing wenches, players, iesters, and all kinde of musicke to their feasts. Your Princes, Emperors, and persons of any quality, maintaine it in their Courts; No mirth without musicke. *Sr Thomas Moore* in his absolute *Utopian* commonwealth, allowes musicke as an appendix to every meale, and that throughout, to all sorts. *Epictetus* calls *mensam mutam, praesepe*, a table without music, a manger, for the consent of Musicians at a banquet, is a carbuncle set in gold, and as the signet of an

*emerald well-trimmed with gold, so is the melody of Musicke in a pleasant banquet. Eccus., 32, v, 5, 6. Lewis the XI, when he invited Edward the IV to come to Paris, told him that as a principall part of his entertainment, hee should heare sweete voices of children, Ionicks and Lydian tunes, exquisite Musicke. . . . Lucian in his booke de saltatione is not ashamed to confesse, that he tooke infinite delight in singing, dancing, musicke, womens company, and such like pleasures, and if thou (saith he) didst but heare them play and dance, I know thou wouldst be so well pleased with the object, that thou wouldst dance for company thyselfe, without doubt thou wilt be taken with it. So Scaliger ingeniously confesseth, exercit., 274. I am beyond all measure affected with musicke, I doe most willingly behold them dance, I am mightily detained and allured with the grace and comeliness of faire women. I am well pleased to be idle amongst them. And what young man is not? As it is acceptable and conducting to most, so especially to a melancholy man. Provided alwaies, his disease proceede not originally from it, that he be not some light *inamorato*, some idle phantasticke, who capers in conceit all day long, and thinkes of nothing else, but how to make Jigges, Sonnets, Madrigals, in commendation of his Mistresse. In such cases Musicke is most pernicious, as a spurre to a free horse, will make him runne himself blind, or breake his winde, *Incitamentum enim amoris musica*, for musicke enchants, as *Menander* holdes, it will make such melancholy persons mad, and the sound of those Jigges and Horne-pipes will not be removed*

out of the cares a weeke after. Plato for this reason forbids Musicke and wine to all young men, because they are most part amorous, *ne ignis addatur igni*, least one fire encrease another. Many men are melancholy by hearing Musicke, but it is a pleasing melancholy that it causeth, and therefore to such as are discontent, in woe, feare sorrow, or dejected, it is a most present remedy, it expells cares, alters their grieved mindes, and easeth in an instant. Otherwise, saith *Plutarch*, *Musica magis dementat quàm vinum*; Musicke makes some men mad as a tyger; like *Astolphos* horne in *Ariosto*: or *Mercurius* golden wand in *Homer*, that made some wake, others sleepe; it hath diverse effects: and *Theophrastus* right well prophecied, that diseases were either procured by Musicke, or mitigated.

*Anatomy of Melancholy,*  
Pt. II, Sect. ii, Memb. 6, 4.



T. Coryate, 1577-1617

I WAS at three very solemn feasts in Venice . . . . At that time I heard much good Musicke in St *Markes* Church, but especially that of a treble violl which was so excellent, that I thinke no man could surpass it. Also there were sag-buts and cornets as at Saint *Lawrence* feast which yielded passing good musicke. The third feast was upon Saint *Roches* day being Saturday and the sixth day of August, where I heard the best

musicke that ever I did in all my life both in the morning and the afternoone, so good that I would willingly goe an hundred miles a foote at any time to heare the like . . . . This feast consisted principally of Musicke, which was both vocall and instrumental, so good, so delectable, so rare, so admirable, so superexcellent, that it did even ravish and stupifie all those strangers that never heard the like. But how others were affected with it I know not ; for mine owne part, I can say this, that I was for the time even rapt up with *St Paul* into the third heaven. Sometimes there sung sixteene or twenty men together, having their master or moderator to keep them in order ; and when they sung, the instrumentall musitians played also. Sometimes sixteene played together upon their instruments, ten Sagbutts, foure Cornets, and two Violdegambaes of an extraordinary greatness ; sometimes tenne, sixe Sagbutts and foure Cornets ; sometimes two, a Cornet and a treble violll. Of those treble viols I heard three severall there, whereof each was so good, especially one that I observed above the rest, that I never heard the like before. Those that played upon the treble viola, sung and played together, and sometimes two singular fellowes played together upon Theorboes, to which they sung also, who yielded admirable sweet musicke, but so still that they could scarce be heard but by those that were very near them. These two Theorbists concluded that nights musicke, which continued three whole howers at the least. For they beganne about five of the clocke, and ended not before eight. Also it con-

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tinued as long in the morning : at every time that every severall musicke played, the Organa, whereof there are seven faire paire in that room, standing al in a rowe together, plaied with them. Of the singers there were three or foure so excellent that I thinke few or none in Christendome do excell them, especially one, who had such a purnesse and (as I may in a manner say) such a supernaturall voice for sweetnesse, that I think there was never a better singer in all the world, insomuch that he did not onely give the most pleasant contentment that could be imagined, to all the hearers but also did as it were asonish and amaze them. I alwaies thought that he was an Eunuch, which if he had beene, it had taken away some part of my admiration, because they do most commonly sing passing wel ; but he was not, therefore it was much the more admirable. Againe it was the more worthy of admiration, because he was a middle-aged man as about forty years old. For nature doth more commonly bestowe such a singulartie of voice upon boyes and striplings, than upon men of such yeares. Besides it was farre the more excellent, because it was nothing forced, strained, or affected, but came from him with the greatest facilitie that ever I heard. Truely I think that had a Nightingale beene in the same roome, and contended with him for the superioritie, something perhaps he might excell him, because God hath granted that little birde such a priviledge for the sweetnesse of his voice, as to none other : but I think he could not much. To conclude, I attribute so much to this rare fellow for his singing,

that I thinke the country where he was borne,  
may be as proude for breeding so singular a person  
as *Smyrna* was of her *Homer*, *Verona* of her  
*Catullus*, or *Mantua* of *Virgil*: but exceeding  
happy may that citie, or towne, or person bee that  
possesseth this miracle of nature. These musit-  
ians had bestowed upon them by that company  
of *St Roche* an hundred duckets, which is twenty-  
three pound six shillings eightpence starling.  
Thus much concerning the musicke of those famous  
feasts of *St Laurence*, the Assumption of our Lady,  
and *St Roche*.

*Coryates Crudities.*



H. Gifford, c. 1580

IN THE PRAISE OF MUSICKE

THE bookes of Ovid's changed shapes,  
A story strange do tell,  
How Orpheus to fetch his wife,  
Made voyage into hell.  
Who having past olde Charon's boate,  
Unto a pallace came,  
Where dwelt the Prince of damned sprites,  
Which Pluto had, to name.  
When Orpheus was once arrivede  
Before the regall throne:  
He playde on harpe, and sang so sweete,  
As movde them all to mone.  
At sound of his melodious tunes,



The very soules did moorne,  
 Yxion with his whirling wheele,  
 Stood still and would not turne :  
 And Tantalus would not assay,  
 The fleeting floodes to taste :  
 The Sisters with their hollow sives,  
 For water made no haste ;  
 The greedy vulturs that are faynde,  
 On Titius heart to gnawe,  
 Left off to feede : and stood amasde,  
 When Orpheus they sawe.



**Thomas Campion, c. 1580-1619**

To his sweet lute Apollo sang the motions of the  
 spheres,  
 The wondrous orders of the stars whose course  
 divides the years,  
 And all the mysteries above ;  
 But none of this could Midas move :  
 Which purchased him his ass's ears.  
 Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country  
 wealth t' advance,  
 To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on  
 hills that dance,  
 With much more of his churlish kind,  
 That quite transported Midas' mind,  
 And held him wrapt in trance.  
 This wrong the God of Music scorned from such  
 a sottish judge,

And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the  
piper trudge :  
The Midas' head he so did trim  
That every age yet talks of him  
And Phœbus' right revenged judge.  
*Fourth Book of Aires* (c. 1613).

*Markes* that did limit *Landes* in former times  
None durst remove ; so much the common good  
Prevail'd with all men ; 'twas the worst of crimes.  
The like in *Musicks* may be understood,  
For *That* the treasure of the *Soule* is, next  
To the rich store-house of *Divinity* :  
*Both* comfort *Soules* that are with care perplext,  
And set the *Spirit Both* from passions free.

*Commendatory verses in  
Ravenscroft's Briefe Discourse.*



Fras. Beaumont, 1586-1661, and  
J. Fletcher, 1576-1625

HE that would his body keep  
From diseases must not weep ;  
But whoever laughs and sings,  
Never he his body brings  
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums.



William Byrd, 1587

REASONS briefly set down by the author, to persuade every one to learn to sing.

1. First it is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned; where there is a good master, and an apt scholar.

2. The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preserve health.

3. It doth strengthen all the parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

4. It is a singular good remedy for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.

5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronounciation, and to make a good orator.

6. It is the only way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it: and in many, that excellent gift is lost, because they want Art to express Nature.

7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men; where the voices are good, and the same well sorted or ordered.

8. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve GOD therewith: and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.

*Omnis spiritus laudet DOMINUM!*

Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing.

*Psalms, Sonnets and Songs  
of Sadness and Piety.*

## George Wither, 1588-1667

## FOR A MUSICIAN

MANY musicians are more out of order than their instruments; such as are so, may by singing this Ode become reprovers of their untunable affections: they who are better tempered, are hereby remembered what music is most acceptable to God, and most profitable to themselves.

1. WHAT helps it those,  
Who skill in song have found,  
Well to compose  
Of disagreeing notes,  
By artful choice,  
A sweetly pleasing sound,  
To fit their voice,  
And their melodious throats?  
What helps it them  
That they this cunning know,  
If most condemn  
The way in which they go?
2. What will he gain  
By touching well his lute,  
Who shall disdain  
A grave advice to hear?  
What from the sounds  
Of organ, fife, or lute,  
To him redounds,  
Who doth no sin forbear?  
A mean respect,  
By tuning strings he hath,  
Who doth neglect  
A rectified path.

3. Therefore, O Lord !  
 So tuned let me be  
 Unto Thy Word  
 And Thy ten-stringed law,  
 That in each part  
 I may thereto agree,  
 And feel my heart  
 Inspired with loving awe ;  
 He sings and plays  
 The songs which best Thou lovest,  
 Who does and says  
 The things which Thou approvest.
4. Teach me the skill  
 Of him whose heart assuaged  
 Those passions ill  
 Which oft afflicted Saul ;  
 Teach me the strain  
 Which calmeth minds enraged,  
 And which from vain  
 Affections doth recal :  
 So to the choir  
 Where angels music make,  
 I may aspire  
 When I this life forsake.



**Robert Herrick, 1591-1634**

**SOFT MUSICK**

THE mellow touch of music most doth wound  
 The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice  
 As, could they hear, the damned world would  
     make no noise,  
 But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,  
 Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.



AGAINE

WHEN I thy singing next shall heare,  
 He wish I might turne all to eare,  
 To drink in notes and numbers, such  
 As blessed soules cann't heare too much :  
 Then melted down, there let me lye  
 Entranc'd, and lost confusedly ;  
 And by thy musique stricken mute,  
 Die, and be turn'd into a lute.



TO MUSICK

BEGIN to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine cares  
 With thy enchantment, melt me into tears.  
 Then let thy active hand send o're thy lyre ;  
 And make my spirits frantick with the fire ;  
 That done, sink down into a silv'rie straine.  
 And make me smooth as balme, and oile again.



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TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That being ravished, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou power that canst sever  
From me this ill,  
And quickly still,  
Though thou not kill  
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire ;  
Then make me weep  
My pains asleep,  
And give me such repose,  
That I, poor I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die  
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A bapti'm o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains,  
With thy soft strains,  
That having ease me given,

With full delight  
I leave this light,  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.



**TO MUSICK, TO BECALME A SWEET SICK YOUTH**

CHARMS, that call down the moon from out the  
sphere,  
On this sick youth work your enchantment here ;  
Bind up his senses with your numbers, so  
As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe.  
Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep  
Lost in the civill wildernessse of sleep :  
That done, then let him, dispossess of paine,  
Like to a slumbring bride awake againe.



**UPON HER VOICE**

LET but thy voice engender with the string,  
And angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.



**TO MUSIC. A SONG**

MUSIC, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,  
Thou strik'st a stillnesse into hell :  
Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,



With thy soul-melting lullabies :  
 Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming  
                  spheres  
 To charm our souls as thou enchant'st our ears.



TO MR HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COM-  
 POSER OF HIS LYRICS

TOUCH but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear  
 From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire :  
 Then if thy verse commingle with the string,  
 I hear in thee the rare Lanire sing,  
 Or curious Wilson. Tell me, canst thou be  
 Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three,  
 Three unto whom the whole world gives applause ?  
 Yet their three praises praise but one ; that's  
                  Lawes.



UPON SAPHO, SWEETLY PLAYING AND SWEETLY  
 SINGING

WHEN thou do'st play, and sweetly sing  
 Whether it be the voice or string,  
 Or both of them, that do agree  
 Thus to entrance and ravish me ;  
 This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute,  
 And dye away upon thy lute.



UPON MR WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE  
MUSITIAN

SHO'D I not put on blacks, when each one here  
Comes with his cypresse, and devotes a teare?  
Sho'd I not grieve, my Lawes, when every lute,  
Violl, and voice is, by thy losse, struck mute?  
Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been  
hurl'd,

And no less prais'd then spread throughout the  
world:

Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us  
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus;  
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,  
Musique had both her birth and death with thee.



HIS DESIRE

GIVE me a man that is not dull,  
When all the world with rifts is full;  
But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,  
When as the roof's a tottering;  
And though it falls, continues still  
Tickling the Citterne with his quill.



THE VOICE AND VIOLL

RARE is the voice it self, but when we sing  
To th' lute or violl, then 'tis ravishing.  
*Hesperides, 1648.*



Thomas Ravenscroft, 1592-c.1635

So wishing the long Continuance of your careful  
*Love*, and loving *Care* to all good *Learning*, especially to *Musicks*, the earthly *Solace* of Mans *Soule*,  
I ever Remaine

The *Honourer*, and sincere *Affector*  
of your Approved  
good Mindes.

*A Brief Discourse* (Dedication), 1614.

OUR last *Recreation* here, is, that they terme  
*Enamoring*, a *Passion*, as (more or lesse) possess-  
ing and affecting all, so truely exprest by none,  
but *Musick*, that is, *Song*, or *Poetry*: the former  
whereof, gives herein both a *relish*, and a *beauty* to  
the latter, inasmuch as *Passionate Tunes* make  
*Amorous Poems* both willinglier heard, and better  
remembred. I have heard it said, that *Love*  
teaches a man *Musick*, who ne're before knew  
what pertayned thereto: And the Philosophers  
three *Principall Causes* of *Musick*, 1. *Dolour*, 2.  
*Joy*, 3. *Enthusiasm* or *ravishing of the Spirit*, are  
all found by him within *Loves Territories*. Be-  
sides, we see the *Soveraignty* of *Musicks* in this  
*Affection*, by the *Cure* and *Remedy* it affords the  
*Dispassionate*, and *Infortunate sonnes* of *Love*,  
thereby to asswage the *turmoyle*, and quiet the  
*tempests* that were raised in them.

*Ibid.*



George Herbert, 1593-1633

THE CHURCH PORCH

SUNDAYS observe ; think when the bells do chime  
'Tis angels' music.



EASTER

Rise heart ; thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise  
Without delayes,  
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise  
With Him mayst rise :  
That as His death calcined thee to dust,  
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for the part  
With all thy art.  
The crosse taught all wood to resound His name,  
Who bore the same.  
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key  
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song  
Pleasant and long :  
Or since all musick is but three parts vied  
And multiplied ;  
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part  
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

*The Temple* (1633).

## DE MUSICA SACRA

CUR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,  
Post restitutos fluctibus obices,  
Mutas in humanam figuram  
Saxa supervacuâsque cautes ?  
Quin redde formas, O bone, pristinas,  
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos :  
Nam saxa mirantur canentes,  
Saxa lyras, citharâsque callent.  
Rupes tenaces, et silices ferunt  
Potentiori carmine percitas  
Saltus per incultos, lacûsque  
Orphea mellifium secutas.  
Et saxa diris hispida montibus  
Amphionis testitudine nobili  
Percussa dum currunt ad urbem,  
Mœnia contribuere Thebis.  
Tantum repertum est trux hominum genus,  
Qui templa sacris expoliant choris,  
Non erubescens vel ipsas  
Duritâs superare cautea.  
O plena centum Musica Gratiis,  
Præclariorum spirituum cibus,  
Quod me vocas tandem, tutumque  
Ut celebrem decus in susurras ?  
Tu Diva miro pollice spiritum  
Cæno profani corporis exuens  
Ter millies cælo reponis ;  
Astra rogant, Novus hic quis hospes.  
Ardore Moses concitus entheo,  
Mensis revertens lætus ab hostibus  
Exuscitat plebem sacratos

Ad dominum properare cantus.  
 Quid hocce? Psalmos audion? O dapes!  
 O succulenti balsama spiritus!  
 Lamenta cæli, guttulæque  
 Deciduae melioris orbis  
 Quos David, ipsæ deliciae Dei,  
 Ingens piorum gloria Principum,  
 Sionis excelsas ad arces  
 Cum citharis, letuisque miscet.  
 Miratur æquor finitimum sonos,  
 Et ipse Jordan sistat aquas stupens;  
 Præ quo Tiberis vultum recondit  
 Eridanusque pudore fusus.  
 Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,  
 Et nullus audis? Cantibus obstrepens,  
 Ut, quò fatiges verberesque  
 Pulpita, plus spatii lucreris?  
 At cui videri prodigium potest  
 Mentis, quietis tympana publicæ,  
 Discordiis plenas sonoris  
 Harmonium tolerare nullam!

*Epigrammata Apologetica.*



DE EADEM

CANTUS sacros, profane, mugitus vocas?  
 Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

*Ibid.*



I

R

**James Shirley, 1594-1666**

A SONG is better than fasting,  
And sorrow's not worth the tasting—  
Then keep your brain light as you can,  
An ounce of care will kill a man.



**Anon., c. 1595**

**A CANON IN THREE PARTS**

MUSIC divine ye mirror of the Arts  
Whose sacred sounds doth recreate our Hearts  
Come down to us and teach us how to sing  
Our praise to God and Honour of our King  
Alleluiah.

British Museum. Harl. MS. 7337.  
(Tudway Collection).



**Francis Meres, 1598**

THE loadstone draweth iron unto it, but the  
stone of Ethiopia called *Theamades* driveth it  
away: so there is a kind of music that doth  
assuage and appease the affections, and a kind  
that doth kindle and provoke the passions.

As there is no law that hath sovereignty over love; so there is no heart that hath rule over music, but music subdues it.

As one day takes from us the credit of another: so one strain of music extincts the pleasure of another.

As the heart ruleth over all the members: so music overcometh the heart.

As beauty is not beauty without virtue: so music is not music without art.

As all things love their likes: so the more curious the ear, the delicatest music.

As too much speaking hurts, too much galling smarts; so too much music gluts and distempereth.

As PLATO and ARISTOTLE are accounted Princes in philosophy and logic; HIPPOCRATES and GALEN, in physic; PTOLOMY in astronomy; EUCLID in geometry; and CICERO in eloquence; so BORTIUS is esteemed a Prince and Captain in music.

As Priests were famous among the Egyptians; Magi among the Chaldeans, and Gymnosophists among the Indians; so Musicians flourished among the Grecians: and therefore EPAMINONDAS was accounted more unlearned than THEMISTOCLES, because he had no skill in music.

As MERCURY, by his eloquence, reclaimed men from their barbarousness and cruelty: so ORPHEUS, by his music, subdued fierce beasts and wild birds.

As DEMOSTHENES, ISOCRATES, and CICERO,



excelled in oratory : so ORPHEUS, AMPHION, and LINUS surpassed in music.

As Greece had these excellent musicians, ARION, DORCEUS, TIMOTHEUS Milesius, CHRYSOGONUS, TERPANDER, LESBUS, SIMON Magnesius, PHILAMON, LINUS, STRATONICUS, ARISTONUS, CHIRON, ACHILLES, CLINIAS, EUMONIUS, DEMODOCHUS, and RUFFINUS : so England hath these, Master COOPER, Master FAIRFAX, Master TALLIS, Master TAVERNER, Master BLITHMAN, Master BYRD, Doctor TIE, Doctor DALLIS, Doctor BULL, Master THOMAS MUD, sometime Fellow of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Master EDWARD JOHNSON, Master BLANKES, Master RANDALL, Master PHILIPS, Master DOWLAND, and Master MORLEY.

*A Comparative Discourse of  
our English Poets.*



**Dr John Earle, Bishop of Worcester and  
Salisbury, 1601-1665**

**A POORE FIDDLER**

Is a man and a fiddle out of case : and he in worse case then his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire) and rubs a poore living out of it : Partly from this, and partly from one charity, which is more in the hear-

ing, then giving him, for he sells nothing dearer then to be gone: He is iust so many strings above a begger, though he have but two: and yet hee begs too, onely not in the downe-right *for Gods sake, but with a shrugging God blesse you*, and his face is more pyn'd then the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest paine he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring *John Dorry*. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him againe by the scent. His other Pilgrimages are Faires, and good Houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas: and no man loves good times better. Hee is in league with the Tapsters for the worshipfull of the Inne, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfit then their men. A new song is better to him then a new Jacket, especially if bawdie, which he calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A country wedding, & Whitson ale are the two maine places he dominiers in, where he goes for a Musician, and overlook the Bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunke, and in the stocks.



THE COMMON SINGING MEN

ARE a bad Society, and yet a company of good Fellows, that roare deepe in the Quire, deeper in the Taverne. They are the eight parts of speech



which goe to the *Synaxis* of Service, and are distinguish't by their noyses much like Bells, for the make not a Consort, but a Peale. Their pastime or recreation is praiera, their exercise drinking: yet they are so religiously addicted that they serve God ofttest when they are drunke. Their humanity is a legge to the Residencer, their learning a *Chapter*, for they learne it cōmonly before they read it, yet the old *Hebrew* names are little beholding to thē, for they mis-cal them worse then one another. Though they never expound the Scripture, they handle it much and pollute the Gospell with two things, their Conversation and their thumbes. Upon work-dayes they behave themselves at Prayers as at their pots for they swallow them downe in an instant. Their Gownes are lac'd cōmonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluites of a cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad and their *Anthems* abler to sing, Catches. Long-liv'd for the most part they are not, especially the base, they overflow their banke so oft to drowne the Organa. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they dye constantly in Gods service; & to take their death with more patience, they have Wine & Cakes at their Funerall; and now they keepe the Church a great deale better, and helpe to fill it with their bones as before with their noise.

*Micro-cosmographic* 1629.



Owen Feltham, 1602?-1668

## OF MUSICK

*Diogenes* spake right of *Musicks*, when hee told one that bragg'd of *his skill*; that *Wisdom* govern'd *Cities*; but with *songs* and *Measures*, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for *pleasure*, then any *profit* of *Man*. Being but a *sound*, it only workes on the *minde* for the *present*; and leaves it not *reclaimed*, but *rapt* for a while: & then it returns, for getting the onely *care-deepe warbles*. It is but *wanton'd Ayre*, and the *Titillation* of that *spiritual Element*. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed *Instruments*, which gather in the stirred *Ayre*, and so cause a *sound* in the *Motion*. The *advantage* it gaines upon the *Minde* is in respect of the neerenesse it hath to the *spirits composure*, which being *Ethereall*, and *harmonious*, must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the *ayre* is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the *ears*, by whose *winding entrance* it is made more *pleasant*, and by that *in-essant Ayre* carried to the *Auditorie nerve* which presents it to the *common sense*, and so to the *intellectual*. Of all *Musicks*, that is best which comes from an *articulate voyce*. Whether it bee that *man* cannot make an *Instrument* so *melodious*, as that which *God* made, living *Man*: or because there is something in this, for the *rationall part*, as well as for the *ears* alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with a carelesse *freenesse* and a kinde of a neglective *easinesse*;

*Nature* being always most lovely, in an unaffected, and spontaneous flowing. A dexterious *Art* shewes cunning and industry; rather then iudgement, and ingenuity. It is a kind of disparagement to bee a cunning *Fiddler*. It argues his neglect of better employment, and that he hath spent much time upon a thing unnecessary. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great *Ones* to sing or play, like an arted *Musician*. *Philip* ask'd *Alexander*, if he were not ashamed that hee sang so artfully. And indeed, it softens the minde. The curiosity of it is fitter for *Women* then *Men*, and for *Curtezans* then *Women*. Among other descriptions of a *Romane Dame*; *Sabst* puts it downe for one, that shee did—*Psallere, & saltare, elegantius, quam necesse est probare*. But yet againe 'tis pittie that these should be so excellent, in that which hath such power to fascinate. It were well, *Vice* were barr'd of all her helps of wooing. Many a minde hath beene angled unto ill, by the *Eare*. It was *Stratonice*, that took *Mithridates* with a Song. For as the *Notes* are framed, it can draw and incline the minde. Lively *Tunes* doe lighten the minde: *Grave* ones give to *Melancholy*. Lofty ones raise it, and advance it to above. Whose dull blood will not caper in his veins, when the very ayre hee breathes in, frisketh in a tickled motion? Who can but fixe his eye, and thoughts, when he heares the sigh, and *Dying* groanes, gestur'd from the mournfull Instrument? And I thinke hee hath not a minde well temper'd, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly Anthem. So that inded *Musicke* is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely they did meane it

excellent, that made *Apollo*, who was *God of Wisdom*, to be *God of Musicks* also. But it may be the *Egyptians*, attributing the *invention* of the *Harpe* to him, the *rarity* and *pleasingnesse*, made them so to honour him. As the *Spartians* used it, it served still for an *excitation to Valour*, and *Honourable Actions*: but then they were so carefull of the *manner* of it, as they finde *Terpander*, and nailed his *Harpe* to the post, for being too *inventive*, in adding a *string* more then usual: Yet had he done the *State* good service, for hee appeased a *Sedition* by his *play*, and *Poetrie*. Sometimes light *Notes* are usefull, as in times of generall *Joy*, and when the *minds* is pressed with sadness. But certainly, those are best, which inflame *seals*, incite to *courage*, or induce to *gravity*. One is for *Religion*; so the *Jewes*. The other for *Warre*; so the *Grecians* and *Romans*. And the last for *Peace*, and *Moralitie*: Thus *Orpheus* civilised the *Satyres*, and the bad rude *men*. It argues it of some *excellency*, that 'tis used onely of the most *aeriall creatures*; loved and understood by *Man* alone; the *Birds* next, have *variety* of *Notes*. The *Beasts*, *Fishes*, and the *reptilia* which are of the grosser *composition*, have only *silence* or untuned *sounds*. They that despise it wholly, may well bee *suspected*, to bee something of a *Savage Nature*. The *Italians* have somewhat a *smart censure*, on those that *affect* it not. They say, *God* loves not him, whom he hath not made to love *Musicks*. *Aristotles* conceit, that *Iove* doth never *Harpe*, nor *sing*, I do not hold a dispraise. We finde in *Heaven* there be *Halleluiahs* sung. I beleeve it, as a helper both to *good*, and *ill*; and

will therefore *honour* it when it *moves* to *Vertue*,  
and beware it, when it would *flatter* into *Vice*.

*Resolves*, 1628.



Henry Peacham, ab. 1604

OF MUSICKE

MUSICKE a sister to Poetry, next craveth your acquaintance (if your genius be so disposed). I know there are many, who are *αδελφαι μουσικαι*, and of such disproportioned spirits, that they avoid her company ; as a great Cardinall in *Rome*, did *Roses* at their first coming in, that to avoyde their scent, he built him an house in the champaigne farre from any towne : or as with a *Rose* not long since, a great Ladies cheek in *England* ; their eares are ready to blister at the tendrest touch thereof. I dare not passe so rash a censure of these as *Pindar* doth, or the *Italian*, having fitted a proverbe to the same effect, *Whom God loves not, that man loves not musicks* : but I am verily perswaded, they are by nature very ill disposed, and of such a brutish stupidity, that scarce anything else that is good and favoureth of vertue, is to be found in them. Never wise man (I thinke) questioned the lawful use hereof, since it is an immediate gift of heaven, bestowed on man, whereby to praise and magnifie his Creator ; to solace him in the midst of so many sorrowes and cares, wherewith life is hourly beset : and that by song, as by letters, the memory of Doctrine, and the benefits of God might be for

ever preserved (as we are taught by that Song of *Moses*, and those Divine Psalmes of the sweet singer of *Israel*, who with his Psaltery\* so lowdly resounded the Mysteries and innumerable benefits of the Almighty Creator) and the service of God advanced, as we may find in 2 *Samuel* 6. vers. 5. *Psalmes* 33. 21. 43. and 4. 108. 3. And in sundry other places of Scripture, which for brevity I omit.

But, say our Sectaries, the service of God is nothing advanced by singing and instruments, as we use it in our Cathedrall Churches, that is; by *Antiphony*,† *Restes*, *Repetitions*, *Variety of Moods* and *Proportions* with the like.

For the first, that is not contrary, but consonant to the Word of God, so in singing to answer either: the practice of *Miriam* the Prophetesse, and sister of *Moses*, when she answered the men in her song, will approve; for repetition, nothing was more usuall in the singing of the *Levites* and among the *Psalmes* of *David*, the 136. is wholly compounded of those two most gracefull and sweet figures of repetition, *Symploce* and *Anaphora*.

For *Resting* and *Proportions*, the nature of the Hebrew verse, as the meanest *Hebrician* knoweth, consisting many times of uneven feete, going sometime in this number, sometimes in that: one while (as *S. Jerome* saith) in the numbers of *Sappho*; another while of *Alcaeus*, doth of necessity require it: and wherein doth our practice of singing and Playing with Instruments in his

\* Deut. 32. It was an instrument three square, of 72 strings, of incomparable sweetness.

† Answering one another in the Quire.



Majesties Chappell, and our Cathedrall Churches, differ from the practice of *David*,\* the *Priests*, and *Levites*. *Doe wee not make one signe in praising and thanking God, with voyces and instruments of all sorts. Donec* (as *S. Ierome* saith) *reboet laquear templi*: the rooffe of the Church ecchoeth againe, and which lest they should cavill at as a Iewish Ceremony, we know to have been practised in the ancient purity of the Church; but we returne where we left.

The Physitians will tell you, that the exercise of Musicke is a great lengthner of the life, by stirring and reviving of the Spirits, holding a secret sympathy with them; Besides, the exercise of singing openeth the breast and pipes: it is an enemy to melancholly and dejection of the mind, which *S. Chrysostome* truly calleth, *The Devils Bath*. Yea, a curer of some diseases: in *Apuglia* in *Italy*, and thereabouts, it is most certaine, that those who are stung with the *Tarantula*, are cured onely by Musicke. Beside the aforesaid benefit of singing, it is a most ready helpe for a bad pronounciation, and distinct speaking, which I have heard confirmed by many great Divines: yea, I my selfe have knowne many children to have been holpen of their stammering in speech, onely by it.

*Plato* calleth it, *A divine and Heavenly practice*, profitable for the seeking out of that which is good and honest.

*Homer* saith, Musitians are worthy of Honor, and regard of the whole world; and we know, albeit *Lycurgus* imposed most streight and sharpe

\* Chron. 2. cap. 15. vers. 12, 14.

Lawes upon the *Lacedemonians*, yet he ever allowed them the exercise of Musicke.

*Aristotle* averreth Musicke to be the onely disposer of the mind of Vertue and Goodnesse, wherefore he reckoneth it among those foure principall exercises, wherein he would have children instructed.

*Tully* saith, there consisteth in the practice of singing and playing upon Instruments, great knowledge, and the most excellent instruction of the mind: and for the effect it worketh in the mind, he tearmeth it, *Stabilem Thesaurum, qui mores instituit, componitque, ac molit irarum ardores etc.* A lasting Treasure, which rectifieth and ordereth our manners, and allayeth the heate and fury of our anger, etc.

I might runne me into an infinite Sea of the praise and use of so excellent an Art, but I onely shew it you with the finger, because I desire not that any Noble or Gentleman should (save at his private recreation and leasureable houres) proove a Master in the same, or neglect his more weighty employments; though I avouch it a skill worthy the knowledge and exercise of the greatest Prince.

King *Henry* the eight could not onely sing his part sure, but of himselfe compose a Service of foure, five, and sixe parts; as *Erasmus* in a certaine Epistle, testifieth of his own knowledge.

The Duke of *Venosa*, an *Italian* Prince, in like manner, of late yeares, hath given excellent prooffe of his knowledge and love of Musicke, having himselfe composed many rare songs, which I have seene.

But above others, who carryeth away the Palme for excellency, not onely in Musicke, but in whatsoever is to be wished in a brave Prince, is the yet living *Maurice Landgrave of Hessen*, of whose owne composition I have scene eight or ten severall sets of Motets, and solemne Musicke, set purposely for his owne Chappell; where for the great honour of some Festivall, and many times for his recreation onely, he is his owne Organist. Besides, he readily speaketh ten or twelve severall languages; he is so universall a Scholler, that comming (as he doth often) to his Vniversity of *Marpurg*, what questions soever he meeteth with set up (as the manner is in the *Germane* and our Vniversities) he will *Ex tempore*, dispute an houre or two (even in Bootes and Spurres) upon them, with their best Professors. I passe over his rare skill in Chirurgery, he being generally accounted the best Bone setter in the Country. Who have seen his estate, his hospitality, his rich furnished Armory, his brave Stable of great Horses, his curtesie to all strangers, being men of Quality and good parts, let them speake the rest.

But since the naturall inclination of some men, driveth them (as it were) perforce to the top of Excellency: examples of this kind are very rare, yea great personages many times are more violently carried, than might well stand with their Honours, and necessity of their affaires: yet were it to these honest and commendable exercises favouring of vertue, it were well: but many neglecting their duties and places, will addict themselves wholly to trifles, and the most ridiculous and childish

practices. As *Eropus* king of *Macedonia*, tooke pleasure onely in making of Candles: *Domitian*, his recreation was to catch and kill flies, and could not be spoken with many times in so serious employment. *Ptolomarus Philadelphus* was an excellent Smith and a Basket-maker: *Alphonse Atestino* Duke of *Ferrara*, delighted himselfe onely in Turning and playing the Ioyner. Rodolph the late Emperour, in setting the Stones and making Watches. Which, and the like, much eclipse State and Majesty, bringing familiarity, and by consequence contempt with the meanest.

I desire no more in you than to sing your part sure, and at the first sight, withall, to play the same upon your Violl, or the exercise of the Lute, privately to your selfe.

To deliver you my opinion, whom among other Authors you should imitate and allow for the best, there being so many equally good, is somewhat difficult; yet as in the rest herein you shall have my opinion.

For Motets and Musicke of piety and devotion, as well for the honour of our Nation, as the merit of the man, I preferre above all others our *Phenix*, *M. William Byrd*, whom in that kind, I know not whether any may equall. I am sure none excell, even by the iudgement of *France* and *Italy*, who are very sparing in the commendation of strangers, in regard of that conceipt they hold of themselves. His *Cantiones Sacrae*, as also his *Gradualia*, are meere Angelicall and Divine; and being of himselfe naturally disposed to Gravity and Piety, his

veine is not so much for light Madrigals or Canzonets, yet his *Virginella* and some others in his first Set, cannot be mended by the best *Italian* of them all.

For composition, I preferre next *Ludovico de Victoria*, a most judicious and a sweete Composer: after him *Orlando di Lasso*, a very rare and excellent Author, who lived some forty years since in the Court of the Duke of *Bavie*. He hath published as well in Latine as French many Sets, his veine is grave and sweet: among his Latine Songs, his seven poenitentiall Psalmes are the best, and that French Set of his wherein is *Susanna un jour*: upon which Ditty many others have since exercised their invention.

For delicious Aire and sweet Invention in Madrigals, *Luca Marenzio* excelleth all other who-soever, having published more Sets than any Auther else whosoever; and to say truth, hath not an ill Song, though sometime an over-sight (which might be the Printers fault) of two *eights* or *fiftes* escapt him; as betweene the *Tenor* and *Base* in the last close, of *I must depart all haplesse*: ending according to the Nature of the Ditty most artificially with a *Minim* rest. His first, second, and third parts of *Thyrsis*, *Veggio dolce mio ben chi fa hoggi mio Sole Contava*, or *sweet singing Amaryllis*, are Songs, the Muses themselves might not have beene ashamed to have had composed. Of stature and complexion, he was a little and blacke man; he was Organist in the Popes Chappell at *Rome* a good while, afterward hee went into *Poland*, being in displeasure with the Pope for overmuch famili-

arity with a kinswoman of his, (whom the Queene of *Poland* sent for by *Luca Marensio*, afterward, she being one of the rarest women in *Europe*, for her voyce and the Lute :) but returning, he found the affection of the Pope so estranged from him, that hereupon hee tooke a conceipt and dyed.

*Alphonso Ferabosco* the father, while he lived, for iudgement and depth of skill, (as also his sonne yet living) was inferior unto none; what he did was most elaborate, and profound, and pleasing enough in Aire, though Master *Thomas Morley* censureth him otherwise. That of his, *I saw my Lady weeping*, and the *Nightingale* (upon which Ditty Master *Bird* and he in a friendly æmulation, exercised their invention) cannot be bettered for sweetnesse of Ayre, or depth of judgement.

I bring you now mine owne Master, *Horatio Vecchi* of *Modena*: beside goodnesse of Aire most pleasing of all other for his conceipt and variety, wherewith all his workes are singularly beautified, as well his Madrigals of five and sixe, as those his Canzonets, printed at *Norimberge*, wherein for tryall: sing his *Vivo in fuoco amoroso Lucretia mia*, whereupon *in catenato moro*, with excellent judgement, hee driveth a Crochet thorow many Minims, causing it to resemble a chaine with the Linkes. Againe, in *S'io potessi raccor' i mei Sospiri*, the breaking of the word *Sospiri* with Crotchet and Crotchet-rest into sighes: and that *fami un Canzone etc.*, to make one sleepe at noone, with sundry other of like conceipt, and pleasant invention.

Then that great Master, and Master not long

I

T

since of *St Markes* Chappell in *Venice*<sup>1</sup>; second to none, for a full, lofty, and sprightly veine, following none save his owne humour : who while he lived was one of the most free and brave companions of the world. His Poenitentiall Psalmes are excellently composed, and for piety are his best.

Nor must I here forget our rare Countrey-man, *Peter Philips*, Organist to their *Altesse*<sup>a</sup> at *Brussels*, now one of the greatest Masters of Musicke in *Europe*. Hee hath sent us over many excellent Songs, as well *Motets* as *Madrigals* : he affecteth altogether the *Italian* veine.

There are many other Authors very excellent, as *Boschetto*, and *Claudio de Monte Verde*, equall to any before named ; *Guionnani Farreti*, *Stephano Felis*, *Giulio Rinaldi*, *Phillipo de Monte*, *Andrea Gabrieli*, *Cyprian de Rove*, *Pallavicino*, *Geminiano*, with others yet living ; whose severall workes for me here to examine, would be over tedious and needlesse ; and for me, please your owne eare and fancy. Those whom I have before mentioned, have been ever (within these thirty or forty years) held for the best.

I willingly, to avoyde tediousnesse, forbear to speake of the worth and excellency of the rest of our English Composers, Master Doctor *Douland*, *Thomas Morley*, M. *Alphonsa*, M. *Wilby*, M. *Kirby*, M. *Wilkes*, *Michael East*, M. *Bateson*, M. *Deering*, with sundry others, inferiour to none in the world (how much soever the Italian attributes to himselfe) for depth of skill and richnesse of conceipt.

Infinite is the sweet variety that the Theorique

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Croce.

of Musicke exerciseth the mind withall, as the contemplation of proportion, of Concords and Discords, Diversity of Moodes and Tones, infinitenesse of Invention, &c. But I dare affirme, there is no one Science in the World, that so affecteth the free and generous spirit, with a more delightfull and in-offensive recreation, or better disposeth the minde to what is commendable and vertuous.

The Common-wealth of the *Cynethenses* in *Arcadia*, falling from the delight they formerly had in Musicke, grew into seditious humours and civill warres, which *Polybius* tooke especially note of: and I suppose, hereupon it was ordained in *Arcadia*, that every one should practise Musicke by the space of thirty years.

The ancient *Gauls* in like manner (whom *Julian* tearmed barbarous) became most curteous and tractable by the practise of Musicke.

Yea, in my opinion, no Rhetoricke more perswadeth, or hath greater power over the mind: nay, hath not Musicke her figures, the same which Rhetorique? What is a *Revert* but her *Antistropha*? her reports, but sweet *Anaphora's*? her counterchange of Points, *Antimastaboli's*? her passionate Aires but *Protopopaeas*, with infinite other of the same nature.

How doth Musicke amaze us, when of sound discords she maketh the sweetest Harmony? And who can shew us the reason why two Basons, Bowles, Brasse-Pots or the like of the same bignesse; the one being full the other empty, shall, stricken, be a just Diapason in sound one to the other: or that there should bee such sympathy in



sounds, that two Lutes of equall size being laid upon a table and tuned Vnison, or alike in the *Gamma*, *G sol re ut*, or any other string ; the one stricken, the other untouched shall answer it.

But to conclude, if all Arts hold their esteeme and value according to their Effects, account this goodly Science not among the number of those which *Lucian* placeth without the gates of Hell, as vaine and unprofitable : but of such which are *πηγαὶ τῶν καλῶν*, the fountaines of our lives good and hapinesse: since it is a principall meanes of glorifying our mercifull Creator, it heightens our devotion, it gives delight and ease to our travailes, it expelleth sadnesse and heavinesse of Spirit, preserveth people in concord and amity, allayeth fiercenesse and anger ; and lastly, is the best Phisicke for many melancholy diseases.

*The Compleat Gentleman* (1634).



**Sir T. Browne, 1605-1682**

It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony ; and sure there is musick, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion ; and thus far we may maintain 'the musick of the spheres ;' for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of

harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-musick. For myself, not only from my Catholick obedience, but my particular genius, I am obliged to embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of my Maker. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God,—such a melody to the ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. It unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of myself, and by degrees methinks resolves me into heaven.

*Religio Medici*, ii, 9 (1642).



John Milton, 1608-1674

I was all ear  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death.

*Comus Sc. i, l. 560* (1634).



AND ever, against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

Married to immortal Verse ;  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of link'd sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear.  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regained Eurydice.

*L'Allegro.*



Let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eye.

*Il Penseroso.*



OR bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

*Ibid.*



AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens ! pledges of Heaven's joy,  
Sphere born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse !  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
And to our high raised phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
To him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout, a solemn jubilee ;  
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;  
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly ;  
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
As once we did, till disproportioned Sin  
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion  
    swayed  
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,  
In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon agāin renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To His celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of  
 light.



GENIUS. But else, in deep of night, when  
 drowsiness

Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those who hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

*Arcades (1645).*



TO MR H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS

HARRY! whose tuneful and well-measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long ;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;

To after age then shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth air could'st humour best our  
tongue.

Thou honourest verse, and verse must lend her wing  
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

(1648).



TO MR LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE ! of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining ? Time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.



Whence the sound  
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who moved  
I U

Their stops and chords was seen ; his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled, and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

*Paradise Lost, Bk. xi, 558-563 (1667).*



THE interim . . . may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned ; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice composer ; sometimes the lute or soft organ stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties ; which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after meat, to assist and cherish nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good tune and satisfaction.

*Of Education.*



**Henry Glapthorne, c. 1608-1660**

UPON A GENTLEMAN PLAYING ON THE LUTE

STRANGE miracle ! Who's this that wears  
The native Liv'rie of the Spears ;  
Transforming all our sense to Ears ?

Surely it cannot bee a sin  
To think there is, or may have bin  
On Earth a heavenly Seraphin.

That granted, certain it must bee hee,  
In any else there cannot bee,  
Such a Coelestiall Harmonie.

When glorious He with swift pursute  
Touch'd the soft Cordage of his Lute,  
The Genius of the World was mute.

*Amphion* so his hand let fall,  
When at th' enchantment of his call  
Stones danc'd to build the *Theban* wall.

*Arion* sure, when he began  
To charme th' attentive Ocean,  
Was but an Embleme of this Man,

Whose numerous Fingers, whiter farre  
Than *Venus* Swans or *Ermines* are,  
Wag'd with the amorous strings a Warre ;

But such a Warre as did invite  
The sense of Hearing, and the Sight  
To riot in a full delight.

For as his Touch kept equal pace,  
His looks did move with such a grace ;  
We read his Music in his Face.

Live Noble Youth, let Heav'n inspire  
Thee with its owne eternall Fire,  
While all that hear thee doe admire.

*Poems* (1639).





Andreas Tscherning, 1611-1659

LOB DES GESANGES

WER ungereget  
Die Sinnen trägt,  
Wenn Künstler singen  
Und Saiten klingen,  
Ist taub an Ohren  
Und krank geboren :  
Weil sonst sich reget,  
Was Sinnen trägt.

Mehr Lust für Ohren  
Ist nicht geboren ;  
Sie treibt vom Herzen  
Verdruss und Schmerzen,  
Kann Eifer dämpfen,  
Giebt Muth zu Kämpfen,  
Macht durch die Ohren  
Uns neu geboren.



Richard Lovelace, 1618-1658

OH, could you view the melody  
Of every grace,  
And music of her face,

*Orpheus to Beasts*



William Stroud, c. 1620

ON MUSIC

WHEN whispering winds that creeping steal,  
Distil soft passions through the heart ;

And when at every touch we feel  
 Our senses join and bear a part ;  
     When threats can make  
     A heart-string ache ;—  
 Philosophy  
 Can scarce deny  
 Our souls are made of harmony.

When into heavenly joys we fain  
 Whate'er the soul affecteth most ;  
 Which only thus we can explain  
 By Music of the heavenly host ;  
     Whose lays, we think,  
     Make stars to wink ;—  
 Philosophy  
 Will ne'er deny  
 Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming Air !  
 My senses rock with wonders sweet :  
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are ;  
 Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet !—  
     Grief, who needs fear,  
     That hath an ear ?  
 Down let him lie,  
 And slumb'ring die,  
 And change his soul for harmony !

*Jamison.*



John Evelyn, 1620-1705-6

To London ; a concert of excellent musitians,  
 especialy one Mr Berkenshaw, that rare artist who

invented a mathematical way of composure very extraordinary, true as to the exact rules of art, but without much harmonie. *Diary* (3rd Aug. 1664).



John Dryden, 1631-1701

A SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony  
 This universal frame began :  
 When nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring atoms lay,  
 And could not heave her head,  
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
 Arise ye more than dead.  
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And Music's power obey.  
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began :  
 From harmony to harmony  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?  
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,  
 His listening brethren stood around,  
 And, wondering, on their faces fell  
 To worship that celestial sound.  
 Less than a God they thought there could not  
 dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangour  
Excites us to arms,  
With shrill notes of anger,  
And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries, hark ! the foes come ;  
Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
The sacred organ's praise ?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre :

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
     Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays  
     The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
     To all the bless'd above ;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling planet shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.



ON THE DEATH OF MR PURCELL

MARK how the lark and linnet sing ;  
     With rival notes  
 They strain their warbling throats,  
     To welcome in the spring.  
     But in the close of night,  
 When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,  
     They cease their mutual spite,  
     Drink in her music with delight,  
     And, listening, silently obey.

So ceased the rival crew, when Purcell came,  
 They sung no more, or only sung his fame :  
 Struck dumb, they all admired the godlike man :  
     Alas ! too soon retired  
     As he too late began,

We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore :  
    Had he been there,  
    Their sovereign's fear  
    Had sent him back before.  
The power of harmony too well they knew,  
He long ere this had tuned their jarring sphere,  
    And left no hell below.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from  
    high,  
Let down the scale of music from the sky :  
    They handed him along,  
And all the way he taught, and all the way they  
    sung.  
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,  
Lament his lot ; but at your own rejoice :  
    Now live secure, and linger out your days ;  
    The gods are pleased alone with Purcell's lays,  
    Nor know to mend their choice.

1695.



**Samuel Pepys, 1632-1703**

To the Musique meeting at the Post office, where  
I was once before. And thither anon come all  
the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble  
company : and the new instrument was brought  
called the Arched Viall, where being tuned with  
lute-strings, and played on with keys like an  
organ, a piece of parchment is always kept  
moving ; and the strings, which by the keys are  
1 x

pressed down upon it are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment ; and so it is intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and so harshly, that it will never do. But after three hours' stay it could not be fixed in tune : and so they were fain to go to some other musique of instruments. *Diary* (5th Oct. 1664).

Discoursed with Mr Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musicall sounds made by strings, mighty prettily ; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying), by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined ; but his discourse, in general, of sound was mighty fine.

*Diary* (Aug. 8, 1666).

To White Hall ; and there in the Boarded Gallery did hear the musicke with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus, the Master of his Musicke ; both instrumental (I think twenty-four violins), and vocall : an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me ! I never was so little pleased with a concert of music in my life. The manner of setting the words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocall musick being lost by it. Here was a great press of people ; but I did not see many pleased with it,

only the instrumental musick he had brought by practice to play very just.

*Diary* (Oct. 1, 1667).

With my wife to the King's House to see 'The Virgin Martyr,' the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

*Diary* (Feb. 27, 1667-8).

So I to White Hall, and there all the evening on the Queene's side; and it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening, the Italians came in a barge under the leads before the Queene's drawing-room; and so the Queene and ladies went out and heard them for almost an hour: and the singing was indeed very good altogether; but yet there was but one voice that alone did appear considerable, and that was Signior Joanni.

*Diary* (Sept. 28, 1668).

<sup>1</sup> By Massinger.



E. Wetenhall, Bp. 1635-1713

BESIDES the addresses, which we ow to God, by way of suit, for the obtaining what we want, that there are others due as well in return of gratitude for the Good things we receive, as in acknowledgment of his infinite Majesty, glory, and absolute perfection, scarce requires proof. These addresses we commonly call the *Praises* of God. Now whether Nature first taught, or God by secret instinct, or otherwise, directed the rational part of his creation to offer them up in words fitted to melody, and melodiously uttered, cannot perhaps be precisely decided: certain it is that *singing to God* was one of the *first Acts of Worship* paid him by any of his creatures. When God was now *laying the foundation of the earth, the morning starres sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.* Job, xxxviii, 7. If by the *Morning Starres* we are not to understand the Angels (as to me seems most probable, both for that the earth was founded before the creation of the starres (Gen. 1) and because the like appellation is given to some of the angels (Isa. xiv, 12) yet by the sons of God here, as well as ch. i, 6, we can understand no other. It would seem therefore, that while the Glorious Creatour framed the Visible world, the elder part of his work, the invisible creation, sing his praise: and that which most employed them herein in all probability was, the infinite perfection, power, wisdom and goodnesse of God, which displayed it selfe in his handy work.

How Angels *speake* or *sing*, none below an Angel can tell. We can therefore hence take no farther direction, for regulating our practice, than this, that we are to *praise* God for his *absolute excellence* and perfection, however discovered by us ; according to that of the Royal prophet, *Praise him according to his excellent greatness.* Ps. cl.

Tertullian (Ad uxor, l. 2, c. 6), speaks of the Husbands singing to the Wife, and the Wives singing to the Husband, and this even at meals. And St *Cyprian* to the same purpose (Ad Donat). *Nec sit vel hora convivii gratias caelestis immunis : sonet Psalmos convivium sobrium ; et ut tibi tenax est memoria, vocis, carora aggredere hoc munus ex mora, etc.* 'Neither let, saith he, the hour of meal be without some Heavenly exercise. Let thy sober table sound of Psalms, and as thou hast a good memory, in common custom set upon this work with a clear voice. Thou wilt by this means better thy dearest relations,' etc. But most fully of all St *Hierom* in diverse of his Epistles (Ep. 17, ad Marcel). *In Christi Villula etc.* 'In Christian Villages (saith he) there is little to be heard but Psalms. Which way soever you turn your self, the Husbandman holding his Plow, sings *Halleluja* : The Mowever sweating, refresheth himself with Psalms ; the Vine-dresser pruning his Vines, sings something of  *Davids*.'

As to the several present Ornaments and Figurations of Harmony, they are to be confessed (to use Mr Gregories words) but a *Yesterdaies business*, a new though very rare invention. Notwith-

standing, I do not imagine it blameworthy, to use them in the Worship of God ; provided those general rules, before laid down, touching singing to God, be not transgressed : For I would fain know, why I may not *sing* to God in the *Music* of the *age*, as well as *pray* or *preach* in the *language* of the age.



Sam. Woodford, 1636-1700

TOGETHER strive, who shall exalt him most,  
What instruments the fittest are,  
Whether of Love, whether of war,  
Shrill Trumpets, or soft Harps to praise the Lord  
of Host !

Trumpets, and Harps, shall in one consort move,  
The Cornet and the amorous Lute,  
The Cymbal and the warlike Flute ;  
For he, who is the Lord of Host, is God of Love.  
*Psalm 150.*



Rev. Thomas Salmon, M.A., 1648

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF MUSICK

AMONGST these many Recreations which sweeten the life of man, and with a pleasing variety refresh his wearied mind ; none can plead more advan-

tages, or more truly justify its practice, than Musick ; which needs nothing else, nor can have any thing greater to command acceptance, than a challenge of its institution from Divine Providence itself : For upon this account God hath created a peculiar faculty of hearing, to receive harmonious sounds, clearly different from that by which we perceive ordinary noises ; insomuch, that those who have not this Musical hearing, are by Nature as incapable to understand Harmony, as a Horse is to receive the civility of a Compliment. And indeed, as each particular sense is subordinate to, but distinct from the common ; so here is some specifick power which sub-divides this more private faculty from the common nature of hearing : Or else what can be the reason, why all men that have ears enough to entertain sounds in general, should not be able to discern the pleasure of Musick (which is a combination of sounds as they are proportioned in numbers), but because they want that faculty which is fitted with a peculiar power for their reception.

He that hath any one sense good, is capable of all objects that fall under such a sense ; one that can see a horse, may see a house, but he that can tell a clock, cannot always tell the movements of a lesson, and the Harmony of its consenting parts, which is the object of a more special power. Neither can this be thought to proceed only from a more nice acuteness of the ear, since that several persons, who betray much deafness in their common discourse and converse, are able exactly to Tune their Musical Instruments, and discover the jarring

of any dissonant note, though but softly pronounced : Whereby it appears that this peculiar faculty doth not merely arise from an excellency of the common hearing, and consequently that they are not the same. But whether the distinction comes from a different formation of the little intrigues of the ear, or only from an improvement that some men's souls are able to make of sounds so qualified and represented to them ; it is hard to determine, and needless for my purpose, so long as we find *de facto*, that there is such a Musical hearing, and that God hath given some men such a particular faculty, wheresoever it pleased Him to place it.

Now, lest this faculty should seem to be any time created in vain, Holy Writ but succinctly describing the infancy of the world, yet vouchsafes to mention Jubal, the Musical Father of those who handle the harp and Organ.

So that whosoever shall consider the Authentick creator of Musick, it's antient Patronage, and moreover, the practice of all civilized Nations, yet shall condemn it as silly and trifling, as unworthy of generous and heroick minds ; not only slight those reasons which obtain in far greater matters, but also betray themselves to be ignorant of those exalted Notions, and noble Sentiments, which make it honoured both in Peace and War : And indeed to have so little ingenuity, that they can never apprehend its excellency, wherefore they neglect what is above them, and take up with some rustick pastime which is common to Clowns and Fools.

Now to enumerate the Advantages Musick hath above other divertisements, it is necessary to alledge its incomparable pleasure, which makes it the greatest recreation ; but because that is only known by hearing, and its self best expresses its own sweet eloquence, I must remit you to its practical and delicious entertainments, where you shall seldom meet with people so rude, but they will be attentive, in pretence, to that accomplishing Genius, which they are ashamed it should be known nature hath denied them. Though you shall have some men so importunate to shew themselves wits, and tell stories of the great Turk's impatience, that they will break out in the midst of a suit of lessons, and then call for Bobbing Jone, or the Nightingale ; as if their brisk fancies were not to be damped with the gravity of an Almain, and they knew better from their Countrey Scrapers, then what these troublesome contrivers of Consort perplex them with.

It may seem impertinent to prove a recreation profitable, or to respect interest in the choice of pleasure ; but that gain is such a taking thing in the world, as if we can make out Musick in the kind advantageous to the practicer, it will be treated with a double welcom. To this purpose let us but a little consider other Sports, as Cards, Tables, Chess, etc., and you will find that its expences may be esteemed good husbandry, though for its excellency it deserves to be purchased by the greatest charge, since by its refreshing sweetness it lulls the soul into its own pacate posture, and gives ease and quiet ; when other

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games in their diversion only rack and torment it. But let us pursue the comparison.

1. Those are meer pastimes, which when we have spent many hours in frequenting, do not re-dispose us to undertake new business, but leave the head hot, the faculties tired, and the man disabled to study or work; whereas his recreation ought to fit him for it, but after the hearing some brisk Airs, or melodious Consort, the mind is raised, the fancy enlivened, care and sorrow suppressed, and an inclination produced ready to dispatch any employment. Such a noble power hath Musick over the soul; which though it is not (as *Plato* thought) only Harmony; yet Harmony may claim very great acquaintance with it, since 'twas used as a sacred means to allay *Saul's* anger; and doth still set the soul in order, charming the madness even of one bitten by a Tarantula.

But to the pleasure and preparation for business, there is another profit superadded, that when one hath spent some hours in this Recreation, he hath attain'd an Art, which where ever the person comes, shall bring him in esteem, and create a delight to the society he is in; whilst what glory is it to shuffle and cut the Cards well? or dexterously to jog the elbow, unless in a discreditable phrase? and I don't doubt but this argument will be valued amongst those that are ingeniously covetous of accomplishments.

2. The charges of this recreation are much less than of others for no Gamester will play, unless his wager be considerable enough to oblige his attention; if then we suppose a gentleman to

keep within moderate bounds, (so he plays like himself) he may easily lose more in one night, then his Musick will require for a month; but how often doth a bewitching passion prevail to double the stakes, and then venture at all, till at last a cross cast ruins his estate, and miserably destroys a Noble Family; many sad examples can prove Gaming guilty of this: but though Musick was never famous for enriching men, it was never known to have beggar'd any.

I am persuaded that were the minds of our English youth, more possessed with this delightful and innocent recreation, which is hardly capable of excess, they would afterwards value it above their vainer Sports, and by their esteem and pleasure in it, be fore-stalled against any extravagant debauchery. It may therefore upon this account seem a more ingenious piece of policy for some proggng Guardians to educate their Pupils in this advantageous divertisement, rather then to instill their sneaking principles of covetousness, which if they take effect, render them base on one hand, but oftenest on the other break out into a contradictive prodigality; as we daily see the most subtle scraping fellows are usually followed by the wildest heirs.

In Country Recreations (which Citizens enjoy not, neither are like Musick, always in season, but depend much upon the time of the year, and the weather) there is not much to be valued, except the wholesome exercise, and the fresh air, which are things altogether extrinsical, in respect of the Sport, whose quarry is always unworthy so great



pains, and the charges of maintenance without proportion. Many a Gentleman hath had his Estate devoured by his ravenous Hawks, and undergone the fate of *Acteon*, who still remains an emblem of those Hunters, that have been eaten up by their own dogs.

I know nothing that can be alledged against Musick, but that it is too sedentary and unactive which (if it should be so) is no more then the fore-mentioned unprofitable Games, may be justly accused of; yet being further considered, it may vie wholesomness with the best; for there is nothing so efficaciously opens the breast, as Singing, which exercises the Lungs, and consequently puts the blood into a brisker motion, whilst some warbling thrill, strains those parts, and assists in the separation of the sluggish flegm: they that practice on the Viol, are able to overcome the cold of a Winters morning, and excite a ruddy warmth, which, by Physicians, is set as the boundary of an wholesome exercise.

*An Essay to the Advancement  
of Musick, 1672.*



W. Derham, 1657-1735

I SHALL not here inquire into the Nature and Properties of Sound, which is in a great Measure intricate, and hath puzzled the best Naturalists: Neither shall I show how this admirable effect of the divine Contrivance may be improved to divers

Uses, and Purposes in Humane Life. But my business will be to show that this thing, of so admirable Use in the Animal World, is the Work of God. And this will appear, let the subject Matter of Sounds be what it will, either the Atmosphere in gross, or the æthereal Part thereof, or soniferous Particles of Bodies, as some fancy, or whatever else the Philosopher may think it. For who but an intelligent Being, what less than an omnipotent, and infinitely wise God could contrive, and make such a fine Body, such a Medium, so susceptible of every impression, that the Sense of Hearing hath occasion for, to empower all Animals to express their Sense and Meaning to others; to make known their Fears, their Wants, their Pains and Sorrows in melancholick Tones; their Joys and Pleasure in more harmonious Notes; to send their Mind at great Distances, in a short time, in loud Boatians; or to express their Thoughts near at hand with a gentle Voice, or in secret Whispers! And to say no more, who less than the same most wise and indulgent Creator, could form such an Oeconomy, as that of Melody and Musick is! That the *Medium* should (as I said) so readily receive every Impression of Sound, and convey the melodious vibration of every musical String, the harmonious Pulses of every Animal voice, and of every musical Pipe; and the Ear as well adapted and ready to receive all these Impressions, as the *Medium* to convey them: And, lastly, that by means of the curious Lodgment and Inoculations of the *Auditory Nerves* before-mentioned the Orgasmes of the

Spirits should be allayed, and Perturbations of the  
Mind, in a great measure quieted and stilled.

*Physico-Theology* (Boyle Lectures, 1711-2).



Dr Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726 and H.  
Purcell 1658-1695

ODE ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1692

HAIL, bright Cecilia ! fill every heart  
With love of thee and thy celestial art :  
That thine and Music's sacred love  
May make the British forest prove  
As famous as Dodona's vocal grove.

Hark ! each tree its silence breaks ;  
The box and fir to talk begin :  
That in the Flute distinctly speaks—  
This in the sprightly Violin.  
'Twas sympathy their listening brethren drew,  
When to the Thracian lyre with leafy wings they  
flew.

'Tis Nature's voice, thro' all the moving wood  
Of creatures understood :  
The universal tongue to none  
Of all her numerous race unknown.  
From her it learned the mighty art  
To court the ear or strike the heart ;  
At once the passions to express and move :  
We hear—and straight we grieve, or hate, or love.  
In unseen chains it does the fancy bind ;  
At once it charms the sense and captivates the mind.

Soul of the world inspired by thee  
 The jarring seeds of matter did agree :  
 Thou didst the scatter'd atoms bind,  
 Which, by thy laws of true proportion joined  
 Made up of various parts one harmony.

With that sublime celestial lay  
 Can any earthly sounds compare ?  
 If any earthly music dare,  
 The noble Organ may.  
 From Heaven its wondrous notes were given  
 (Cecilia oft conversed with heaven) ;  
 Some angel of the sacred Quire  
 Did with his breath the pipes inspire,  
 And of their notes above the just resemblance gave  
 Briak without lightness, without dulness grave.

Wondrous machine !  
 To thee the warbling Lute,  
 With thee unable to dispute,  
 Though used to roughest, must be forced to  
 yield  
 The airy Violin  
 And lofty Viol quit the field.

In vain the amorous Flute and soft Guitar  
 Jointly labour to inspire  
 Ardent love and fond desire ;  
 Whilst thy chaste airs do gently move  
 Seraphic flames and heavenly love.  
 The fife and all the harmony of war  
 In vain attempt the passions to alarm  
 Which thy commanding sounds compose and  
 charm,  
 Let these among themselves contest

176      **In Praise of Music**

Which can discharge its single duty best,  
Thou summ'st their differing graces up in one  
And act a concert of them all within thyself alone.



**William Congreve, 1670-1729**

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

*The Mourning Bride.* Act i, Sc. i.



**Gottlob Schober, 1670-1793**

**AN DIE MUSIK**

Du holle Kunst, in wie viel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' entsunden  
Hast mich in eine bess're Welt entrückt.

Oft hat eine Seufzer deiner Harf' entflossen,  
Ein süßser heiliger Akkord von dir,  
Den Himmel bess'rer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holle Kunst, ich danke dir dafür.



**TODES-MUSIK**

IN des Todes Feierstunde  
Wenn ich einst von hinnen scheide,

Und den Kampf, den letzten, leide,  
Senke heilige Kamöne,  
Noch, einmal die stillen Lieder  
Noch einmal die reinen Töne  
Auf die tiefe Abschiedswunde  
Meines Busens heilend nieder.

Hebe aus dem ird'schen Ringen  
Die bedrängte reine Seele  
Trage sie auf deinen Schwingen,  
Dass sie sich dem Licht vermähle  
O da werden mich die Klänge  
Süss und wonnevoll umwehen,  
Und die Ketten, die ich sprengte,  
Werden still und leicht vergehen.

Alles Grosse werd' ich sehen  
Das im Leben mich beglückte,  
Alles Schöne das mir blühte  
Wird verherrlicht vor mir stehen.  
Jeden Stern, der mir erglühete  
Der mit freundlichem Gefunkel  
Durch das grauenvollen Dunkel  
Meiner kurzen Weges, blickte,  
Jede Blume, die ihn schmückte,  
Jeden Stern, der mir erglühete  
Werden mir die Töne bringen.

Und die schrecklichen Minuten  
Wo ich schmerzlich könnte bluten  
Werden mich mit Lust umklingen  
Und Verklärung werd' ich sehen,  
Ausgegossen über allen Dingen.

So in Wonne werd' ich untergehen,  
Süss verschlungen von der Freude Fluthen.

I

Z

Ant. Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, 1671-1713

WHAT is there which an expert *Musician* more earnestly desires, than to perform his part in the presence of those who are knowing in his Art? 'Tis to *the Ear* alone he applies himself; *the critical*, the nice ear. Let his Hearers be of what *Character* they please: be they naturally austere, morose, or rigid; no matter, so they are *Criticks*, able to censure, remark, and sound every Accord and Symphony.

*Characteristicks, Treatise III, p. 235 (1710).*



ALMOST all the antient *Masters* [of a state] of this sort were said to have been MUSICIANS. And *Tradition*, which soon grew fabulous, could not better represent the first *Founders* or *Establishers* of these larger Societys, than as real *Songsters*, who by the power of their Voice and Lyre, cou'd charm the wildest Beasts, and draw the rude Forests and Rocks into the Form of fairest Citys. Nor can it be doubted that the same *Artists*, who so industriously apply'd themselves to study the Numbers of *Speech*, must have made proportionable Improvements in the study of mere Sounds and *natural Harmony*; which, of itself, must have considerably contributed towards the softning the rude Manners and harsh temper of their new People.

*Ibid.* (pp. 237-8).



SHOU'D a Writer upon *Musick*, addressing himself to the Students and Lovers of the Art, declare to 'em, 'That the Measure or Rule of HARMONY was *Caprice* or *Will*, *Humour* or *Fashion*;' 'tis not very likely he shou'd be heard with great Attention, or treated with real Gravity. For HARMONY is Harmony by *Nature*, let Men judge ever so ridiculously of Musick. So is *Symmetry* and *Proportion* founded still in *Nature*, let Men's Fancy prove ever so barbarous, or their Fashions ever so *Gothick* in their Architecture, Sculpture, or whatever other designing Art.

*Ibid.* (p. 353).



I CAN myself remember the time, when, in respect of MUSICK, our reigning Taste was in many degrees inferior to the *French*. The long Reign of Luxury and Pleasure under King CHARLES the Second, and the foreign Helps and study'd Advantages given to *Musick* in a following Reign, cou'd not raise our Genius the least in this respect. But when the Spirit of the Nation was grown more *free*, tho engag'd at that time in the fiercest War, and with the most doubtful success, we no sooner began to turn our-selves towards *Musick*, and inquire what ITALY in particular produc'd, than in an instant we out-strip'd our Neighbours the FRENCH, enter'd into a Genius far beyond theirs, and rais'd our-selves an *Ear*, and *Judgment*, not inferior to the best now in the World.

*Ibid. Treatise VII. (1713).*



**Joe. Addison, 1672-1719**

WHAT though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice or sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 ' The hand that made us is divine.'

*Hymn on the glories of Creation.*

MUSIC is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.

**T. Bisse, D.D., 1675-1731**

WHAT is singing, but a melodious way of speaking? and the more natural way, because more melodious, more affecting, more awakening our natural passions, and more expressive of their joy. And if singing the praises of God most high be as lawful as speaking them, is it not equally lawful, to call in the best helps and assistances to the voice in one manner of pronunciation, as is usual in the other? Such helps are musical instruments, which being mere instruments, have no voice of their own, *have neither speech nor language*, and therefore cannot offend ;

yet are they formed to assist the voice of the singer, to fill up, soften or relieve its intermissions ; and in general to sweeten it by the union or correspondence of its symphony. To this end were they invented, and to this end have they been used, as most grateful assistants, in singing praises unto God, before the giving of the Law, before the flood. *Jubal* is recorded for the original invention. And the song of *Moses*, sung by all *Israel* and which *Miriam* with all the women repeated with timbrels in their hands, was sung before the delivery of the Law.

. . . Of all inventions found for the gratification of human nature, Musick is the most spiritual, and fitted for men of the most spiritual and elevated affections. There are pleasures that are calculated for carnal sensual men, which fill their mind with dross and dirt, and by no imaginary metamorphosis turn them into brute beasts of the earth, into earth itself. Whereas Musick is allow'd to sit among, or rather above human pleasures, as a refiner : it raises the mind and its desires above their low level, drives out carnal thoughts and inclinations as dross, and leaves it like pure Gold, which like that too is most ductile and susceptible of good and heavenly impressions : it lifts us up as into heaven, and fits us for the society of heaven. For this reason is it so highly honoured by the spirit of God, as to be represented as used in the worship of the heavenly Choir, composed of Angels and glorified Saints, who must be acknowledg'd more spiritual than any Saints upon earth ; and to worship more *in spirit*

*and in truth. From these then we will fetch our precedents. The four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and they sing a new Song (Rev. v, 8). And, I heard the voice of Harpers harping with harps, and they sing as it were a new song before the throne (Ibid., xiv, 2).*

Now there is a mutual sympathy framed by the Maker of all things between the passions of men and the harmony of sounds which by their variety will change and transform into a corresponding variety of dispositions. They will raise them into joy, and in a moment deject them into sorrow: they will transport them into indignation, and again calm them into love. There is no affection, no state of mind, but it can express and imitate, and by that imitation so accommodate itself to, as to govern and turn whithersoever it will.

I forbear to account for the insensibility and objections of many . . . arising from different causes; some persons being of an heavier metal, or in *Hooker's* phrase, having hearts 'too tough and dry,' as it were grown callous by the assiduity and wearing of cares, to be moved with anything much; or too bound up in the low purposes of getting, to be moved with anything beside; others being of too high and weighty employment, to be affected with a thing of so light a nature; others of such state and singularity, as not to condescend to owne it; others again of such roughness and acerbity of mind and manners, as to deal and

delight only in the dark designs of ambition, oppression, of revenge and rebellion. Now, as all distempers create in the diseased a secret antipathy to their antidote, so 'tis no wonder that men of this make have as by instinct an aversion to harmony, that acknowledg'd softner and sweetner of human nature, by expelling out of it all sullen and savage qualities and unsociable disposition. Of this race and generation were those who in the Grand Rebellion did as an introduction to that tragedy, bring an outcry and accusation against our Cathedral Churches and worship, and then plundered what they accused, utterly destroying all organs throughout our Churches, expelling out of Quires all Singers set before the altars, leaving neither altars, nor anything before them, but silence and sacrilege.

In the Compositions for the Sanctuary let care be taken, that a Theatrical levity be avoided; which was the subject of complaint and caution given to the ancient Church<sup>1</sup>; but in our own is rather a modern and unnecessary condescension to the relish of the world, which neither approves of it nor expects it. For as *Sanctity becometh God's house for ever*, in the judgment of all times and persons; so doth a solemnity, which should always appear in all the offices thereof, and above all in the Hymns, which appear most in, and adorn those offices. Behold the compositions of ancient<sup>1</sup> Masters. What a stateliness, what a gravity, what a studied majesty walks thro' their airs? yea, their harmony is venerable; insomuch,

<sup>1</sup> Cypr. de Orat. Dom. Jerom. in Eph. 5.

that being free from the improper mixtures of levity, those principles of decay, which have buried many modern works in oblivion, these remain and return in the courses of our worship, like so many standing services; in the resembling the standing Service of our Liturgy, these being established by usage, as that by authority.

*Sermon at Hereford (Meeting of Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, Sept. 7, 1720).*



**Charles Claudius Phillips, c. 1682-1732**

EPITAPH in the porch of Wolverhampton Priory Church which is as follows:—Near this place lies Charles Claudius Phillips, whose absolute contempt of riches and inimitable performance on the violin made him the admiration of all that knew him. He was born in Wales, made the tour of Europe, and, after the experience of both kinds of fortune, died in 1732.

Exalted soul, thy various sounds could please  
The love-sick virgin and the gouty case,  
Could yarring crowds, like old Amphion move  
To beauteous order and harmonious love.  
Here rest in peace, till angels bid thee rise  
And join thy Saviour's consort in the skies.

<sup>1</sup> Tallia, Bird, &c.

The epitaph above, written by Dr Wilkes, of St John's College, Cambridge, was rendered by Dr Samuel Johnson as follows :—

Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love,  
Rest here distressed by poverty no more,  
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;  
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

*Musical Times*, Dec. 1889.



**Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685**

FIGURED-BASS is the whole foundation of the music, and is played with both hands in such a manner that the left hand plays the notes written down, while the right adds in consonances or dissonances, the result being an agreeable harmony to the glory of God and justifiable gratification of the senses ; for the sole end and aim of general-bass, like that of all music, should be nothing else than God's glory and pleasant recreations. Where this object is not kept in view there can be no true music, but an infernal scraping and bawling.

*Elementary Instruction in Figured-Bass*,  
c. 2. (Spitta.—Bell  
and Maitland).



Alexander Pope, 1688-1744

## ODE ON ST CECILIA'S DAY

## I

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre!  
In a sadly-pleasing strain  
Let the warbling lute complain:  
Let the loud trumpet sound,  
Till the roofs all around  
The shrill echoes rebound:  
While in more lengthened notes and slow,  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow  
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,  
Gently steal upon the ear;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;  
Till, by degrees remote and small,  
The strains decay,  
And melt away,  
In a dying, dying fall.

## II

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;  
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds :  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :  
    Melancholy lifts her head,  
    Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
    Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
    Listening envy drops her snakes ;  
Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
How martial music every bosom warms !  
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,  
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,  
    While Argo saw her kindred trees  
    Descend from Pelion to the main.  
    Transported demi-gods stood round,  
    And men grew heroes at the sound,  
    Inflamed with glory's charms :  
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,  
And half unsheathed the shining blade :  
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,  
To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV

But when through all the infernal bounds,  
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
    Love strong as death, the poet led  
    To the pale nations of the dead,



What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appeared,  
     O'er all the dreary coasts !  
         Dreadful gleams,  
         Dismal screams  
         Fires that glow,  
         Shrieks of woe,  
         Sullen moans,  
         Hollow groans  
 And cries of tortured ghosts !  
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre :  
 And see ! the tortured ghosts respire,  
     See shady forms advance !  
     Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
     Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
     And the pale spectres dance !  
 The furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurled hang listening round their  
     heads.

## V

By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
     O'er the Elysian flowers ;  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In Yellow meads of Asphodel,  
     Or Amaranthine bowers ;  
 By the hero's armed shades,  
 Glittering through the gloomy glades,  
     By the youths that died for love,  
     Wandering in the myrtle grove,  
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life ;  
 Oh take the husband or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented  
To hear the poet's prayer :  
Stern Proserpine relented,  
And gave him back the fair,  
Thus Song could prevail  
O'er death, and o'er hell,  
A conquest how hard and how glorious !  
Though fate had fast bound her  
With Styx nine times round her,  
Yet music and love were victorious.

## VI

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes !  
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.  
How under hanging mountains,  
Beside the fall of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in Mæanders,  
All alone  
Unheard, unknown,  
He makes his moan ;  
And calls her ghost,  
For ever, ever, ever lost !  
How with furies surrounded,  
Despairing, confounded,  
He trembles, he glows,  
Amidst Rhodope's snows ;  
See wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;  
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's  
cries—  
Ah see he dies !

Yet even in death Eurydice he sung  
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,  
     Eurydice the woods,  
     Eurydice the floods,  
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
 And fate's severest rage disarm ;  
 Music can soften pain to ease,  
 And make despair and madness please.  
     Our joys below it can improve,  
     And antedate the bliss above,  
 This the divine Cecilia found,  
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.  
 When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,  
     The immortal powers incline their ear,  
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;  
     And angels lean from heaven to hear.  
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,  
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;  
     His numbers raised a shade from hell,  
     Hers lift the soul to heaven.

(1708).



Montesquieu, 1689-1775

MUSIC is the only one of the arts that does not  
 corrupt the mind.

**Samuel Johnson, 1709-1784**

IN the evening, our gentleman-farmer, and two others entertained themselves and the company with a great number of tunes on the fiddle. Johnson desired to have 'Let ambition fire thy mind' played over again, and appeared to give a patient attention to it: though he owned to me that he was very insensible to the power of music. I told him that it affected me to such a degree as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears; and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle. 'Sir,' said he, 'I should never hear it if it made me such a fool.'

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ch. xxxv.



**C. P. Emanuel Bach, 1714**

ONE of the noblest aims of music consists in advancing religion, and in edifying and elevating the human soul.

END OF VOL I



**Thomas Gray, 1716-1771**

(1759). I am glad to find you are so lapt in music in Cambridge, and that Mingotti is to crown the whole . . . (April 1760). We heard Delaval the other night play upon the water-glasses, and I was astonished. No instrument that I know has so celestial a tone. I thought it was a cherubim in a box . . . (Dec. 8 1761). Of all loves come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales, and we have concerts every other night.

*Letters.*



**Sir John Hawkins, 1719-1789**

IT may perhaps be objected that music is a mere recreation, and an amusement for vacant hours, conducing but little to the benefit of mankind, and therefore to be numbered among those vanities which it is wisdom to condemn. To this it may be answered, that, as a source of intellectual pleasure, music has greatly the advantage of most other recreations; and as to the other branch of the objection, let it be remembered that all our desires, all our pursuits, our occupations, and enjoyments are vain. What are stately palaces, beautiful and extensive gardens, costly furniture, sculptures, and pictures, but vanities? and yet there are few men so vain as that they had rather be without than possess them. Nay, if these be denied us, where are we to seek for amusements,

for relief from the cares, the anxieties and troubles of life, how support ourselves in solitude, or under the pressure of affliction, or how preserve that equanimity, which is necessary to keep us in good humour with ourselves and mankind? As to the abuses of this excellent gift, enough it is presumed is said in the ensuing work by way of caution against them, and even to demonstrate that as there is no science or faculty whatever that more improves the tempers of men, rendering them grave, discreet, mild, and placid, so is there none that affords greater scope for folly, impertinence, and affectation.

*Preface to the General History  
of Music (1776).*



BUT in music there is little beyond itself to which we need, or indeed can, refer to heighten its charms. If we investigate the principles of harmony, we learn that they are general and universal; and of harmony itself, that the proportions in which it consists are to be found in those material forms, which are beheld with the greatest pleasure, the sphere, the cube, and the cone, for instance, and constitute what we call symmetry, beauty, and regularity; but the imagination receives no additional delight; our reason is exercised in the operation, and that faculty alone is thereby gratified. In short, there are few things in nature which music is capable of

imitating, and those are of a kind so uninteresting,<sup>1</sup> that we may venture to pronounce, that as its principles are founded in geometric truth, and seem to result from some general and universal law of nature, so its excellence is intrinsic, absolute and inherent, and, in short, resolvable only into his will, who has ordered all things in number, weight, and measure.

*Preliminary Discourse. (Ibid).*



**William Collins, 1720-1756**

THE PASSIONS

*An Ode for Music*

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid, was young  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possest beyond the Muse's painting ;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined :

<sup>1</sup> But these powers of imitation, admitting them to exist in all the various instances above enumerated, constitute but a very small part of the excellence of music ; wherefore we cannot but applaud that shrewd answer of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, recorded in Plutarch, to one who requested him to hear a man sing that could imitate the nightingale, "I have heard the nightingale herself." The truth is, that imitation belongs more properly to the arts of poetry and painting than to music ; for which reason Mr Harris has not scrupled to pronounce of musical imitation, that at best it is but an imperfect thing. See his 'Discourse on Music, Painting, and Poetry.'



'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatched her instruments of sound,  
 And, as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
 Would prove his own expressive power.  
 First, Fear, his hand its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
 In lightnings own'd his secret strings ;  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—  
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure ?  
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale  
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song  
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her  
 golden hair ;—

And longer had she sung ;—but with a frown  
Revenge impatient rose ;  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
And with a withering look  
The war denouncing trumpet took  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause  
    between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting  
    from his head.  
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd :  
Sad proof of thy distressful state !  
Of differing themes the reeling song was mix'd ;  
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on  
    Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :  
And dashing soft from rocks around  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
    stole,  
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing

Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone  
When Cheerfulness a Nymph of healthiest hues  
Her bow across her shoulder slung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !  
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed  
Queen

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alley green :  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand address :  
But soon he saw the brisk awakening veil  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :  
They would have thought who heard the strain  
They saw, in Temple's vale, her native maids  
Amidst the festal-sounding shades  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing  
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay  
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended Maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !

Why goddess, why to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
As in that loved Athenian bower  
You learn'd an ill commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd !  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native simple heart  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
Arise as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age,  
E'en all at once together found  
Cecilia's mingl'd world of sound :—  
O bid our vain endeavours cease :  
Revive the just designs of Greece :  
Return in all thy simplest state !  
Confirm the tales her sons relate !



Christopher Christian Sturm, c. 1730-1786

OF MUSIC

To Music, we are indebted for one of the purest  
and most refined pleasures that the bounty of  
heaven has permitted to cheer the heart of man.  
Whilst it softly steals upon our ear, it lulls to rest

all the passions that invade our bosom, arrests our roving fancy, or in louder strains excites the soul to rage. Often when wrapt in Melancholy, the sweet voice of Music charms away our cares, and restores our drooping spirits, or awakens in us the sentiments of honour and glory. And surely that which can assuage our griefs, pour balm into our perturbed breast, and make us forget our sorrows, is deserving of some consideration, and should be made use of to glory our beneficent Creator . . .

Let us then be grateful to the God of all love and mercy for the raptures that we enjoy from the impressions of sound pouring music through our souls ; and raise our general song of joy, to celebrate his praises that shall ascend into Heaven, where the blessed angels of light will join in the full chorus of pure and heavenly harmony.

*Reflections, December xxii.*



**William Cowper, 1731-1800**

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;  
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd,  
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave ;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.  
How soft the music of those village bells  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet !

*The Task, Bk., vi.*



Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

'I DON'T think, sir,' said Salomon to Haydn on one occasion, 'you will ever beat these Symphonies.' 'Sir,' was the answer, 'I never mean to try.'

*Richter Concert Programme,*  
29th June 1891.



T. Twining, 1735-1804

ALL entertainments—plays, concerts, operas, oratorios—are too long for me. Music has been, and is, one of the greatest charms of my life, and nothing has fatigued me oftener . . . My utmost exertion after supper is playing upon my piano ; but I soon play myself to sleep, and sometimes find myself playing on, mechanically, my own fancies, when I am everything but fast asleep, and fancy is quite out of the question. I do believe that the soul is all over the body, and some of it in one's fingers' ends.

*A Country Clergyman of the xviii<sup>th</sup>*  
*Cent.*, pp. 214, 234.



Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart,  
1739-1791

AN DIE TONKUNST

GÖTTIN der Tonkunst, auf purpurnen Schwingen,  
Kamst du von Sion zu Menschen herab ;

I

C2

Lehrtest sie flöten, und spielen, und singen  
 Griff in die Harfe, die Jova dir gab.  
 Thiere und Pflanzen  
 Strebten, zu tanzen ;  
 Kummer und Schwermuth mit wolkigem Blick  
 Wichen dir, mächtige Göttin ! zurück.

Jetzt töntest du der Liebe Freuden  
 Ins hohe Harfenspiel.  
 Du sangst von Minneseligkeiten,  
 Und jede Note war Gefühl.  
 Göttin der Tonkunst, auf purpurnen Schwingen,  
 Kamst du von Sion zu Menschen herab !

Jetzt sängst du an zu spielen  
 Den stummgeword'nen Schmerz,  
 Bis süsse Thränen fielen,  
 Und lüfteten das Herz.  
 Göttin der Tonkunst, auf purpurnen Schwingen,  
 Kamst du von Sion zu Menschen herab !

Jetzt rauschten die Saiten  
 Von hüpfenden Freuden ;  
 Es kam in blühendem Kranz  
 Der deutsche wirbelnde Tanz.  
 Göttin der Tonkunst, auf purpurnen Schwingen,  
 Kamst du von Sion zu Menschen herab.

Nun schwang die Göttin sich zum Chor  
 Der Feiernden in Gotteshaus empor,  
 Und griff mit mächt'ger Faust  
 Ins Orgelspiel. Die Töne flogen  
 Brausend empor ; so braust  
 Der Ocean mit seinen Wogen—  
 Und Halleluja donnerte der Chor

In Fugen zum Himmel empor.  
Göttin der tonkunst, auf purpurnen Schwingen,  
Kamst du von Sion zu Menschen herab.



**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749-1832**

EIN edler Philosoph sprach von der Baukunst als  
einer erstarrten Musik.

*Nachgelassene Werke Bd. iv.*



'ICH habe unter meinen Papieren ein Blatt  
gefunden,' sagte Goethe heute, 'wo ich die Bau-  
kunst eine erstarrte Musik nenne. Und wirklich,  
es hat etwas; die Stimmung, die von der Baukunst  
ausgeht, kommt dem effect der Musik nahe.'

*Eckermann's Gespräche mit Goethe,*

Th. ii, 23rd März 1829



**Jean Paul Richter, 1763-1825**

ON DEATH

ONCE in dreams I saw a human being of heavenly  
intellectual faculties, and his aspirations were  
heavenly; but he was chained (methought)  
eternally to the earth. The immortal old man  
had five great wounds in his happiness—five



worms that gnawed for ever at his heart. He was unhappy in the spring-time, because *that* is the season of hope, and rich with phantoms of far happier days than any which this aceldama of earth can realize. He was unhappy at the sound of music, which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud — 'Away, Away ! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find !' He was unhappy at the remembrance of earthly affections and dissevered hearts ; for love is a plant which may bud in this life, but it must flourish in another. He was unhappy under the glorious spectacle of the starry host, and ejaculated for ever in his heart— ' So, then, I am parted from you to all eternity by an impassable abyss ; the great universe of suns is above, below, and around me ; but I am chained to a little ball of dust and ashes.' He was unhappy before the great ideas of Virtue, of Truth, and of God, because he knew how feeble are the approximations to them which a son of earth can make. But this was a dream. God be thanked that in reality there is no such craving and asking eye directed upwards to heaven to which death will not one day bring an answer.

De Quincey : *Analects from Richter*,  
xi, 285.



WE cannot imagine a complete education of man without music. It is the gymnastic of the

affections. In suitable connection with exercise,  
it is necessary to keep body and soul in health.



**Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855**

THE soul of music slumbers in the shell  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell.  
*Human Life.*



**Johann Gottfried Senne, 1763-1810**

Wo man singet, lass dich ruhig nieder,  
Ohre Furcht was man im Lande glaubt.  
Wo man singet wird kein Mensch beraubt,  
Bösewichter haben keine Lieder.  
(Wo man singt, da lass dich ruhig nieder,  
Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder)



**William Wordsworth, 1770-1850**

**POWER OF MUSIC**

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! yes, Faith may grow  
bold,  
And take to herself all the wonders of old—;  
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the  
same  
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its  
name.

His station is there ; and he works on the crowd,  
 He sways them with harmony merry and loud ;  
 He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim,  
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !  
 The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;  
 The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;  
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of  
 the night,  
 So he, where he stands, is a centre of light ;  
 It gleams on the face there of dusky-browed Jack,  
 And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—  
 What matter ! he's caught—and his time runs to  
 waste ;  
 The newaman is stopped, though he stops on the  
 fret ;  
 And the half-breathless lamplighter he's in the net.

The porter sits down on the weight that he bore  
 The lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ;  
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease ;  
 She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ;—he abates not  
 his din ;  
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,  
 From the old and the young, from the poorest ; and  
 there  
 The one-pennied boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand,  
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a  
band ;  
I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while  
If they speak, 'tis to praise, and they praise with a  
smile.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;  
Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.  
Mark that cripple who leans on his crutch ; like a  
tower

That long has leaned forward, leans hour after  
hour !—

That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,  
While she dandles her babe in her arms to the  
sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like a stream ;  
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream :  
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for  
you,

Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !  
*Poems of the Imagination, 1806.*



Where music dwells  
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

*Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*



**Ludwig von Beethoven, 1770**

I TOLD Goethe my sentiments as to the influence praise has over men like us, and that we desire our equals to listen to us with their understanding. Emotion suits women only (forgive me!); music ought to strike fire from the soul of a man.

*Letters*, Aug. 12th 1812 (Lady Wallace's Trans).



I KNOW no more charming enjoyment in the country than quartett music.

*Ibid.*, July 24th, 1813.



**G. W. F. Hegel, 1770-1831**

MUSIC is Architecture translated or transposed from space into time—for in music, besides the deepest feeling, there reigns also a vigorous, mathematical intelligence.



**W. Crotch, 1775-1847**

WITHOUT the aid of poetry, music can awaken the affections by her magic influence, producing at her will, and that instantly, serenity, com-

placency, pleasure, delight, ecstasy, melancholy, woe, pain, terror, and distraction . . . Music can remind us also of the sacred, military, and pastoral styles ; and when poetry would speak of the thunderstorm, the battle, the howl of pain, the warbling of birds, the roar of the winds or the waves, the breath of the zephyr, or the murmuring stream, the solemn curfew or the merry peals of bells, music can, by her imitations, increase almost infinitely the enjoyment of the description.

Music has been called the language of nature ; but it is a very imperfect language ; it is all adjectives, and no substantives. It may represent certain qualities in objects, or raise similar affections in the mind to what those objects raise, but it cannot delineate the objects themselves.



F. W. J. Schelling, 1775-1854

SINCE it [architecture] is music in space, as it were a frozen music (*gefrorene Music*).

*Philosophie der Kunst*, p. 576.



W. S. Landor, 1775-1864

ON MUSIC

MANY love music but for music's sake,  
Many because her touches can awake  
Thoughts that repose within the breast half dead,  
I 2 D

And rise to follow where she loves to lead.  
 What various feelings come from days gone by !  
 What tears from far-off sources dim the eye !  
 Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play  
 And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,  
 Mind how at every touch, at every tone,  
 A spark of life hath glistened and hath gone.

*The last fruit off an old tree, p. 434 (1853)*



#### ASPASIA TO CLEONE

PANENOS is our best painter : he was educated by Pheidias, who excels all the painters in correctness of design. Panenos has travelled in Egypt, in which country, he tells us, the colours are as fresh upon the walls of the temples as when they were painted ; two thousand years ago. Pericles wishes to have a representation of me in the beginning of every Olympiad. Alas ! what an imprudence ! The most youthful lover never committed one greater.

I will not send a stranger to you, Cleone ! I will send the fugitive of Miletus when Epimedeas was giving her the lecture in the bath. Be quiet now ; say nothing ; even the bath itself is quite imaginary. Panenos plays upon the harp. I praised him for the simplicity and melody of the tune, and for his execution. He was but little pleased.

'Lady,' said he to me, 'a painter can be two things ; he can be a painter and statuary, which

is much the easier : make him a third, and you reduce him to nothing.'

'Yet Pericles,' said I, 'plays rather well.'

'*Rather well*, I can believe,' said he, 'because I know that his master was Damon, who was very skilful and very diligent. Damon, like every clever composer I have met with, or indeed ever heard of, was a child in levity and dissipation. His life was half feast, half concert.'

'But Panenos,' said I, 'surely we may be fond of music, and yet stand a little on this side of idiocy.'

'Aspasia,' he replied, 'he who loves not music is a beast of one species; he who over loves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than a lizard's. Record me one memorable saying, one witticism, one just remark, of any great musician, and I consent to undergo the punishment of Marsyas. Some among them are innocent and worthy men; not many, nor the first. Dissipation, and, what is strange, selfishness, and disregard to punctuality in engagements, are common and nearly general in the more distinguished of them.'

'O Music: how it grieves me, that imprudence, intemperance, gluttony, should open their channels into thy sacred stream!'

Panenos said this: let us never believe a word of it. He himself plays admirably, although no composer.

*Pericles and Aspasia, c. viii.*





## Wilhelm Hoffman, 1776-1822

MUSIC remains the universal language of nature; it speaks to us in wonderful and mysterious tones; in vain do we try to retain its effects by signs:—for any artificial connecting of the hieroglyphs results after all only in indicating the idea of that which we have heard.

No art, I believe, affords such strong evidence of the spiritual in man as music, and there is no art that requires so exclusively means that are purely intellectual and ætherial. The intuition of what is Highest and Holiest—of the Intelligent Power which enkindles the spark of life in all Nature—is audibly expressed in musical sound; hence music and song are the utterance of the fullest perfection of existence — praise of the Creator! Agreeably to its real essential nature, therefore, music is religious cultus; and its origin is to be sought for and found, simply and solely, in religion, in the Church.

*Serapionsbrüder* (vol. ii, Introduction to part iv).



## W. Hone, 1779-1842

THERE'S music in the dawning morn,  
There's music in the twilight cloud,  
There's music in the depth of night,  
When the world is still and dim,

And the stars flame out in the pomp of light,  
Like thrones of the cherubim !

*Every Day Book* vol. i,  
p. 1142, v. 9.



Thomas Moore, 1779-1852

ON MUSIC

WHEN thro' life unblest we rove,  
Losing all that made life dear,  
Should some notes we used to love,  
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain !  
Wakening thoughts that long have alept :  
Kindling former smiles again  
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along  
Beds of oriental flowers,  
Is the grateful breath of song,  
That once was heard in happier hours ;  
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
Though the flowers have sunk in death ;  
So when pleasure's dream is gone,  
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell !  
Why should Feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;  
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.  
*Irish Melodies.*



Those evening bells ! those evening bells !  
 How many a tale their music tells  
 Of youth and home, and that sweet time  
 When last I heard their soothing chime !  
*Those Evening Bells.*



Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859

THE FANCY CONCERT

THEY talked of their concerts, and singers, and  
 scores,  
 And pitied the fever that kept me indoors ;  
 And I smiled in my thought, and said, 'O ye  
 sweet fancies,  
 And animal spirits, that still in your dances  
 Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,  
 Now fetch me a concert—in paradise air.'  
 Then a wind, like a storm out of Eden, came  
 pouring  
 Fierce into my room, and made tremble the  
 flooring ;  
 And filled with a sudden impetuous trample  
 Of heaven, its corners ; and swelled it to ample

Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power ;  
Which falling as suddenly, lo the sweet flower  
Of an exquisite fairy-voice opened its blessing ;  
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,  
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,  
Flageolets, one by one, and flutes blowing more  
fast,

And hautboys and clarinets, acrid of reed,  
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed  
As the rich tempest gathered, and busy ringing  
moons

Of tambours, and huge basses, and giant bassoons ;  
And the golden trombone,—that darteth its tongue  
Like a bee of the gods ; nor was absent the gong,  
Like a sudden, fate-bringing, oracular sound,  
Of earth's iron genius, burst up from the ground,  
A terrible slave, come to wait on his masters  
The gods with exultings that clang like disasters,  
And then spoke the organs, the very gods they,  
Like thunders that roll on a wind-blowing day ;  
And taking the rule of the roar in their hands,  
Lo, the Genii of Music came out of all lands ;  
And one of them said, 'Will my lord tell his slave,  
What concert 'twould please his Firesideship to  
have ?'

Then I said in a tone of immense will and pleasure,  
'Let orchestras rise to some exquisite measure ;  
And let there be lights and be odours ; and let  
The lovers of music serenely be set ;  
And then with their singers in lily-white stoles,  
And themselves clad in rose-colour fetch me the  
souls

Of all the composers accounted divinest,  
And with their own hands, let them play me their  
finest.

And lo! was performed my immense will and  
pleasure,  
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure ;  
And lights were about me, and odours, and set  
Were the lovers of music all wondrously met ;  
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,  
And themselves clad in rose-colour, in came the  
souls  
Of all the composers accounted divinest,  
And, with their own hands, did they play me their  
finest.

Oh, truly, was Italy heard then and Germany,  
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of harmony ;  
Pure Paiviello, whose airs are as new  
Though we know them by heart, as May blossoms  
and dew ;  
And Nature's twin son, Pergolesi ; and Bach,  
Old father of Fugues, with his endless fine talk ;  
And Gluck, who saw gods ; and the learned sweet  
feeling  
Of Handel ; and Winter, whose sorrows are heal-  
ing ;  
And gentlest Corelli, whose bowing seems made  
For a hand with a jewel ; and Handel arrayed  
In Olympian thunders, vast lord of the spheres,  
Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears,  
A lover withal, and a conqueror, whose marches  
Bring demi-gods under victorious arches ;

Then Arne, sweet and tricksome ; and masterly  
Purcell

Lay-clerical soul ; and Mozart universal,  
But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,  
With a grove in the distance of holier sound ;  
Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini ;  
Nor love, young or dying, in shape of Bellini ;  
Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor mirth's sweetest  
name

Cimarosa ; much less the great agan-voiced fame  
Of Marcello, that hushed the Venetian sea ;  
And strange was the shout, when it wept, hearing  
thee

Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart-cloven  
My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.

O'er all, like a passion, great Pasta was heard,  
As high as her heart, that truth uttering bird ;  
And Banti was there ; and Grassini, that goddess !  
Dark, deep-toned, large, lovely, with glorious  
bodice ;

And Mara ; and Malibran, stung to the tips  
Of her fingers with pleasure ; and rich Fodor's  
lips ;

And manly in voice as in tone, Augrisani ;  
And Naldi, thy whim ; and thy grace, Tramez-  
zani ;

And was it a voice, or what was it ? Say  
That like a fallen angel beginning to pray,  
Was the soul of all tears and celestial despair ?  
Paganini it was, 'twixt his dark flowing hair.

So now we had instrument, now we had song ;

218      *In Praise of Music*

Now chorus, a thousand-voiced, one-hearted  
throng ;

Now pauses that pampered resumption, and now—  
But who shall describe what was played us, or  
how ?

'Twas wonder, 'twas transport, humility, pride ;  
'Twas the heart of the mistress that sat by one's  
side ;

'Twas the graces invisible moulding the air  
Into all that is shapely, and lovely and fair ;  
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds  
Of endearments and luxuries, turned into sounds,

'Twas argument even, the logic of tones ;  
'Twas memory, 'twas wishes, 'twas laughter, 'twas  
moans ;

'Twas pity and love, in pure impulse obeyed ;  
'Twas the breath of the stuff of which passion is  
made.

And these are the concerts I have at my will ;  
Then dismiss them, and patiently think of your  
'bill.'

*Aside.* Yet Lablache, after all, makes me long to  
go, still. 1845.



A LOVER OF MUSIC TO HIS PIANOFORTE

OH friend, whom glad or grave we seek,  
Heaven holding shrine !  
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,  
And peace is mine.

No fairy casket full of bliss  
Out-values thee :  
Love only, wakened with a kiss,  
More sweet may be.  
To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow  
In grief or joys,  
Unspeakable emotions owe  
A fitting voice :  
Mirth flies to thee, and love's unrest,  
And Memory dear,  
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,  
Comes for a tear.  
Oh since few joys of human mould  
Thus wait us still,  
Twice blessed be thine, thou gentle fold  
Of peace at will.  
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,  
In thee we find ;  
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,  
Thine answer, kind.

*Works, 1844.*



LIGHT quirks of music, broken and uneven  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.  
*A letter to the Bells of a Parish  
Church in Italy.*



C. M. von Weber, 1786-1826

WHAT love is to man, music is to the arts and to



mankind. Music is love itself—it is the purest, most ethereal language of passion, showing in a thousand ways all possible changes of colour and feeling ; and though only true in a single instance, it yet can be understood by thousands of men—who all feel differently.



T. de Quincey, 1786-1859

MUSICK is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of musick in all literature : it is a passage in the *Religio Medici* of Sir T. Browne ; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophick value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with musick, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so : it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind), that the pleasure is constructed : and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another.

*Confessions of an English  
Opium-Eater*, p. 106.



HANGING upon her notes like a bee upon jessamine  
flower.

*Walking Stewart*, listening to Madame  
Mara, vol. viii, p. 1.



Lord Byron, 1788-1824

THE light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face.

*Bride of Abydos*, C. 1, s. 6.



THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

*Childs Harold*, iv, 178.



THERE's music in the sighing of the reed ;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears.

*Don Juan*, xv, 5.



A. Schopenhauer, 1788-1860

IT stands apart from all other arts. In it we do  
not recognise any imitation, reproduction of an  
Idea of the things in the world ; yet it is an art  
so great, and surpassingly glorious, it acts so

mightily upon the innermost being of man, is there understood so completely and profoundly, as an entirely universal language, even more distinct than the language of the perceptible world;—that we assuredly have more to look for in it than an *exercitium arithmetico occultum nascentis se numerare animi*, for which Leibnitz held it,<sup>1</sup> and yet was quite right, inasmuch as he only considered its immediate and outward significance, its husk.

But if it were nothing beyond, the satisfaction it affords would have to be like that which we feel at the correct solution of an arithmetical problem, and could not be that heartfelt joy with which we listen to the speech of our deepest innermost self. From our point of view, when our attention is directed to the æsthetical effect, we must accord a much more earnest and deep significance to music, a significance relating to the essential nature of the world and ourselves, with regard to which the numerical proportions, into which it can be resolved, do not stand as the thing designated, but merely as the symbol.



## SONG

*Sung by Miss Bertles at Vauxhall*

SOFTLY sweet the minutes glide,  
With tuneful Damon at my side.  
His songs delight the list'ning grove,  
For music is the voice of love.

<sup>1</sup> Leibnitz's Epistolæ, coll. Kortholt; ep. 154.

When moonbeams glitter o'er the stream  
How sweet his song when love's the theme ;  
His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,  
For music is the voice of love.

If other maids admire his lays,  
While soft and sweet he sings my praise ;  
The tender tale I must approve  
For music is the voice of love.

*The Cambridge Song-Book for 1788.*



**John Keble, 1792**

IN vain, with dull and tuneless ear,  
I linger by soft Music's cell,  
And in my heart of hearts would hear  
What to her own she deigns to tell.



**Alphonse de Lamartine, 1792-1869**

MUSIC is the literature of the heart ; it commences where speech ends.



**J. C. Hare, 1795-1855, and A. W. J.,  
1792-1834**

AFTER listening to very fine music, it appears one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven

can be so attuned to our perceptions, as to become endurable for their pain.

*Guesses at Truth.*



P. B. Shelley, 1794-1822

MUSIC

I PANT for the music which is divine,  
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;  
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;  
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,  
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,  
More, O more ! I am thirsting yet ;  
It loosens the serpent which care has bound  
Upon my heart, to stifle it ;  
The dissolving strain, through every vein,  
Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,  
Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,  
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,  
And mist there was none its thirst to slake—  
And the violet lay dead while the odour flew  
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

As one who drinks from a charmed cup  
Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,

Whom a mighty Enchantress filling up,  
Invites to love with her kiss divine.

. . . . .



To —

MUSIC when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory—  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.



SILVER key of the fountain of tears,  
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild ;  
Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,  
Is laid asleep in flowers.



WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

ARIEL to Miranda.—Take  
This slave of Music, for the sake  
Of him who is the slave of thee,  
And teach it all the harmony

F 2

In which thou canst, and only thou,  
Make the delighted spirit glow,  
Till joy desires itself again,  
And, too intense, is turned to pain ;  
For by permission and command  
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
Of more than ever can be spoken ;  
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,  
From life to life, must still pursue  
Your happiness ;—for thus alone  
Can Ariel ever find his own.  
From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
As the mighty verses tell,  
To the throne of Naples, he  
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
Flitting on, your form before,  
Like a living meteor.  
When you die, the silent Moon,  
In her interlunar swoon,  
Is not sadder in her cell  
Than deserted Ariel.  
When you live again on earth,  
Like an unseen star of birth,  
Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.  
Many changes have been run,  
Since Ferdinand and you begun  
Your course of love, and Ariel still  
Has tracked your steps, and served your will ;  
Now in humbler, happier lot,  
This is all remembered not,  
And now, alas, the poor sprite is

Imprisoned, for some fault of his,  
In a body like a grave ;—  
From you he only dares to crave,  
For his service and his sorrow,  
A smile to-day a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while in the steep  
The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine ;  
And dreaming some of autumn past  
And some of Spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love, and so this tree,—  
O that such our death may be !—  
Died in sleep and felt no pain,  
To live in happier form again :  
From which beneath Heaven's fairest star  
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,  
And taught it justly to reply,  
To all who question skilfully,  
In language gentle as thine own,  
Whispering in enamoured tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;  
For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains, and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many voiced fountains ;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,



The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
 And airs of evening ; and it knew  
 That seldom heard mysterious sound,  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day,  
 Our word enkindles on its way—  
 All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To thou who cannot question well  
 The spirit that inhabit it ;  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions ; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before,  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day :  
 But sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest holiest tone,  
 For our beloved Jane alone.



John Keats, 1795-1821

MUSIC's golden tongue  
 Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.  
*The Eve of St Agnes, St. 3*



Franz Schubert, 1797-1828

'GRIEF,' says Schubert, 'sharpens the understanding, and strengthens the soul. My musical

works are the offspring of my genius and my misery; and what the public most relish is that which has given me the greatest distress.'



**Auguste Comte, 1798-1857**

A L'ÉGARD des autres beaux-arts, on ne peut plus contester aujourd'hui la haute prééminence de la musique moderne, soit italienne, soit allemande, malgré une moindre influence sociale dans un milieu moins favorable, sur la musique des anciens, essentiellement dénuée d'harmonie, et réduite, comme celle de toutes les sociétés peu avancées, à des mélodies extrêmement simples et uniformes, où la seule mesure constituait le principal moyen d'expression.



QUANT à l'influence esthétique propre au régime monothéique du moyen âge, quoiqu'elle n'ait dû, ainsi que les deux précédentes, se développer surtout que dans la période immédiatement suivante, il est néanmoins impossible d'en méconnaître l'éminente portée, en pensant au progrès capital de la musique et de l'architecture pendant cette mémorable époque. C'est alors, en effet que l'art du chant prend un nouveau caractère fondamental, par l'introduction des notations musicales, et surtout par le développement de l'harmonie, qui s'y trouve, d'ailleurs directement lié; il en est de même, et d'une manière encore

plus sensible, pour la musique instrumentale, qui, en ces temps de prétendue barbarie, acquit une admirable extension, par la création de son organe le plus puissant et le plus complet : il serait certes superflu de signaler expressément, dans ce double perfectionnement, l'évidente participation de l'influence catholique.

*Cours de Philosophie Positive*,  
v, 113, 326-7.



### Cardinal Newman, 1801-1890

LET us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified ; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale ; make them fourteen ; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise ! What Science brings so much out of so little ? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world ! Shall we say that all this is exuberant inventiveness, is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning ? We may do so ; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words ; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many

men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance ; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes ? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself ? It is not so ; it cannot be. No ; they have escaped from some higher sphere ; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound ; they are echoes from our Home ; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes ; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

*Oxford University Sermons*  
(Third Edit., pp. 346-7).



Victor Hugo, 1802-1885

QUE LA MUSIQUE

*Date du seizième siècle*

## I

O VOUS, mes vieux amis, si jeunes autrefois,  
 Qui comme moi des jours avez porté le poids,  
 Qui de plus d'un regret frappez la tombe sourde ;  
 Et qui marchez courbés, car la sagesse est lourde ;  
 Mes amis ! qui de vous, qui de nous n'a souvent,  
 Quand la deuil à l'œil sec, au visage rêvant,  
 Cet ami sérieux qui blesse et qu'on révère,  
 Avait sur notre front posé sa main sévère,  
 Qui de nous n'a cherché la calme dans un chant ?  
 Qui n'a, comme, une sœur qui guérit en touchant,  
 Laisse la mélodie entrer dans sa pensée ?  
 Et, sans heurter des morts la mémoire bercée,  
 N'a retrouvé le rire et les pleurs à la fois  
 Parmi les instruments, les flûtes et les voix ?  
 Qui de nous, quand sur lui quelque douleur  
   s'écoule,  
 Ne s'est glissé, vibrant au souffle de la foule,  
 Dans la théâtre empli de confuses rumeurs ?  
 Comme un soupir parfois se perd dans des clameurs  
 Qui n'a jeté son âme, à ces âmes mêlée,  
 Dans l'orchestre où frissonne une musique ailée,  
 Où la marche guerrière expire en chant d'amour,  
 Ou la basse en pleurant apaise le tambour ?

## II

Écoutez écoutez ! du maître qui palpite  
 Sur tous les violons l'archet se précipite.

L'orchestre tressaillant rit dans son antre noir.  
Tout parle. C'est ainsi qu'on entend sans les voir,  
Le soir, quand la campagne élève un sourd mur-  
mure,

Rire les vendangeurs dans une vigne mûre.  
Comme sur la colonne un frêle chapiteau,  
La flûte épanouie a monté sur l'alto,  
Les gammes, chastes sœurs dans la vapeur cachées,  
Vidant et remplissant leurs amphores penchées,  
Se tiennent par la main et chantent tour à tour,  
Tandis qu'un vent léger fait flotter alentour,  
Comme un voile folâtre autour d'un divin groupe,  
Ces dentelles du son que le fifre découpe.  
Ciel ! voilà le clairon qui sonne. A cette voix,  
Tout s'éveille en sursaut, tout bondit à la fois.  
La caisse aux mille échos, battant ses flancs  
énormes,

Fait hurler le troupeau des instruments difformes,  
Et l'air s'emplit d'accords furieux et sifflants  
Que les serpents de cuivre ont tordus dans leur  
flancs

Vaste tumulte où passe un hautbois qui soupire !  
Soudain du haut en bas le rideau se déchire ;  
Plus sombre et plus vivante à l'œil qu'une forêt,  
Toute la symphonie en un hymne apparaît.  
Puis, comme en un chaos qui reprendrait un monde,  
Tout se perd dans les plis d'une brume profonde  
Chaque forme du chant passe en disant : ' Assez ! '  
Les sons étincelants s'éteignent dispersés.  
Une nuit qui répand ses vapeurs agrandies  
Efface le contour des vagues mélodies,  
Telles que des esquifs dont l'eau couvre les mâts  
Et la strette, jetant sur leur confus amas

Ses tremblantes lueurs largement étalées !  
Retombe dans cette ombre en grappes étoilées !

O concert qui s'envole en flamme à tous les vents !  
Gouffre où le crescendo gouffe ses flots mouvants !  
Comme l'âme s'émeut ! comme les cœurs écoutent !  
Et comme cet archet d'où les notes dégouttent,  
Tantôt dans la lumière et tantôt dans la nuit,  
Remue avec fierté cet orage de bruit !

## III

Puissant Palestrina, vieux maître, vieux génie,  
Je vous salue ici, père de l'harmonie :  
Car, ainsi qu'un grand fleuve où boivent les  
humains,  
Toute cette musique a coulé de vos mains !  
Car Gluck et Beethoven, rameux sous qui l'on  
rêve  
Sont nés de votre souche et faits de votre sève !  
Car Mozart, votre fils, a pris sur vos autels  
Cette nouvelle lyre inconnue aux mortels,  
Plus tremblante que l'herbe au souffle des aurores,  
Née au seizième siècle entre vos doigts sonores !  
Car, maître, c'est à vous que tous nos soupirs vont  
Sitôt qu'une voix chante et qu'une âme répond !

Oh ! ce maître, pareil au créateur qui fonde,  
Comment fit-il jaillir de sa tête profonde  
Cet univers de sons, doux et sombre à la fois  
Écho du Dieu caché dont le monde est la voix ?  
Où ce jeune homme, enfant de la blonde Italie  
Prit-il cette âme immense et jusqu'aux bords  
remplie ?  
Quel souffle, quel travail, quelle intuition,

Fit de lui ce géant, dieu de l'émotion,  
Vers qui se tourne l'œil qui pleure et qui s'essuie  
Sur qui tout un côté du cœur humain s'appuie ?  
D'où lui vient cette voix qu'on écoute à genoux ?  
Et qui donc verse en lui ce qu'il renverse en nous ?

IV

O mystère profond des enfances sublimes !  
Qui fait naître la fleur au penchant des abîmes,  
Et le poète au bord des sombres passions ?  
Quel dieu lui trouble l'œil d'étranges visions ?  
Quel dieu lui montre l'astre au milieu des ténèbres  
Et, comme sous un crêpe aux plis noirs et funèbres  
On voit d'une beauté le sourire enivrant,  
L'idéal à travers le réel transparent ?  
Qui donc prend par la main un enfant dès l'aurore  
Pour lui dire : ' En ton âme il n'est pas jour encore.  
Enfant de l'homme, avant que de son feu vain-  
queur.  
Le midi de la vie ait desséché ton cœur,  
Viens, je vais t'entr'ouvrir des profondeurs sans  
nombre !  
Viens, je vais de clarté remplir tes yeux pleins  
d'ombre !  
Viens ! écoute avec moi ce qu'on explique ailleurs,  
Le bégaiement confus des sphères et des fleurs ;  
Car, enfant, astre au ciel ou rose dans la haie  
Toute chose innocente ainsi que toi bégaias !  
Tu seras le poète, un homme qui voit Dieu.  
Ne crains pas la science, s'pre sentier de feu,  
Route austère, il est vrai, mais des grands cœurs  
choisie,  
Que la religion et que la poésie



Bordent des deux côtés de leur buisson fleuri.  
 Quand tu peux en chemin, ô bel enfant chéri,  
 Cueillir l'épine blanche et les clochettes bleues,  
 Ton petit pas se joue avec les grandes lieues.  
 Ne crains donc pas l'ennui ni la fatigue . . . Viens,  
 Écoute la nature aux vagues entretiens.  
 Entends sous chaque objet soudre la parabole.  
 Sous l'être universel vois l'éternel symbole,  
 Et l'homme et le destin, et l'arbre et le forêt ;  
 Les noirs tombeaux, sillons où germe le regret ;  
 Et, comme à nos doubleurs des branches attachées,  
 Les consolations sur notre front penchées ;  
 Et, pareil à l'esprit du juste radieux,  
 Le soleil, cette gloire épanouie aux cieux !

## V

Dieu ! que Palestrina, dans l'homme et dans les  
 choses,  
 Dut entendre de voix joyeuses et moroses !  
 Comme on sent qu'à cet âge où notre cœur sourit  
 Où lui déjà peu sait, il a dans son esprit  
 Emporté, comme un fleuve à l'onde fugitive,  
 Tout ce que lui jetait la nuée ou la rive !  
 Comme il s'est promené, tout enfant, tout pensif,  
 Dans les champs, et, des l'aube, au fond du bois  
 massif  
 Et près du précipice, épouvante des mères !  
 Tour à tour noyé d'ombre, ébloui de chimères,  
 Comme il ouvrait son âme alors que le printemps  
 Trempe la berge en fleurs dans l'eau des clairs  
 étangs  
 Que le lierre remonte aux branches favorites  
 Que l'herbe aux boutons d'or mêle les marguerites !

A cette heure indécise où le jour va mourir  
 Où tout s'endort, le cœur oubliant de souffrir,  
 Les oiseaux de chanter et les troupeux de paître,  
 Que de fois sous ses yeux un chariot champêtre,  
 Groupe vivant de bruit, de chevaux et de voix  
 A gravi, sur le flanc du coteau, dans les bois  
 Quelque route creusée entre les ocres jaunes ;  
 Tandisque, près d'une eau qui fuyait sous les aunes  
 Il écoutait gémir dans les brumes du soir  
 Une cloche enrôlée au fond d'un vallon noir !  
 Que de fois, épiant la rumeur des chaumières,  
 Le brin d'herbe moquer qui siffle entre deux  
 pierres,  
 Le cri plaintif du soc gémissant et traîné,  
 Le nid qui jase au fond du cloître ruiné  
 D'où l'ombre se répand sur les tombes des moines,  
 Le champ doré par l'aube où causent les avoines  
 Qui pour nous voir passer, ainsi qu'un peuple  
 heureux,  
 Se penchent en tumulte au bord du chemin creux,  
 L'abeille qui gaitement chants et parle à la rose,  
 Parmi tous ces objets dont l'être se compose,  
 Que de fois il rêva, scrutateur ténébreux,  
 Cherchant à s'expliquer ce qu'ils disaient entre  
 eux !

Et, chaque soir, après ses longues promenades,  
 Laissant sous les balcons rire les sérénades,  
 Quand il s'en revenait content, grave et muet,  
 Quelque chose de plus dans son cœur remuait.  
 Mouche, il avait son miel ; arbuste, sa rosée.  
 Il en vint par degrés à ce qu'en sa pensée  
 Tout vécut.—Saint travail que les poètes font !—

Dans sa tête, pareille à l'univers profond,  
 L'air courait, les oiseaux chantaient, la flamme et  
 l'onde  
 Se courbaient, la moisson dorait la terre blonde,  
 Et les toits et les monts et l'ombre qui descend  
 Se mêlaient, et le soir venait, sombre et chassant  
 La brute vers son antre et l'homme vers son gîte ;  
 Et les hautes forêts, qu'un vent du ciel agite,  
 Joyeuses de renaître au départ des hivers,  
 Secouaient follement leurs grands panaches verts !  
 C'est ainsi qu'esprit, forme, ombre, lumière et  
 flamme,  
 L'urne du monde entier s'épancha dans son âme !

## VI

Ni peintre, ni sculpteur ! Il fut musicien,  
 Il vint, nouvel Orphée, après l'Orphée ancien ;  
 Et, comme, l'Océan n'apporte que sa vague,  
 Il n'apporta que l'art du mystère et du vague :  
 La lyre qui tout bas pleure en chantant bien haut,  
 Qui verse à tous un son où chacun trouve un mot ;  
 Le luth où se traduit, plus ineffable encore,  
 Le rêve inexprimé qui s'efface à l'aurore !  
 Car il ne voyait rien par l'angle étincelant ;  
 Car son esprit, du monde immense et fourmillant,  
 Qui pour ses yeux nageait dans l'ombre indéfinie,  
 Éteignait la couleur et tirait l'harmonie !  
 Aussi toujours son hymne, en descendant des cieux,  
 Pénètre dans l'esprit par la côté pieux,  
 Comme un rayon des nuits par un vitrail d'église !  
 En écoutant ses chants que l'âme idéalise  
 Il semble, à ces accords qui, lorsqu'au cœur  
 touchant,

Font sourire le juste et songer le méchant,  
 Qu'on respire un parfum d'encensoirs et de cierges  
 Et l'on croit voir passer un de ces anges-vierges  
 Comme en rêvait Giotto, comme Dante en voyait,  
 Êtres sereins posés sur ce monde inquiet,  
 A la prunelle bleue, à la robe d'opale,  
 Qui tandis qu'au milieu d'un azur déjà pâle  
 La point d'or d'une étoile éclate à l'orient.  
 Dans un beau champ de trèfle errent en souriant !

VII

Heureux ceux qui vivaient dans ce siècle sublime  
 Où, du génie humain dorant encore la cime,  
 Le vieux soleil gothique à l'horizon mourait !  
 Où déjà, dans la nuit emportant son secret,  
 La cathédrale morte en un sol infidèle  
 Ne faisait plus jaillir d'églises autour d'elle !  
 Ere immense obstruée encore à tous degrés  
 Ainsi qu'une Babel aux abords encombrés,  
 De doujous, de beffrois, de flèches élançées,  
 D'édifices construits pour toutes les pensées ;  
 De génie et de pierre énorme entassement  
 Vast amas d'où le jour s'en allait lentement !  
 Siècle mystérieux où la science sombre  
 De l'antique dédale agonisait dans l'ombre,  
 Tandis qu'à l'autre bout de l'horizon confus,  
 Entre Tasse et Luther, ces deux chères touffus,  
 Sereine, et blanchissant de sa lumière pure  
 Ton dôme merveilleux, ô sainte Architecture,  
 Dans ce ciel, qu'Albert Dure admirait à l'écart,  
 La Musique montait, cette lune de l'art !

Mai 1837.

*Las rayons et les ombres (1840).*

Hector Berlioz, 1803-1869

MUSIQUE, art d'émouvoir par des combinaisons de son les hommes intelligents et doués d'organes spéciaux et exercés. Définir ainsi la musique, c'est avouer que nous ne la croyons pas comme on dit, *faite pour tout le monde*. Quelles que soient en effet ses conditions d'existence, quel qu'aient jamais été ses moyens d'action, simples ou composés, doux ou énergiques, il a toujours paru évident à l'observateur impartial qu'un grand nombre d'individus ne pouvant ressentir ni comprendre sa puissance, ceux-là *n'étaient pas faits pour elle*, et que par conséquent *elle n'était point faite pour eux*. La musique est à la fois un sentiment et une science ; elle exige de la part de celui qui la cultive, exécutant ou compositeur, une inspiration naturelle et des connaissances qui ne s'acquièrent que par de longues études et de profondes méditations.

La réunion du savoir et de l'inspiration constitue l'art. En dehors de ces conditions, le musicien ne sera donc qu'un artiste incomplet si tant est qu'il mérite le nom d'artiste. La grande question de la prééminence de l'organisation sans étude sur l'étude sans organisation, qu'Horace n'a pas osé résoudre positivement pour les poètes, nous paraît également difficile à trancher pour les musiciens. On a vu quelques hommes parfaitement étrangers à la science produire d'instinct des air gracieux et même sublimes, témoin Rouget de l'Isle et son immortelle *Marseillaise* ; mais ces rares éclairs d'inspiration

n'illuminant qu'une partie de l'art, pendant que les autres, non moins importantes, demeurent obscures, il s'ensuit, eu égard à la nature complexe de notre musique, que ces hommes en définitive ne peuvent être rangés parmi les musiciens : *ils ne savent pas*. On rencontre plus souvent encore des esprits méthodiques, calmes et froids, qui, après avoir étudié patiemment la théorie, accumulé les observations, exercé longuement leur esprit et tiré tout le parti possible de leurs facultés incomplètes, parviennent à écrire des choses qui répondent en apparence aux idées qu'on se fait vulgairement de la musique, et satisfont l'oreille sans la charmer, et sans rien dire au cœur ni à l'imagination. Or, la satisfaction de l'ouïe est fort loin des sensations délicieuses que peut éprouver cet organe ; les jouissances du cœur et de l'imagination ne sont pas non plus de celles dont on puisse faire aisément bon marché ; et comme elles se trouvent réunies à un plaisir sensuel des plus vifs dans les véritables œuvres musicales de toutes les écoles, ces producteurs impuissants doivent donc encore, selon nous, être rayés du nombre des musiciens : *Ils ne sentent pas*.

Ce que nous appelons *musique* est un art nouveau, en ce sens qu'il ne ressemble que fort peu, très-probablement, à ce que les anciens peuples civilisés désignaient sous ce nom. D'ailleurs, il faut le dire tout de suite, ce mot avait chez eux une acception tellement étendue, que loin de signifier simplement, comme aujourd'hui, l'art des sons, il s'appliquait également à la danse, au geste, à la poésie, à l'éloquence, et même à la collection

de toutes les sciences. En supposant l'étymologie du mot *musique* dans celui de *musse* le vaste sens que lui donnaient les anciens s'explique naturellement ; il exprimait et devait exprimer, en effet, *ce à quoi président les Muses*. De là les erreurs où sont tombés, dans leurs interprétations, beaucoup de commentateurs de l'antiquité. Il y a pourtant dans le langage actuel une expression consacrée, dont le sens est presque aussi général. Nous disons : *l'art*, en parlant de la réunion des travaux de l'intelligence, soit seule, soit aidée par certains organes, et des exercices du corps que l'esprit a poétisés. De sorte que le lecteur qui dans deux mille ans trouvera dans nos livres cette phrase devenue le titre banal de bien des divagations : 'De l'état de l'art en Europe au dix-neuvième siècle' devra l'interpréter ainsi : De l'état de la poésie, de l'éloquence, de la *musique*, de la peinture, de la gravure, de la statuaire, de l'architecture, de l'action dramatique, de la pantomime et de la danse en Europe au dix-neuvième siècle.

On voit qu'à l'exception près des sciences exactes, auxquelles il ne s'applique pas, notre mot *art* correspond fort bien au mot *musique* des anciens.

Ce qu'était chez eux l'art des sons proprement dit, nous ne le savons que fort imparfaitement. Quelques fait isolés, racontés peut-être avec une exagération dont on voit journellement des exemples analoges, les idées, boursofflées ou tout à fait absurdes des certains philosophes, quelquefois aussi la fausse interprétation de leurs écrits, tendraient à lui attribuer une puissance immense, et une influence sur les mœurs telle, que les

législateurs devaient, dans l'intérêt des peuples, en déterminer la marche et en régler l'emploi. Sans tenir compte des causes qui ont pu concourir à l'altération de la vérité à cet égard, et en admettant que la musique des Grecs ait réellement produit sur quelques individus des impressions extraordinaires, qui n'étaient dues ni aux idées exprimées par poésie, ni à l'expression des traits ou de la pantomime du chanteur, mais bien à la musique elle-même et seulement à elle, le fait ne prouverait en aucune façon que cet art eût atteint chez eux un haut degré de perfection. Qui ne connaît la violente action des sons musicaux, combinés de la façon la plus ordinaire, sur les tempéraments nerveux dans certaines circonstances? Après un festin splendide, par exemple, quand excité par les acclamations enivrantes d'une foule d'adorateurs par le souvenir d'un triomphe récent, par l'espérance de victoires nouvelles, par l'aspect des armes, par celui des belles esclaves qui l'entouraient, par les idées de volupté, d'amour, de gloire, de puissance, d'immortalité, secondées de l'action énergique de la bonne chère et du vin, Alexandre, dont l'organisation d'ailleurs était si impressionnable, délirait aux accents de Timothée, on conçoit très-bien qu'il n'ait pas fallu de grands efforts de génie de la part du chanteur pour agir aussi fortement sur cette sensibilité portée à un état presque maladif.

Rousseau, en citant l'exemple plus moderne du roi de Danemark, Erric, que certains chants rendaient furieux au point de tuer ses meilleurs domestiques, fait bien observer, il est vrai, que ces



malheureux devaient être beaucoup moins que leur maître sensibles à la musique ; autrement il eût pu courir la moitié du danger. Mais l'instinct paradoxal du philosophe décèle encore dans cette spirituelle ironie. Eh ! oui, sans doute, les serviteurs du roi danois étaient moins sensibles à la musique que leur souverain.' Qu'y a-t-il là d'étonnant ? Ne serait-il pas fort étrange au contraire qu'il en eût été autrement ? Ne sait-on pas le sens musical se développe par l'exercice ? que certaines affections de l'âme, très-actives chez quelques individus, le sont fort peu chez beaucoup d'autres ? que la sensibilité nerveuse est en quelque sorte le partage des classes élevées de la société, quand les classes inférieures, soit à cause des travaux manuels aux quels elles se livrent, soit pour toute autre raison, en sont à peu près dépourvues ? et n'est-ce pas parce que cette inégalité dans les organisations est incontestable et incontestée, que nous avons si fort restreint, en définissant la musique, le nombre des hommes sur lesquels elle agit.

Cependant Rousseau, tout en ridiculisant ainsi ces récits des merveilles opérées par la musique antique, paraît en d'autres endroits leur accorder assez de croyance pour placer beaucoup au-dessus de l'art moderne cet art ancien que nous connaissons à peine et qu'il ne connaissait pas mieux que nous. Il devait certes, moins que personne, déprécier les effets de la musique actuelle, car l'enthousiasme avec lequel il en parle partout ailleurs prouve qu'ils étaient sur lui d'une intensité des moins ordinaires. Quoi qu'il en soit, et

en jetant seulement nos regards autour de nous, il sera facile de citer, en faveur du pouvoir de notre musique des faits certains, dont la valeur est au moins égale à celle des anecdotes douteuses des anciens historiens. Combien de fois n'avons-nous pas vu à l'audition des chefs-d'œuvre de nos grands maîtres, des auditeurs agités de spasmes terribles, pluer et rire à la fois, et manifester tous les symptômes du délire et de la fièvre ! Un jeune musicien provençal, sous l'empire des sentiments passionnés qu'avait fait maître en lui la *Vestale* de Spontini, ne put supporter l'idée de rentrer dans notre monde prosaïque, au sortir du ciel de poésie qui venait de lui être ouvert ; il prévint par lettres ses amis de son dessein, et après avoir encore entendu le chef-d'œuvre, objet de son admiration extatique, pensant avec raison qu'il avait atteint le maximum de la somme de bonheur réservé à l'homme sur la terre, un soir, à la porte de l'Opéra, il se brûla la cervelle.

La célèbre cantatrice, madame Malibran, entendant pour la première fois, au Conservatoire, la symphonie en *ut mineur* de Beethoven, fut saisie de convulsion telles, qu'il fallut l'emporter hors de la salle. Vingt fois nous avons vu, en pareil cas, des hommes graves obligés de sortir pour soustraire aux regards du public la violence de leurs émotions. Quant à celles que l'auteur de cette étude doit personnellement à la musique, il affirme que rien au monde ne saurait en donner l'idée exacte à qui ne les a point éprouvées. Sans parler des affections morales que cet art a développées en lui, et pour ne citer que les impressions reçues

et le effets éprouvés au moment même de l'exécution des ouvrages qu'il admire, voici ce qu'il peut dire en toute vérité. A l'audition de certains morceaux de musique, mes forces vitales semblent d'abord doublées ; je sens un plaisir délicieux, où le raisonnement n'entre pour rien ; l'habitude de l'analyse vient ensuite d'elle-même faire naître l'admiration : l'émotion croissant en raison directe de l'énergie ou de la grandeur des idées de l'auteur, produit bientôt une agitation étrange dans la circulation du sang ; mes artères battent avec violence ; les larmes qui, d'ordinaire, annoncent la fin du paroxysme, n'en indispent souvent qu'un état progressif, qui doit être de beaucoup dépassé. En ce cas, ce sont des contractions spasmodiques de muscles, un tremblement de tous membres, un *engourdissement total des pieds et des mains*, une paralysie partelle des nerfs de la vision et de l'audition, je n'y vois plus, j'entends à peine ; vertige . . . demi-évanouissement . . . On pense bien que des sensations portées à ce degré de violence sont assez rares, et que d'ailleurs il y a un vigoureux contraste à leur opposer, celui du *mauvais effet musical*, produisant le contraire de l'admiration et du plaisir. Aucune musique n'agit plus fortement en ce sens, que celle dont le défaut principal me paraît être la platitude jointe à la fausseté d'expression. Alors je rougis comme de honte, une véritable indignation s'empare de moi, on pourrait, à me voir, croire que je viens de recevoir un de ces outrages pour lesquels il n'y a pas de pardon ; il se fait, pour chasser l'impression reçue, un soulèvement général, un effort d'escrétion

dans tout l'organisme, analogue aux efforts du vomissement, quand l'estomac veut rejeter une liqueur nauséabonde. C'est le dégoût et la haine portés à leur terme extrême ; cette musique m'exaspère, et je la vomis par tous les pores.

Sans doute l'habitude de déguiser ou de maîtriser mes sentiments, permet rarement à celui-ci de se montrer dans tout son jour ; et s'il m'est arrivé quelquefois, depuis ma première jeunesse, de lui donner carrière, c'est que le temps de la réflexion m'avait manqué, j'avais été pris au dépourvu.

*A travers chants.*



**Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882**

THE sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth or courage. The oratorio has already lost its relation to the morning, to the sun, and the earth, but that persuading voice is in tune with these.

*Essays.*



**Hans Andersen, 1805-1875**

My childhood's heart was to my dreams a sea  
Of music, whereon floated picture-boats.

*The Improvisatore, Bk. I, c. ii.*  
(Trans. Howitt).



248      **In Praise of Music**

My soul went with thee trembling, and unshriven,  
On that proud track where only Dante stays ;  
In music, through the depths and up to heaven,  
Thy song has led me and thy seraph gaze !  
What Dante's power from strong words hath  
    wrung,  
Deep in my soul hast thou in music sung !  
   *Ibid.*, Bk. I, c. xi.



THE sound of music is stronger than that of gold.  
   *Ibid.*, Bk. I, c. xiv.



**H. W. Longfellow, 1807-1882**

**THE ARROW AND THE SONG**

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth I knew not where ;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song.

Long, long afterward in an oak  
I found the arrow still unbroke ;  
And the song from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

*Songs.*



Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809-1861

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

I

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

II

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river:  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river)!  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,

Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

## V

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
'The only way since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'  
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

## VI

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !  
Piercing sweet by the river !  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

## VII

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man :  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

*Last Poems.*



**Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892**

FOR an ye heard a music, like enow  
They are building still, seeing the city is built,

•

To music, therefore never built at all,  
And therefore built for ever.

*Garth and Lynette.*



THERE is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass—  
Or night-dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the  
blissful skies.

*The Lotos-eaters.*



**O. W. Holmes, 1809-1894**

A FEW can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them ;  
Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them !

*The Voiceless.*



**W. E. Gladstone, 1809**

THEY who think music ranks amongst the trifles  
of existence are in gross error because from the  
beginning of the world down to the present time  
it has been one of the most forcible instruments



of training both for arousing, and for governing the mind of man. There was a time when letters and civilisation had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown. On the contrary, it was so far from being a mere servant and handmaid of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that of music, so that there was no poet who was not a musician; there was no verse spoken in the early ages of the world but that music was adapted as its vehicle, showing thereby the universal consciousness that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart and affections of man.



**R. Schumann, 1810-1856**

THE study of the history of music, seconded by hearing the actual performance of the masterpieces of different epochs, will prove the most rapid and effectual cure for conceit and vanity.



**A de Musset, 1810-1857**

FILLE de la douleur, Harmonie ! Harmonie !  
Langue que pour l'amour inventa le génie,  
Qui nous vins d' Italie, et qui lui vins des cieux.

*Lucie.*



W. M. Thackeray, 1811-1863

WE view the world with our own eyes each of us,  
and we make from within us the world which we  
see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sun-  
shine ; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship ;  
a man with no ear does not care about music.



R. Browning, 1812-1889

(CHARLES AVISON.)

'I STATE it thus :

There is no truer truth obtainable  
By man than comes of music. 'Soul— accept  
A word that vaguely names what no adept  
In word-use fits and fixes so that still  
Thing shall not slip word's fetter and remain  
Innominate as first, yet, free again  
Is no less recognised the absolute  
Fact underlying that same other fact  
Concerning which no cavil can dispute  
Our nomenclature when we call it 'Mind'—  
Something not Matter— 'Soul,' who seeks shall  
find

Distinct beneath that something.

*Parleyings with certain people* (1887.)



Richard Wagner, 1813-1883

OUR consciousness, which only in gazing at a  
semblance is enabled to grasp the Idea manifested

by it, might at length feel impelled to exclaim with Faust : 'What a show ! But alas ! a show only ! Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature ?'

*Music* gives the very surest answer to such a question. Here the external world speaks to us with such incomparable distinctness, since, by the effect of sound upon the ear, it expresses the very essence of our relations towards it. The *object* of the tone heard coincides immediately with the *subject* of the tone emitted ; without any mediation of rational conceptions we comprehend the cry for help, or of plaint or of joy, and we answer it at once in a corresponding sense.

*Beethoven* Eng. Trans. p. 17.



THE transition from the endless agitation of desire to a mood of joyous satisfaction, can necessarily take place no otherwise than by the ascension of desire into an *object*. But, in keeping with the character of infinite yearning, this 'object' can be none other than such an one as shows itself with finite, physical and ethical exactitude. Absolute Music, however, finds well-marked bounds dividing her from such an object ; without indulging in the most arbitrary of assumptions, she can now and never, of her own unaided powers, bring the physical and ethical Man to distinct and plainly recognisable presentment. Even in her most infinite enhancement, she still is but *emotion* ; she enters *in the train* of the ethical deed, but not as that *Deed itself* ; she can set moods and feelings

side by side, but not evolve one mood from out another by any dictate of her own Necessity ;—she lacks the *Moral Will*.

*The Artwork of the Future.*

Eng. Trans. p. 122-3.



**A. W. Ambros, 1816-1876**

MUSIC is the best painter of the soul's state and feeling—and the worst of realistic objects.



**Sir A. Helps, 1817-1875**

MUSIC is a theatre in which every phase of human life can be best portrayed. Its very discords, as in real life, can be so beautifully introduced as to raise the hearer into some new and higher sphere of harmony hitherto unknown or unappreciated by him.



**Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875**

YOU have just been singing Christmas hymns ; and my text speaks of the first Christmas hymn. Now what the words of that hymn meant ; what peace on earth and good-will towards man meant, I have often told you. To-day I want you for once, to think of this—that it was a hymn ; that these angels were singing even as human beings sing.

Music—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough : but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do : it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits, to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up ; it puts noble feelings in us ; it melts us to tears, we know not how :—it is a language by itself, just as perfect, in its way, as speech, as words ; just as divine, just as blessed.

Music has been called the speech of angels ; I will go further, and call it the speech of God Himself :—and I will with God's help, show you a little what I mean this Christmas day.

Music I say without words, is wonderful and blessed ; one of God's best gifts to men. But in singing you have both the wonders together, music and words. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings ; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing right which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing) is singing.

Now why do we all enjoy music ? Because it sounds sweet. But why does it sound sweet ?

That is a mystery known only to God.

Two things I may make you understand—two things which help to make music—melody and harmony. Now, as most of you know, there is melody in music when the different sounds of the same tune follow each other, so as to give us pleasure ; there is harmony in music when different

sounds, instead of following each other, come at the same time so as to give pleasure.

But why do they please us ; and what is more, why do they please angels ? and more still, why do they please God ? Why is there music in heaven ? Consider St John's visions in the Revelations.

Why did St John hear therein harpers with their harps, and the mystic beasts and the elders, singing a new song to God and to the Lamb ; and the voices of many angels round about them, whose number was ten thousand times ten thousand ?

In this is a great mystery. I will try to explain what little of it I seem to see.

First — there is music in heaven, because in music there is no self-will. Music goes by certain laws and rules. Man did not make those laws of music ; he has only found them out : and if he be self-willed and break them, there is an end of his music instantly ; all he brings out is discordant and ugly sounds.

The greatest musician in the world is as much bound by those laws as the learner in the school ; and the greatest musician is the one who, instead of fancying that, because he is clever, he may throw aside the laws of music, knows the laws of music best, and observes them most reverently. And therefore it was that the old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathens, made a point of teaching their children *music* ; because, they said, it taught them not to be self-willed or fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of law.

I

2 K

And therefore music is fit for heaven ; therefore music is a pattern and type of heaven, and of the everlasting life of God, which perfect spirits live in heaven ; a life of melody and order in themselves ; a life of harmony with each other and with God. Music, I say, is a pattern of the everlasting life of heaven ; because in heaven, as in music, is perfect freedom and perfect pleasure ; and yet that freedom comes not from throwing away law, but from obeying God's law perfectly ; and that pleasure comes, not from self-will and doing each what he likes, but from perfectly doing the will of the Father, who is in heaven.

And that in itself would be sweet music, even if there were neither voice nor sound in heaven. For wherever there is order and obedience, there is sweet music for the ears of Christ. Whatsoever does its duty, according to its kind which Christ has given it, makes melody in the ears of Christ. Whatsoever is useful to the things around it, makes harmony in the ears of Christ. Therefore those wise old Greeks used to talk of the music of the spheres. They said that sun, moon, and stars, going round each in its appointed path, made as they rolled along across the heavens everlasting music before the throne of God. And so, too, the old Psalms say. Do you not recollect that noble verse which speaks of the stars of heaven, and says :

What though no human voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
To reason's ear they all rejoice,

And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

And therefore it is, that that noble song of the three children calls upon sun and moon, and stars of heaven to bless the Lord, praise him, and magnify him for ever, and not only upon them, but on the smallest things on earth, on mountains and hills, green herbs and springs, cattle and feathered fowl. They too, he says, can bless the Lord and magnify him for ever. And how? By fulfilling the law which God has given them, and by living each after their kind, according to the wisdom wherewith Christ the Word of God created them, when he beheld all that he had made, and behold, it was very good.

And so can we, my friends, so can we. Some of us may not be able to make music with our voices, but we can make it with our hearts, and join in the angels' song this day, if not with our lips, yet in our lives.

If thou fulfillest the law which God has given thee, the law of love and liberty, then thou makest music before God, and thy life is a hymn of praise to God.

If thou art in love and charity with thy neighbours, thou art making sweeter harmony in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music.

If thou art living a righteous and a useful life, doing thy duty orderly and cheerfully where God has put thee, then thou art making sweeter



melody in the ears of the Lord Jesus Christ, than if thou hadst the throat of a nightingale, for then thou in thy humble place art humbly copying the everlasting harmony and melody which is in heaven, the everlasting harmony and melody by which God made the world and all that therein is, and behold it was very good, in the day when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy over the new-created earth, which God had made to be a pattern of his own perfection.

For this is that mystery of which I spoke just now, when I said that music was, as it were, the voice of God himself. Yes, I say it with all reverence, but I do say it. There is music in God. Not the music of voice or sound, and music which no ears can hear, but only the spirit of a man, when awakened by the Holy Spirit, and taught to know God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

There is one everlasting melody in heaven, which Christ, the Word of God, makes for ever, when he does all things perfectly and wisely, and righteously and gloriously, full of grace and truth, and from that all melody comes, and is a dim pattern thereof here, and is beautiful only because it is a dim pattern thereof.

And there is an everlasting melody in God, which is the harmony between God and the Father and the Son, who, though he be co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, does nothing of himself, but only what he seeth his Father do, saying for ever, 'Not my will, but thine be done,'

and hears his Father answer for ever, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.'

Therefore all melody and all harmony upon earth, whether in the song of birds, the whisper of the wind, the concourse of voices, or the sounds of those cunning instruments which man has learnt to create, because he is made in the image of Christ, the Word of God, who creates all things, all music upon earth, I say, is beautiful, in as far as it is a pattern and type of the everlasting music which is in heaven, which was before all worlds, and shall be after them, for by its rules all worlds were made, and will be made for ever, even the everlasting melody of the wise and loving will of God, and the everlasting harmony of the Father toward the Son, and of the Son toward the Father, in one Holy Spirit who proceeds from them both, to give melody and harmony, order and beauty, life and light to all which God has made.

Therefore music is a sacred, a divine, a God-like thing, and was given to man by Christ to lift our hearts up to God, and make us feel something of the glory and beauty of God and of all which God has made.

Therefore, too, music is most fit for Christmas day, of all days in the year. Christmas has always been a day of songs, of carols and of hymns; and so let it be for ever. If we had no music all the rest of the year in church or out of church, let us have it at least on Christmas day.

For on Christmas day most of all days (if I may talk of eternal things according to the laws

of time) was manifested on earth the everlasting music which is in heaven.

On Christmas day was fulfilled in time and space the everlasting harmony of God, when the Father sent the Son into the world, that the world through him might be saved; and the Son refused not, neither shrank back, though he knew that sorrow, shame and death awaited him, but answered, 'A body hast thou prepared me . . . I come to do thy will, oh God!' and so emptied himself, and took on himself the form of a slave, and was found in fashion as a man, that he might fulfil not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent Him.

On this day began that perfect melody of the Son's life on earth; one song and poem, as it were of wise words, good deeds, spotless purity, and untiring love, which he perfected when he died, and rose again, and ascended on high for ever, to make intercession for us with music sweeter than the song of angels and archangels, and all the heavenly host.

Go home, then, remembering how divine and holy a thing music is, and rejoice before the Lord this day with psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs (by which last I think the apostle means not merely church music—for that he calls psalms and hymns—but songs which have a good and wholesome spirit in them); and remembering, too, that music, like marriage, and all other beautiful things which God has given to man, is not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly; but, even when it is most cheerful and

joyful (as marriage is), reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God.

*Good News of God.*



I HAVE been making a fool of myself for the last ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feelings—exultation and action, with the remembrance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts—thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them and cry, 'Hast thou not felt all this?' And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, 'Yes, yes, I know it all!' Surely we are a part of all we see and hear! And then the harmony thickens, and all distinct sound is pressed together and absorbed in a confused paroxysm of delight, where still the female treble and the male base are distinct for a moment, and then one again—absorbed into each other's being—sweetened and strengthened by each other's melody. . . . Why should I not cry? Those men have unconsciously told me my own tale! Why should I not love them and pray for them? Are they not my benefactors? Have they not given me more than food and drink? Let us never despise the wandering minstrel!

He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony—a preacher of the world-music—the power of sweet sounds, which is a link between every age and race—the language which all can understand, though few can speak. And who knows what tender thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eat in pot-houses, and sleep in barns. Ay, thoughts too deep for words are in those simple notes—why should we not feel them?

*Life*, i. 76, 77 (8th edit.).



He urged the students also to cultivate the æsthetic faculty—a taste for music and the fine arts; to learn to appreciate grace and manners, and beauty of form, as studied by the Greeks, who produced the sculptors, painters, and musicians of old. He paid a special tribute to music. He trusted that music would reach the dignity of a Science in this University. Not one student in one hundred might continue to give attention to music in after life, and yet the beneficial influence of the study would still be manifest. Music was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character.

*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 324-5 (Speech to Berkeley University, 1874).



**John Ruskin, 1819**

YOUR separate possessions of pictures and prints are to you as if you sang pieces of music with

your single voices in your own houses. But your architecture would be as if you all sang together in one mighty choir. In the separate picture, it is rare that there exists any very high source of sublime emotion ; but the great concerted music of the streets of the city, when turret rises over turret, and casement frowns beyond casement, and tower succeeds to tower along the farthest ridges of the inhabited hills,—this is a sublimity of which you can at present form no conception ; and capable, I believe, of exciting almost the deepest emotion that art can ever strike from the bosoms of men.

*Lectures on Architecture  
and Painting.*



THE law of nobleness in music and poetry is essentially one. Both are the necessary and natural expression of pure and virtuous human joy or sorrow, by the lips and fingers of persons trained in right schools to manage their bodies and souls. Every child should be taught from its youth to govern its voice discreetly and dexterously, as it does its hands ; and not to be able to sing should be more disgraceful than not being able to read or write. For it is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books or ink, but not without wishing to sing when we are happy, nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others.

*Rock Honeycomb.*



I

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WITH much more clearness and historic comfort we may approach the shrine of St Cecilia; and even on the most prosaic and realistic minds—such as my own—a visit to her house in Rome has a comforting and establishing effect, which reminds one of the carter in 'Harry and Lucy,' who is convinced of the truth of a plautal catastrophe at first incredible to him, as soon as he hears the name of the hill on which it happened. The ruling conception of her is deepened gradually by the enlarged study of Religious music; and is at its best and highest in the thirteenth century, when she rather resists than complies with the already tempting and distracting powers of sound; and we are told that '*Cantantibus organis, Cecilia virgo in corde suo soli Domino decantabat, dicens, "Fiat, Domine, cor meum et corpus meum immaculatum, ut non confundar."*'

('While the instruments played, Cecilia the virgin sang in her heart only to the Lord, saying, "O Lord, be my heart and body made stainless, that I be not confounded."')

This sentence occurs in my great Service-book of the convent of Beau-pré written in 1290, and it is illustrated with a miniature of Cecilia sitting silent at a banquet, where all manner of musicians are playing. I need not point out to you how the law, not of sacred music only, so called, but of *all* music, is determined by this sentence; which means in effect that unless music exalt and purify, it is not under St Cecilia's ordinance, and it is not, virtually, music at all.

Her confessed power at last expires amidst a

hubbub of odes and sonatas; and I suppose her presence at a Morning Popular is as little anticipated as desired. Unconfessed, she is of all the mythic saints for ever the greatest; and the child in its nurse's arms, and every tender and gentle spirit which resolves to purify in itself—as the eye for seeing, so the ear for hearing,—may still, whether behind the Temple veil, or at the fireside, and by the wayside, hear Cecilia sing.

*Pleasures of England, IV.*



NOR indeed by degree to degree, yet in essential relation (as of winds to waves, the one being always the true cause of the other, though they are not necessarily of equal force at the same time), we shall find vice in its varieties, with art-failure,—and virtue in its varieties, with art-success,—fall and rise together. The peasant girl's song at her spinning wheel, the peasant labourer's 'to the oaks and rills'—domestic music, feebly yet sensitively skilful—music for the multitude, of beneficent or of traitorous power—dance melodies pure and orderly, or foul and frantic—march music, blatant in mere fever of animal pugnacity, or majestic with force of national duty and memory—song music, reckless, sensual, sickly, slovenly, forgetful even of the foolish words it effaces with foolish noise, or thoughtful, sacred, healthful, artful, for ever sanctifying noble thought with separately distinguished loveliness of belonging sound—all these families and gradations of good or evil, however mingled, follow, in so far



as they are good, one constant law of virtue (or 'life-strength,' which is the literal meaning of the word, and its intended one in wise men's mouths), and in so far as they are evil, are evil by outlawry and unvirtue, or death-weakness. Then, passing wholly beyond the domain of death, we may still imagine the ascendant nobleness of the art, through all the concordant life of incorrupt creatures, and a continually deeper harmony of 'puissant words and murmurs made to bless,' until we reach

'The undisturbed song of pure concert,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne.'

*Queen of the Air.*



Walter Whitman, 1819-1892

TO A CERTAIN CANTATRICE

HERE, take this gift.  
I was reserving it for some hero, speaker, or  
    general,  
One who should serve the good old cause, the  
    great idea, the progress and freedom of the  
    race,  
Some brave confronter of despots, some daring  
    rebel ;  
But I see that what I was reserving belongs to  
    you just as much as to any.



ITALIAN MUSIC IN DAKOTA

"*The Seventieth—the finest Regimental Band I ever heard.*"

THOUGH the soft evening air enwinding all,  
Rocks, woods, fort, cannon, pacing sentries, endless wilds  
In dulcet streams, in flutes' and cornets' notes,  
Electric, pensive, turbulent, artificial,  
(Yet strangely fitting even here, meanings unknown before,  
Subtler than ever, more harmony, as if born here, related here,  
Not to the city's frescoed rooms, not to the audience of the opera house,  
Sounds, echoes, wandering strains, as really here at home,  
*Somnambula's* innocent love, trios with *Norma's* anguish,  
And thy ecstatic chorus *Polinto*;)   
Ray'd in the limpid yellow slanting sundown,  
Music, Italian music in Dakota.

While nature, sovereign of this gnarl'd realm,  
Lurking in hidden barbaric grim recesses,  
Acknowledging rapport however far remov'd,  
(As some old root or soil of earth its last-born flower or fruit,)  
Listens well pleas'd.



**THAT MUSIC ALWAYS AROUND ME**

THAT music always round me, unceasing, unbeginning,  
 yet long untaught I did not hear,  
 But now the chorus I hear and am elated,  
 A tenor, strong, ascending with power and health,  
 with glad notes of daybreak I hear,  
 A soprano at intervals sailing buoyantly over the  
 tops of immense waves,  
 A transparent base shuddering lusciously under  
 and through the universe,  
 The triumphant tutti, the funeral wailings with  
 sweet flutes and violins, all these I fill myself  
 with,  
 I hear not the volumes of sound merely,  
 I am moved by the exquisite meanings,  
 I listen to the different voices winding in and out,  
 striving, contending with fiery vehemence to  
 excel each other in emotion ;  
 I do not think the performers know themselves—  
 but now I think I begin to know them.

**THE SOBBINGS OF THE BELLS***Sept. 19-20, 1881*

THE sobbing of the bells, the sudden death news  
 everywhere,  
 The slumberers rouse, the rapport of the People,  
 (Full well they know the message in the darkness,  
 Full well return, respond within their breasts,  
 their brains, the sad reverberations,)

The passionate toll and clang—city to city, joining,  
sounding, passing,  
Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night.

*Leaves of Grass.*



W. C. Roscoe, 1823-1859

LIKE a musician that with flying finger  
Startles the voice of some new instrument,  
And though he know that in one string are blent  
All its extremes of sound, yet still doth linger  
Among the lighter threads, fearing to start  
The deep soul of that one melodious wire,  
Lest it, unanswering, dash his high desire,  
And spoil the hopes of his expectant heart ;—  
Thus, with my mistress oft conversing, I  
Stir every lighter theme with careless voice,  
Gathering sweet music and celestial joys  
From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly ;  
Yet o'er the one deep master-chord I hover,  
And dare not stoop, fearing to tell—I love her.



MUSIC

WHEN I am weary of the blows  
Of Fate, and my dejected mind  
Sees phantom forms of future woes  
Still rising up behind,

Then a white hand like thine, my dear,  
Flung o'er the enchanted keys,

Up and down, in joy or fear,  
Is the only art to please.

Then as I lie, the winged airs,  
In ranged procession holy,  
Shall mount of spirit and train the stairs,  
And cast out melancholy,

Disperse the cloudy fumes of care,  
And shed, from swinging hands,  
Calm, and the quiet hopefulness  
Of the eternal lands.

*Poems and Essays (1860).*



**Coventry Patmore, 1823-1896**

(THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE)

'Twas half my home, six years ago.  
The six years had not alter'd it :  
Red brick and ashlar, long and low,  
With dormers and with oriels lit.  
Geranium, lychnis, rose array'd  
The windows, all wide open thrown ;  
And some one in the Study play'd  
The Wedding March of Mendelssohn.

*The Angel in the House.*



**Victor Joseph Scheffel, 1823**

FRAU Musica, o habet Dank  
Und seid mir hoch gepriesen,

Dass ihr in Sang und Spielmannskunst  
Mich löblich unterwiesen.

Die Sprache ist ein edel Ding,  
Doch hat sie ihre Schranken ;  
Ich glaub', noch immer fehlt's am Wort  
Für die feinsten und tiefsten Gedanken.

Schad't nichts, wenn auch ob dem und dem  
Die Reden all' verstummen,  
Es hebt sich dann im Herzensgrund  
Ein wunderbares Summen.

Es summt und brummt es tönt und weht—  
Schier wird's dem Herz zu enge.  
Bis dass vollendet draus entschwebt  
Der Geisterschwarm der Klänge.

Und vor der Liebsten ständ' ich oft  
Als wie der dummste Geselle,  
Hätt' ich nicht gleich ein frisches Lied  
Und die Trompet' zur Stelle.

Drum habet Dank, Frau Musica,  
Und seid mir hoch gepriesen,  
Dass ihr in Sang und Spielmannskunst  
Mich löblich unterwiesen.



**Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882**

**SONG AND MUSIC**

O LEAVE your hand where it lies cool  
Upon the eyes whose lids are hot :

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Its rosy shade is bountiful  
 Of silence, and assuages thought.  
 O lay your lips against your hand  
 And let me feel your breath through it,  
 While through the sense your song shall fit  
 The soul to understand.

The music lives upon my brain  
 Between your hands, within mine eyes ;  
 It stirs your lifted throat like pain,  
 An aching pulse of melodies.  
 Lean nearer, let the music pause :  
 The soul may better understand  
 Your music, shadowed in your hand,  
 Now while the song withdraws.

*Ballads and Sonnets.*



**William Allingham, 1828-1889**

THROUGH Music-land—where hope and memory  
 kiss,  
 And singing fly beyond the bourne of earth,  
 And the whole spirit full of aching bliss  
 Would follow as the parting shrouds reveal  
 Glimpses ineffable, but soon conceal—

from the profound  
 Arose a music deep as love or life,  
 That spread into a placid lake of sound,  
 And took the infinite into its breast,  
 With Earth and Heaven in one embrace at rest.

*The Music Master (1850).*

Walter Pater, 1839-1894

*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.* For while in all other works of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, its given incidents or situation ; that the mere matter of a picture—the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing without the form, the spirit of the handling ; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter :—this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees. . .

It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression ; they inhere in and completely saturate each other ; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type, or measure of perfected art. Therefore although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the 'imaginative reason,' yet the arts may be represented as con-



tinually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realises ; and one of the chief functions of æsthetic criticism, dealing with the products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches, in this sense, to musical law. . . .

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring ; and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the *Concert* of the *Pitti* Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence ; and in sketch or finished picture, in various collections ; we may follow it through many intricate variations—men fainting at music, music heard at the pool-side while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks ; the tuning of instruments—people with intent faces, as if listening, like those described by Plato in an ingenious passage, to detect the smallest interval of musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, or feeling for music in thought on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely in the appetite for sweet sound—a momentary touch of an instru-

ment in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

In such favourite incidents, then, of Giorgione's school, music or music-like intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of what may seem our least important part of time ; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times, the stress of our servile, everyday-attentiveness being relaxed, the happier power in things without us are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to the play which is like music ; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children 'dressing-up,' disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, parti-coloured, or fantastic with embroidery and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

And when people are happy in this thirsty land, water will not be far off ; and in the school of Giorgione, the presence of water—the well, or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hand in the *Fête Champêtre*, listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with

the music of the pipes—is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself.

*The Renaissance*, 2nd edit.,  
(pp. 140-159).



I SAID . . . that prose literature was the characteristic art of the nineteenth century, as others, thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have assigned that place to music. Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art; the art of literature presenting to the imagination, through the intelligence, a range of interests, as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said, is to bring literature too, under those conditions, by conformity to which music takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then, literature, by finding its specific excellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

*Appreciations*, p. 35 (1889).



### Johannes Hesserer

HERE rests Johannes Hesserer.  
He was a bad Tenor ;

But up there in Heaven he laughs at us,  
Because he can now sing so perfectly.  
*Epitaph in the Churchyard at Obersteiermark.*  
(Ludwig von Hörmann's *Grabschriften* :  
Munich, 1891).



## **PRESENT DAY**

**H. W. Beecher**

MUSIC cleanses the understanding, inspires it, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself.

*Sermons* (Plymouth Pulpit) Ser. ii. The right and wrong way of giving pleasure.



**Alfred Gurney**

THE Gospel is music, it opens with a burst of music—heaven's music brought down to earth—the *Magnificat* to begin with, and then the Angels' Carol and the Gospel Songs. St Chrysostom dwells upon the one record of our Lord singing a hymn after the first Eucharist as an example to us, and so intended by Him. It is an example which the Church has been prompt to follow ; for the Church is the house of joy, and music its universal expression. How she has seized upon the Psalter and played upon it ; enshrined it in her offices ;

interpreted and embellished it, and made it to yield its manifold and marvellous music as a perpetual oblation whereby she ever presents to God the homage of her gladness! . . . St Bernard insists that we must pray in order to sing; and it follows in the music of devotion sound must be allowed to supersede sense. It is surely not presumptuous to entertain the hope that 'in the Regeneration' we shall not only 'have the harps of God,' but *be* His harps, and unite our voices with those who sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb: 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? For Thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before Thee; for Thy judgments are made manifest.' (*Apoc.* xv 3, 4).

*The Story of a Friendship*, pp. 73-4.



**Andrew Lang**

**THE SPINET**

MY heart's an old Spinet with strings  
 To laughter chiefly tuned, but some  
 That Fate has practised hard on, dumb,  
 They answer not whoever sings.  
 The ghosts of half-forgotten things  
 Will touch the keys with fingers numb,

The little mocking spirits come  
And thrill it with their fairy wings.

A jingling harmony it makes  
My heart, my lyre, my old Spinet,  
And now a memory it wakes,  
And now the music means 'forget,'  
And little heed the player takes  
Howe'er the thoughtful critic fret.  
*Rhymes à la mode (1885).*



Vernon Lee

IT is for ever striving to tell us something, for ever imploring us to listen and to understand ; we listen, we strain, we try to take in its vague meaning ; it is telling us sweet and mighty secrets, letting drop precious talismanic words ; we guess, but do not understand. And shall we never understand ? May we never know wherefore the joy, wherefore the sadness ? Can we not subtilise our minds, go forth with our heart and fancy as interpreters, and distinguish in the wreathing melodies and entangled chords some words of superhuman emotion, even as the men of other ages distinguished in the sighing oak, woods, and the rustling reeds the words of the great gods of Nature.



## George Meredith

'YOU build a cathedral of sound in the organ,' said Dr Shrapnel, casting out a league of leg as he sat beside his only half-persuaded fretful guest. 'You subject the winds to serve you; that's a gain. You do actually accomplish a resonant imitation of the various instruments; they sing out as your two hands command them—trumpet, flute, dulcimer, hautboy, drum, storm, earthquake, ethereal quire; you have them at your option. But tell me of an organ in the open air? The sublimity would vanish, ma'am, both from the notes and from the structure, because accessories and circumstances produce its chief effects. Say that an organ is a despotism, just as your piano is the Constitutional bourgeois. Match them with the trained orchestral band of skilled individual performers, indoors or out, where each grasps his instrument, and each relies on his fellows with confidence, and an unrivalled concord comes of it. That is our republic: each one to his work; all in union! There's the motto for us! *Then* you have music, harmony, the highest, fullest, finest! Educate your men to form a band, you shame dexterous trickery and imitation sounds. *Then* for the difference of real instruments from clever shams! Oh, ay, *one* will set your organ going; that is, one in front, with his couple of panting air-pumpers, behind—his ministers! . . . *One* will do it for you, especially if he's born to do it.

Born ! . . . But free mouths blowing into brass and wood, ma'am, beat your bellows and your whiffiers ; your artificial choruses—crash, crash ! your unanimous plebiscitums ! Beat them ? There's no contest : we're in another world ; we're in the sun's world, ma'am, yonder !'

*Beauchamp's Career*, c., xii.



**J. M. L. Monsabre, O.P.**

DEMEURES superbes, pleines de visions dont le sens esthétique est ravi, et aussi, pleines de bruits mystérieux et sacrés dont il est profondément ému. Du haut des tours, tombe la voix de la cloche dont les timbres fondus ensembles murmurent, autour d'une note principale, comme une infinité de sons ressemblant aux rumeurs qu'on entendrait sortir de la nature, si l'on pouvait se placer à une hauteur d'où on les percevrait comme un seul bruit. Sous les voûtes, l'orgue retentit, instrument multiple, qu'aucun n'égale en ressources, en étendue, en éclat, en puissance. Une multitude de voix sortent, l'une après l'autre ou toutes ensemble, de son vaste sein : voix mystérieuses du lointain ou des hauteurs, voix profondes des abîmes, voix fermes et tremblantes, voix graves et perlées, voix fortes et tendres, voix solennelles et charmantes, c'est toute la musique du monde soumise à nos lois et emprisonnée dans cet orchestre sacré dont on peut dire avec le poète :



"Cui mens divini atque os  
 Magna sonatarum . . .  
 Là, il y a toujours une âme divine et une bouche  
 qui va dire de grandes choses."

De concert avec ces voix empruntées à la nature, l'Eglise fait entendre son chant, musique grave et sévère dont la tonalité, les modulations et le rythme se distinguent de la tonalité, des modulations et du rythme de la musique profane comme les temples des édifices vulgaires. Rien n'y secoue les orageuses passions qui troublent l'âme, mais, fortement et suavement, il émeut en nous le sens divin, et nous aide à adorer, à rendre grâces, à supplier, à exprimer l'enthousiasme de la foi, les langueurs de l'espérance, les élans de l'amour, les saintes douleurs d'un cœur pénitent, la mélancolie mystère de la mort et du jugement. Les maîtres de l'art n'ont pas oublié de lui faire des emprunts pour produire leurs plus grands effets. Sa majestueuse beauté convient à la poésie des psaumes et des hymnes que l'Eglise met en la bouche des fidèles : poésie à laquelle les accents humains, chantant les splendeurs et les grâces de la nature, les passions et les sentiments de l'âme, les grands événements de la vie des peuples, n'ont rien de comparable ; poésie qui touche l'âme plus profondément que l'harmonie des formes et des sons, et la prépare aux impressions sublimes qu'elle doit recevoir de l'éloquence, le grand peintre des mystères divins, le grand chanteur des vérités éternelles.

*Exposition du dogme catholique : Carême,*  
 1890, (2nd édit. pp. 124-6).

Sully Prudhomme

L'AGONIE

VOUS qui m'aidez dans mon agonie,  
Ne me dites rien ;  
Faites que j'entende un peu d'harmonie  
Et je mourrai bien.

La musique apaise, enchante, et délie  
Des choses d'en bas ;  
Bercez ma douleur, je vous en supplie,  
Ne lui parlez pas.

Je suis las des mots, je suis las d'entendre  
Ce qui peut mentir :  
J'aime mieux les sons qu'au lieu de comprendre  
Je n'ai qu'à sentir.

Une mélodie, où l'âme se plonge,  
Et qui sans effort  
Me fera passer du délire au songe,  
Du songe à la mort.



KINDLY watcher by my bed, lift no voice in  
prayer,  
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh,  
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet  
player,  
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands  
to die.

286      **In Praise of Music**

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,  
Words that weary and perplex, and pander, and  
conceal,  
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their  
sweet beguiling ;  
The language one need fathom not, but only hear  
and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my  
hearing,  
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no  
craft anchoreth :  
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving  
naught, nor fearing,  
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through  
a dream to death.

Trans. by George Du Maurier (1885).



**Winwood Reade**

WHAT, then, is the secret of this power in music ?  
And why should certain sounds from wood and  
wire thus touch our very heart-strings to their  
tune ? It is the voice of nature which the great  
composers combine into harmony and melody ;  
let us follow it downwards and downwards in her  
deep bosom, and there we discover music, the  
speech of passion, of sentiment, of emotion, and  
of love ; there we discover the divine language in  
its elements ; the sigh, the gasp, the melancholy  
moan, the plaintive note of supplication, the

caressing murmur of maternal love, the cry of challenge or of triumph, the song of the lover as he serenades his mate.

*The Martyrdom of Man*, p. 442 (1872).



Frederic Louis Ritter

NONE of the arts is encumbered with so many prejudices as music. Though accessible to every human being, its right position in the family of arts is, in many cases, underrated; its philosophical and æsthetic meaning entirely overlooked, or not understood at all. About none of the other arts has so much nonsense been written as about music. . . .

In our day, as in earlier times, we find mankind making music the vehicle of all that is good and bad. Now it is prescribed for medical purposes; then it has to serve as a means for educating our ill-tempered youth; now it has to inspire the timid soldier with patriotic fire; then it is invoked as a help-meet by the frivolous, etc. But worse than all, here appears an esteemed author, who does not find anything of the sort in music, and who declares that it expresses nothing at all: it is merely a combination of agreeable sounds to please one sense of hearing, and to tickle our nerves more or less. 'It does not refine,' he says; 'it does not elevate; it does not strengthen. It leaves the moral nature quite untouched. It has no moral—nay, no intellectual influence.'

While we possess many technical and æsthetical works on architecture, sculpture, painting and poetry, within the comprehension of the general public, music has, as yet, to struggle, in order to find its due and true place. That which, in a great measure, accounts for this state of things is the one-sided education of our musicians themselves—in general at least. Their whole attention is directed, in most instances, towards the technical side of musical art. Their appreciation of the history, the philosophy of their art is a dark, indistinct understanding and presentiment, and many of the false theories about music are due, in a great extent, to their want of a more general knowledge and logical power. Thus, the æsthetical side of music is entirely in the hands of philosophers and speculative authors, who have, unfortunately, not the necessary technical musical education, and whose theories, therefore, are built on sand. Or else it rests in the hands of amateur authors, who write about the art as their fancies lead them. . . .

Music is not an isolated art. It forms a most necessary link in the great family of arts. Its origin is to be looked for at the same source as that of the other arts. Its ideal functions are also the same.

How important is it, for the understanding of our modern art-culture (if a sound and reliable judgment is to be gained), to possess a fair knowledge of the growth and development of musical forms. Besides the instruction this study affords, what a source of intellectual and artistic enjoyment it presents. We, at the same time, follow and observe the different changes of forms which

the human mind creates in order to express its feelings and emotions as influenced by the current thoughts of particular times. Music is a great and, in many respects, a reliable guide in the study of human progress and development. No art is more closely connected with the inner life of man than music, whose magic power steps in at precisely the point where the positive expression of language fails. The very essence of man's existence, it participates in his struggles, triumphs, reverses, and necessarily in its forms and expressions resembles those different phases.

*Hist. of Music*, 2nd edit. 1880.

Introd. 1-6.



**J. H. Shorthouse**

EVERY lovely fancy, every moment of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure which music calls forth, or which already existing, is beautified and hallowed by music, does not die.



**H. C. Shuttleworth**

THERE is one branch of art which has always been recognised as foremost among means and helps to devotion. We broke the sculptured figures and painted glories of the saints, that formerly looked down upon the kneeling congregations; but we

1

2 O

still sang psalms. We covered over the old frescoes upon the church walls with whitewash and plaster ; but we developed a noble English school of anthem and service-music. Even poetry was banished from our Prayer-book, so far as that was possible, when the old hymns were dropped out of it. But music has always remained. The practice of the cathedrals and larger parish churches carrying out as it did the express direction of the rubrics in the Prayer-book, witnessed to the original intention of the Reformers, and to the ineradicable instincts of the people. Our English Church service was meant to be a musical service : and, however imperfectly, the tradition has always been preserved among us. We rejected painting ; we destroyed sculpture ; we would have none of the divers colours of needlework ; we preferred the prosaic and halting measures of Tate and Brady, to the wealth of poetry enshrined in the ancient Latin hymns. But we kept our music. English psalm-tunes are the noblest Church melodies in the world ; English cathedral music is a development purely national, of the highest artistic value and the deepest religious interest. Through this department of religious art, if scarcely through any other, the beauty of the Lord our God has been upon us.

1. Music is, in the first place, the voice of God to the soul. There are other ways, my friends, of preaching the Gospel than by speaking from a pulpit. A singer filled with the power and the pathos of some great spiritual song, can touch the hearts of men who would listen unmoved to the

most eloquent of sermons. The voice of the organ or of the orchestra, interpreting the consecrated thought of a great composer, has carried home, often and again, the message of the Cross of Christ. The strange, uplifting power of a mighty chorus is familiar to us all ; not one of us but has felt it ; most of us have known it in this place. And in the passion of the singer, in the manifold voices of strings or keys, in the great brotherhood of choral song, we reverently recognise that voice which pleads in every heart, but which uses human means to win the human race ; the voice of the Most High God. The beauty of the music which so strangely stirs us is a ' broken light ' of that eternal beauty, a gleam of which surely shone upon the dying eyes of Charles Kingsley, as he murmured at the last, ' How beautiful God is.' My brethren of these gathered choirs, Is it not a great thought for you, that through the music of your voices, God speaks to the souls of men ? that in your measure and in your sphere, you, too, are preachers of the glorious Gospel of Christ ? If the priest's lips should keep wisdom, so, surely should the chorister's. If it is ours to set an example, it is also yours. The white robe of our office is shared with you ; we sit side by side in the sacred precincts of the sanctuary ; and, in the old time, the singer was in orders as well as we ; the difference one of degree, scarcely of kind. And thus you will banish all light unworthy thoughts of your office and your work as church singers. You will consecrate your lives by prayer and communion ; you



will ever be mindful of the meaning of your white dress. You, too, are of those through whom the beauty of the Lord our God comes upon your fellow men.

2. And music is, in the second place, the voice of the heart's aspiration towards God. It is the speech of the spirit, the language of the soul. What we cannot utter, but only dimly feel, that music seems to say for us. It is the voice of our unshaped and unspoken prayers; its heavenward strains are the wings of our dull and flagging devotion. The melody of a hymn is often for us the expression of a spiritual emotion; a phrase from oratorio or anthem, wedded to some text of Scripture, some verse of a psalm, calls up and tells forth a mood of penitence, an aspiration after a Christ-like life, an utterance of abiding hope, or the expression of fervent faith. Who can hear, for instance, the opening chords of the 'Dead March,' without a sudden solemnising of the spirit as if in the presence of the dead? Who can listen to the characteristic phrase of Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise,' and not dart up an unspoken but deeply felt Alleluia to the throne of God? Music is not merely a mode of preaching; it is a form of prayer. So he who saw the vision of the City of God in the Apocalypse has told us that music is the highest symbol of the eternal life of the blessed; that unbroken and unspoiled harmony is the truest likeness of the rest and the activities of heaven. If it is much, my brethren of the choirs, to speak to men's souls, it is perhaps an even higher privilege to speak for them; to voice the

most sacred emotions of their inmost being ; to find utterance for the feeling which in them is too deep for words. Oh, what a high and holy service is this of the chorister ! Let him remember how, in regard to a sister art, it has been said that no painter ever lived a base or a careless life without showing deterioration in the delicacy and purity of his colour. Can a chorister be indifferent or conceited, sensual or selfish, coarse-minded or unspiritual, without tainting and defiling the freshness and sweetness of his song ? I trow not. What a man *is*, that must of necessity colour and characterise his work. Let earnestness, reality, following after the Lord Jesus Christ, be the dominant motives which rule your lives. So shall they enter unconsciously into your music, and the beauty of the Lord your God be upon you, and upon us.

*Music and Worship* : a Sermon preached at a festival of choirs, in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, 28th May, 1891.



E. C. Stedman

MUSIC waves eternal wands,—  
Enchantress of the souls of mortals.  
*Pan in Wall Street, St. 10.*



**Algernon Charles Swinburne****MUSIC : AN ODE****I**

Was it light that spake from the darkness, or  
music that shone from the word,  
When the night was enkindled with sound of the  
sun or the first-born bird ?  
Souls enthralled and entrammelled in bondage of  
seasons that fall and rise,  
Bound fast round with the fetters of flesh, and  
blinded with light that dies,  
Lived not surely till music spake, and the spirit  
of life was heard.

**II**

Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life to be,  
Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and the  
thrall was free.  
Slave of nature and serf of time, the bondman of  
life and death,  
Dumb with passionless patience that breathed but  
forlorn and reluctant breath,  
Heard, beheld, and his soul made answer, and  
communed aloud with the sea.

**III**

Morning spake, and he heard : and the passionate  
silent noon  
Kept for him not silence : and soft from the  
mounting moon

Fell the sound of her splendour, heard as dawn's  
in the breathless night,  
Not of men but of birds whose note bade man's  
soul quicken and leap to light :  
And the song of it spake, and the light and the  
darkness of earth were as chords in tune.

*Astrophel, and other poems, 1894.*



### Leon Tolstoi

'THEY played the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven ;  
do you know the first *presto* ? Eh ? Ah ! . . .' he  
exclaimed, 'It is a strange piece of music, that  
Sonata, especially the first part of it. And music  
generally is a strange thing. I cannot comprehend  
it. What is music ? What effect does it produce ?  
And in virtue of what does it produce the effect  
that we see it produce ?

'Music, they say, acts on one by elevating the  
soul. That is absurd. It acts upon us, it is true,  
acts with terrible effect—at least I am speaking for  
myself—but is far from elevating the soul. It  
neither elevates nor depresses the soul, but irri-  
tates it. How shall I make my meaning clear ?  
Music forces me to forget myself and my true state,  
it transports me to some other state which is not  
mine. Under its influence I fancy I experience  
what I really do not feel, that I understand what  
I do not comprehend, that I am able to do what is  
completely beyond my power. I explain this by  
the supposition that music acts like yawning or

laughing ; thus, although not sleepy, I yawn if I see others yawning ; although I see nothing to laugh at I burst out laughing simply if I hear others laughing. Music instantaneously throws me into that state of feeling in which the composer of it found himself when he wrote it. My soul blends with his, and together with him I am transported from one frame of mind to another. But why I am so ravished out of myself I know not. He who composed the piece—Beethoven, for instance, in the case of the Kreutzer Sonata—knew perfectly well why he was in that mood ; it was that mood that determined him to do certain things, and therefore for him that state of mind has a meaning ; for me it has absolutely none. This is why it is that music only causes irritation, never ends anything. It is a different thing if a military march is played : then the soldiers move forward, keeping time to the music, and the end is attained. If dance-music is played, people dance to it, and the object is also accomplished. If a Mass is sung, I receive Holy Communion ; and here, too, the music is not in vain. But in other cases there is nothing but irritation, and no light how to act during this irritation. Hence the terrible effects that music occasionally produces. In China music is a state concern, and this is as it should be. Could it be tolerated in any country that any one who takes the fancy may hypnotise any one else and then do with him whatever he has a mind to, especially if this magnitiser is—Heaven knows who—an immoral character, for instance ?

'It is indeed a terrible weapon in the hands of those who know how to employ it. Take the Kreutzer Sonata, for example: is it right to play that first *presto* in a drawing-room to ladies in low dresses? to play that *presto*; then to applaud it, and immediately afterwards to eat ice creams and discuss the latest scandal? Such pieces as this are only to be executed in rare and solemn circumstances of life, and even then only if certain important deeds that harmonise with this music are to be performed. It is meant to be played and then to be followed by the feats for which it nerves you; but to call into life the energy of a sentiment which is not destined to manifest itself by any deed, how can that be otherwise than baneful?

'Upon me, at least, this piece produced a terrible effect; it seemed as if new feelings were revealed to me, new possibilities unfolded to my gaze, of which I had never even dreamed before. "It is thus that I should live and think, and not as I have hitherto lived and thought," a voice seemed to whisper in my soul. What that new object of knowledge was, I could not satisfactorily explain to myself; but the consciousness of its existence was most delightful. All the people whom I knew, my wife and he among the number, appeared to me in an entirely new light. After this *presto* they executed the splendid but traditional *andante*, which has nothing new in it, with the commonplace variations and very weak *finale*. . .'

*The Kreutzer Sonata* (Scott's Translation, pp. 121-3).

## Wilfrid Ward

'I SUPPOSE two men of equally good musical ear. One has studied Mendelssohn carefully, the other far less so. A fragment of MS. music is found; there is considerable circumstantial evidence to show us that it is by Mendelssohn. The man who is less closely acquainted with Mendelssohn's style, pronounces the case unproven; the other confidently asserts that it is not by Mendelssohn. The evidence is before both. Both are equally talented. One is devoted to Mendelssohn, the other has not made his works a special study. What is it which enables one to decide confidently and rightly while the other is in doubt? It is a certain personal perception acquired by the close attention which he has been led to give to the subject by his interest in Mendelssohn's works. One of the items of evidence on paper would be, "There are passages which render it difficult to suppose that it is by Mendelssohn;" this is to be weighed against strong circumstantial evidence that it is by Mendelssohn. The MS. is in his handwriting, it is found among other fragments undoubtedly genuine. Now, though both critics hear the array of arguments, the particular one from internal evidence assumes gigantic proportions in the mind of one of them. He manipulates it, so to speak, with a master's skill gets out of it all that is to be got, and it decides the whole question. Why is this? Does not the other understand this particular item of evidence? Yes;

but he has not acquired that personal power which enables him to *weigh it truly*—his appreciation of it is vague and (as he himself feels) uncertain. Thus though the evidence might be similarly *stated* by both—I mean that each might give a similar list of arguments *pro* and *con*—the relative weight attached by them to this particular item would differ *toto calo*. One grasps the full force of what the other only half understands.'

'Of course,' said Darlington, rather impatiently. 'All this is true enough of music. It is true of any art; and for this reason, that all that is really important in it is beyond the sphere of plain evidence and appeals to a special sense.'

*The wish to Believe*, pp. 93-5.  
(1885).



### W. Watson

#### THE KEY-BOARD

FIVE-AND-THIRTY black slaves,  
Half-a-hundred white,  
All their duty but to sing  
For their Queen's delight,  
Now with throats of thunder,  
Now with dulcet lips,  
While she rules them royally  
With her finger-tips !  
  
When she quits her palace  
All her slaves are dumb—



Dumb with dolour till the Queen  
 Back to Court is come :  
 Dumb the throats of thunder,  
 Dumb the dulcet lips,  
 Lacking all the sovereignty  
 Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,  
 Ebon slaves and white,  
 When the Queen was on her throne  
 How she sang to-night !  
 Ah, the throats of thunder,  
 Ah, the dulcet lips !  
 Ah, the gracious tyrannies  
 Of her finger-tips !

Silent, silent, silent,  
 All your voices now ;  
 Was it then her life alone  
 Did your life endow ?  
 Waken, throats of thunder !  
 Waken, dulcet lips !  
 Touched to immortality  
 By her finger-tips.

*Poems, 1892.*



### **Miss Susan Wood**

ARISTOTLE said of tragedy, that it not merely excited, but also purified the emotions of pity and terror. It has always seemed to me that it might be said of music, in a wider sense, that it purifies

the emotional part of our nature. It supplies a language for ineffable thoughts and feelings, and re-acts upon them, calming, elevating them, lifting all that is selfish in them to a higher plane, by bringing other souls into a subtle communion with our own. It has been well said, the 'Musician converts by his alchemy the common stuff of pain and joy into music.' I need make no apology for drawing attention to this guiding and controlling power of music to those who are accustomed to consider education in its widest sense, as concerned, that is, not merely with the intellectual faculties, but with the emotional and moral side of man's nature also. True educators ought to be much occupied with this problem of evoking and controlling the emotions of their pupils, so as to arrive at a true balance of character. Among the Greeks the part played by music was so clearly recognised, that this study took a prominent place in education. It is true that they included under the term *music* much more than we do, namely, poetry, history, and, in fact, all that helps to render the character well balanced. Again, we must not forget that music, like poetry, has more power to sway the emotions of the middle-aged than of the young. This is true at any rate of the more complex and subtle compositions. You often hear a complaint made that a child does not play 'with expression.' Expression of what? I ask. How can she express feelings if the music has excited no feeling in her? Let her first *live*; when she has lived and felt, she will play with 'feeling.' Let her

first seek to play truly, to play as the composer directs his work to be played ; and to do this let her study, not merely the exact force of *all* the symbols of musical notation, but let her be well aware of all that the composition involves. In a word let her study the laws of rhythm and of harmony, and that from the very first lesson, both with the voice and on the musical instrument. But, harmony, it will be objected, is a dry study ; surely we shall find it difficult to excite the interest of young children in it. It is because it is made usually a matter of paper work only, that older people find it dry. But if it were taught, as it is *not*, in connection with the practical part of instruction, each would throw light on the other, and it would be felt that neither is complete without the other.

*A Plea for the Reform of Music Teaching (1883).*



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